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PART VII.

CONSTANTINOPLE :

ITS PAST AND ITS FUTURE FALL.

WHEREVER nature is fairest and most beneficent, there man is not unfrequently most feeble or most degraded. All history warns us that we are not made to pass our days amidst the sweets of a fertile garden, inhaling its odours, plucking its flowers, and tasting its luscious fruits. It is in the struggle against difficulties that all that is best in man is nurtured into vigour, and preserved from decay. Through labour we live ; in enjoyment we die. The thorn of the rose-tree is a better friend to us than all the perfume which exhales from its blossoms.

It is through the working of this inevitable law, in conjunction with other causes, that the civilised world is now rent with the agitations of a war, whose progress is wrapt in the deepest obscurity, and whose influences on the destiny of mankind will probably be weightier than those of any conflicts which for generations have afflicted humanity. Europe, and no unimportant part of Asia, are now shaken to their foundations, because there exists a certain spot on the confines of the two continents, abounding beyond rivalry in all that would seem most fitted to add to the wealth, the dignity, the happiness, and the permanence of nations. If a people could not flourish and endure, with Constantinople for their centre, what kingdom is safe from poverty and decay ? Such would be the idea of those who estimate the fortunes of our race by the exuberance of the gifts which nature pours into our lap.

Such, no doubt, was the idea of Constantine the Great, when he thought to perpetuate his fame as a sovereign and a

Christian by the foundation of a new imperial and Christian city. His unceasing journeyings through the vast domains which owned his sway had made him acquainted with their varied physical characteristics. His experience of the necessities of governments and armies had taught him the immense importance of fertile fields, commodious harbours, and positions at once accessible to friends and secure against foes. And when undivided empire and a new and pure faith had left him without any of the ordinary incentives to action which stimulate the hearts of kings, he conceived that the rearing a city of palaces and churches on that spot, which appeared the most perfect site in the world, could not fail to consolidate the power of his posterity, and to secure a new lease of life, glorious beyond precedent, to imperial Rome. For it was his notion that Rome herself was to migrate from Italy to the shores of the Propontis. Rome, stained with the blood of innumerable Christians, disfigured by a history at once bloody and republican, was to exchange the dreary levels of the Campagna for the exuberant fertility of the East, and the profitless Tiber for the prolific stream and harbour of Byzantium; and to rule the nations from a centre where all was Christian, all artistic and magnificent, and all imperial.

That the unimportant Byzantium should be the city chosen for this splendid transformation, brief reflection sufficed to decide; without exaggeration, its situation was, as it is, unrivalled. Europe and Asia could supply no other such harbour for ships of war and commerce. From the Black Sea to the Mediterranean (which were pre-eminently *the* seas of the ancient world) the waters flowed in a channel, formed, it seemed, with the especial design of supplying every thing that the sovereign and the merchant could desire. Rushing between the shores of the two continents, through a space so narrow that at certain places an immense chain might be thrown from bank to bank for the exclusion of a hostile fleet, the stream flowed past the natural quays of Byzantium in such depth as to allow the largest ships to anchor literally close to the land; while the surrounding hills protected them from every blast. Thence sweeping onwards, the waters spread themselves into a kind of lake, possessing all the advantages of an enormous harbour or dock, again to pass through another narrow channel before finally reaching the Mediterranean and its innumerable islands.

The triangular, or rather quadrilateral, portion of land thus secured on two of its sides by the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, was further washed towards the north-east by the Black Sea itself; so that on one side alone was it accessible to

the approach of an enemy from the European continent. Its climate was at once healthy and delicious; the waters around it swarmed with innumerable fish; the adjoining provinces presented a countless series of gardens, vineyards, and corn-fields; gigantic forests clothed the shores of the Black Sea; the white marbles of Proconnesus were at hand, in quarries ample enough for the demands of an imperial projector; and lastly, the seven hills of the old Byzantium seemed to proclaim it the natural successor to the fame and greatness of the seven hills of old Rome.

Constantinople, or New Rome, as it was first named, was accordingly raised with all the breathless speed which absolute power and enormous wealth could command. From the hour, however, when the first stone was laid, the new city served only to foster the seeds of decay already planted in the Roman empire. So far, indeed, as security against invasion went, the hopes of its founder were in a great measure fulfilled. For many centuries after the fall of old Rome, its barbarian conquerors were unable to lay their hands on Constantinople. The natural strength of its position was increased by Theodosius II. by a line of wall, about four miles in length, with 180 towers; whose magnificent and picturesque ruins still furnish matter of admiration to the reflecting traveller. Thus situated, and supported by the immense pecuniary and numerical resources of the Greek emperors, Constantinople preserved its independence, save during a short interval after its capture by the French and the Venetians, till the middle of the fifteenth century. Still, it hastened the fall of the mighty sovereignty whose sway it was designed to confirm. It created jealousies, it forcibly diverted the sources of wealth into unnatural channels, it threw the highest offices of the state into the hands of a race which inherited only the name and the vices of the older Greeks; while its climate, its riches, and its security, served but the more rapidly to enfeeble the Roman race, to substitute subtlety for vigour of intellect, manufactured repetitions for works of art, and the luxurious vanity of a decaying people for the haughty ambition of a nation of conquerors.

At length its term of existence as a Christian city was run out. A new people had arisen, unknown to Constantine, with new blood, a new superstition, and all that fiery enthusiasm which carries a young and daring race to the throne of empire. While the Greeks were, age after age, yielding themselves with more hopeless listlessness to the enervating influences of a superb climate, a fertile territory, a schismatic and superstitious faith, the north had been pouring

forth its hordes of Tartars, animated by a new, a licentious, and a bloody creed, to seize the sceptres of the degenerate Christians of the East. That extraordinary portent, the religion of Mahomet, so wonderfully adapted to conciliate and vivify the passions of the age and country where it sprung, had for above eight centuries advanced upon Christianity and Paganism in an almost unvaried career of conquest. Framed with extraordinary skill to win its way over the prejudices of the Jews, the idolatries of the Pagans, and the subtleties of a class of Christians more metaphysical than devout, it was above all precisely fitted to attract the desires of mankind as they appear in a hot climate, and in a half-civilised state of society. The strongest nations of the East had long embraced its tenets, and had found in its theological organisation precisely that stimulus to perpetual conquest and restless advance which a rude paganism rarely, if ever, supplies.

At last, the victorious Ötтомans marked Constantinople as their own. Seated between the newly-created civilisation of the West and the fiery fanaticism of the Tartar tribes on the East, the Greek emperors had for generations trembled on their thrones,—so far as that egregious vanity which characterised their dynasty would permit them to fear.

In the year 1448, Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Cæsars, assumed the crown of Constantine the Great. How low the Cæsars had already fallen may be estimated from the fact, that the young emperor actually sought the hand of Maria, the widow of the recently deceased Sultan Amurath. She was a Christian (at least in name) it is true; but the very idea of such an alliance is sufficient to indicate a state of feeling between the Christian and the Mussulman nations which in this day we can with difficulty believe possible. Maria, however, preferred to take the veil; and her imperial suitor found a bride in a Georgian princess.

In the mean time, Mahomet II., the successor of Maria's husband Amurath, was inaugurating a policy towards the Greeks entirely opposed to that which had guided the latter years of his father. Mahomet is one of the great heroes of Turkish history, and as the sovereign who won the last and the fairest spoils from Christianity occupies a place in the recollection of Moslems to which his character and abilities, apart from his good fortune, would perhaps never have entitled him. In his youth he appears to have been sincere in a bigoted attachment to the creed of Mahomet, not even conversing with a Christian without afterwards washing his hands, to cleanse himself from the pollution he had incurred. As he grew to maturity, the sincerity of his superstition became more than

questionable. The zeal with which he cultivated the study of foreign languages, including (it is said) the Hebrew, at least indicated a spirit of inquiry little in harmony with the narrow limits within which the true Mussulman would confine his knowledge. To the acquisition of languages he added the culture of history and geography; but his sceptical leanings were most clearly shown in the invitations he gave to Italian painters to visit him, and the gifts with which he paid for their works.

A story is told, in connection with his reception of the celebrated Venetian painter Gentile Bellini, which is not universally accepted as true, but which may serve to show the horrible union of bloodiness with luxury which characterises Turkish monarchs like Mahomet II. Bellini had painted the Sultan's portrait, and was enjoying the full sunshine of his favour, when, on showing Mahomet a picture of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, the despot remarked that the action of the muscles was incorrectly drawn; and ordered the head of a slave to be cut off in his presence, to convince the artist of the justice of the criticism. Similar stories are given of his ripping open the bodies of fourteen pages, to search for a stolen melon; and of his beheading with his own hand a favourite female slave, in order that his soldiers might know that no tender emotions could sway his actions. On ascending the throne, he followed the usual oriental custom of murdering his infant brothers, by way of preventing the opposition of a rival. One of these, however, was saved, carried to Rome, baptised, and lived and died a Christian in the Austrian territories. In other respects Mahomet was a Turk in the very worst of forms. To a love for licentiousness in its vilest shapes he united an iron will, a temper that never forgave, and a deliberate violation of all agreements with Christians. A more formidable foe to the cowering multitude of Greeks who lay hidden within the vast walls of Constantinople cannot be conceived.

In the autumn of 1451 Mahomet made the first decisive move towards the siege. Of the ancient territories, of which Constantinople had once been the centre, little more remained than the immediate neighbourhood of the city itself. The Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus had been long lost to Christianity; and on the European side, Adrianople was already a species of capital of the Turkish dominions. Mahomet's first step was to plant a fortress on the shore of the Bosphorus; which, in conjunction with a Turkish fort on the Asiatic side, would command the marine approaches from the west, and effectually preclude the advance of any succour

from Latin Christendom. In March 1452 the building of this fort, at a spot called Asomaton, only five miles from Constantinople, was commenced. The very remains of Christian churches were employed in its construction; and by the end of September the fortifications were completed. Marvelous tales are recorded of the artillery with which the stronghold was supplied, and of the general character of the missiles which, even in that infancy of the age of gunpowder, were at the disposal of the Turkish invader. In the present day, if report speaks truly, every fresh improvement in modern gunnery no sooner appears in Germany, France, or England, than the Russian hereditary foe of Constantinople enlists it in his service. And what Nicholas does now, Mahomet did before him. Liberal payment induced a certain Christian engineer, Urban by name, to desert the Greek emperor for the Turkish sultan; and under his direction a foundry was set up at Adrianople, and a monster cannon cast, of a weight and capacity almost incredible. Whether or not the estimate of its powers was enormously exaggerated by popular fear and crafty diplomacy, it is not easy to say. Its bore is estimated at twelve palms; the weight of the stone ball which it discharged at 600 pounds: sixty oxen dragged along the carriage on which it was placed, 250 pioneers smoothed the inequalities in its path; and in the space of two months it thus progressed about 150 miles. The range of its ball was above a mile. Such was the engine on which Mahomet chiefly relied for effecting a breach in the walls of Constantinople. From 200,000 to 300,000 soldiers encamped before the city; and a fleet above 300 sail, chiefly of small size, swarmed into the waters of the Propontis.

But for the strength of the fortifications, the capture of the city must have been a mere formality. What was the precise amount of the resident population it is not possible to ascertain; but the paucity of the troops on whom any reliance could be placed as soldiers would be incredible, were it not stated on the authority of the emperor's devoted minister Phranza, whose account of the times forms one of the most interesting and authentic of the Byzantine histories, and who himself prepared the report on the state of the soldiery for his sovereign's information. Phranza states, that the whole number of trusty troops upon whom he could reckon was *four thousand nine hundred and seventy*! Such were the descendants of Cæsar's legions. Two thousand Genoese were added to their ranks; and to this little band was intrusted the form, or the farce, of defending a city of above thirteen miles in circumference.

The siege commenced on the 6th of April. The invaders employed at once the devices of the old system of warfare and the resources of the new. Stones and darts accompanied the battering-ram; and a monstrous wooden tower was dragged up to the walls, to place the besiegers on a level with the defenders of the walls. The enormous cannon, with many others of smaller calibre, shot forth its stone and leaden balls as rapidly as the inexperience of the times would permit. The Turks, however, were ill-supplied with gunpowder; the Greeks knew more than their enemies of the art of war; and the first assaults were totally unsuccessful.

In the mean time supplies reached the besieged by sea. Five large ships from Germany and Italy cut their way through Mahomet's numerous but inefficient fleet, which floated in the Sea of Marmora, shut out from the narrow Bosphorus by a chain drawn from shore to shore; and the admiral, a renegade, received the characteristic oriental reward of defeat, in the shape of a frightful scourging in the sultan's own presence, with the confiscation of his goods, and exile. Having thus flogged the unhappy commander almost to death, Mahomet conceived the idea of lodging his ships close under the walls of the city, by transporting them overland. The entrance of the harbour defied the efforts of a fleet which could do nothing unless it could come to close quarters. Greek ships protected the chain-barrier; and thus guarded, the marine side of the fortifications was secure. The daring ingenuity of the sultan succeeded. He constructed a kind of road of planks from the shore of the Propontis round again to the shore of the harbour of the Bosphorus. The gigantic multitude of the host he commanded supplied the place of the engines of modern art; and (as it is said) in the course of a night he conveyed about eighty of his galleys along the well-greased pathway, and launched them in the shallows of the harbour. There he constructed a mole for the reception of his artillery; while his ships almost touched the walls and quays of the devoted city.

Negotiations were entered into, but speedily discontinued; and the sultan prepared for conquest, and the emperor for death. The last moments of Constantine were worthy of better days. After summoning the chiefs of his troops, and exhorting them to do all that men could do, he repaired to Santa Sophia and communicated. The attack began with the day, the 29th of May, 1453. The besiegers swarmed to the breaches which their guns had made; the extraordinary advantages of position which the fortifications still gave to the Greeks made the first advances a work of almost certain

death; but numbers rapidly prevailed. The Genoese auxiliary, Giustiniani, was wounded, and, despite the entreaties of the emperor, turned and fled. In a few hours all was lost, and the last of the Cæsars lay dead amid the heaps of slain. The terrified inhabitants left their houses and fled to the church of Santa Sophia. The dome of that glorious edifice, long the wonder and admiration of the Christian world, resounded with the cries of men, women, and children, of priests, of monks, and of nuns. But a short time before, Santa Sophia had been the scene of a furious outbreak of schismatic fanaticism, directed against a priest who had favoured the reunion of the Greeks with the Holy See. It now witnessed one of those scenes which can occur only when the victors are the followers of the foul creed of Mahomet. The barricaded doors were burst open; the Turkish conquerors shed little or no blood, as there were none there to provoke it. Avarice and lust were their sole guiding passions. All alike, nobles and commoners, wives and maidens, the prelate and the nun, were seized, bound, taken possession of by the conquerors, and transferred to slavery and the horrors of the seraglio. The riches of the city were still very great; the gold and jewels, private possessions, and sacred vessels, were alike appropriated to the service of the Mussulman. Whatever Mahometan ignorance despised, or Mahometan bigotry abhorred, was destroyed and burnt. Religious pictures and images, works of art and skill, and all the treasures of the Byzantine libraries, classical and Christian, were annihilated, saving only such few fragments as cupidity rescued from rage for the purposes of sale. The public buildings of every description were set aside by Mahomet for himself, and the high altar of Santa Sophia was defiled with the devotions of the bloody and impure creed of Islam.

Four centuries have now passed since that day; and the dullest observer can hardly fail to see that the hour of retribution is at length at hand. Constantinople, for ages the throne of the Mahometan religion, is about to be its grave. During eight centuries that creed advanced from victory to victory, triumphing with scarcely a reverse. The holiest places of the East, the riches and the splendours of the borderlands between Europe and Asia, the wild Arab, the roving Tartar, the effeminate Greek, alike bowed before the Crescent, either as a slave or an adherent; and when Constantinople fell before Mahomet, and the conqueror entered the palace of the Cæsars as his own, and quoted the old Persian saying, "The spider has woven his web in the royal palace, and the owl has hooted his song on the turrets of Afrasiab," we can

hardly doubt that the dreams of Constantine the Great were renewed in his meditations, and that he anticipated a deathless prosperity for his successors in the newly-acquired seat of empire.

Half the period which was needed to carry the Crescent from Mecca to Santa Sophia has sufficed to cloud its brightness with the gloom of approaching extinction. That bloody, lustful, unnatural, bigoted, and tyrannical faith, whose justice is the bowstring, whose tender mercies are the bastinado, whose house of penitence is the seraglio, and whose wisdom is the sword, is about to submit to the inevitable doom which awaits the enemies of the faith of Jesus Christ. Long has the day of recompense been delayed. From myriads of sufferers has the cry gone up for vengeance, apparently in vain. The hour is at last at hand; and it is permitted to us to hope, not merely that an utter overthrow will annihilate for ever the influence of the Koran in Turkey, but that the Cross will reign in undimmed lustre in its stead.

Engaged as we are at this moment in a war for the express purpose of upholding the integrity of the Turkish empire, the anticipations here expressed may at first sight seem inconsistent with facts, or, at the best, premature. Still less, it may be supposed, can such expectations be reconciled with a cordial desire for the success of the British arms in defence of the Mahometan Sultan and his subjects and possessions. A little reflection, however, we think, will show that, so far from there existing any opposition between our hopes for the future and our wishes for the present, they are in the strictest harmony; or rather, are essentially parts of one complete whole. The explanation of the seeming contradiction is to be found in a more exact statement of the object of the present war. We are not fighting for the Sultan, but against the Czar. The really formidable foe of Christianity in this age is not the creed of Mahomet, but that antichristian power which is personified by the Emperor of all the Russias.

We think that no greater practical mistake could be committed than that which would follow from a bare contrast between Russia *as Christian*, and Turkey *as Mahometan*. Whatever Russia may be by profession; however near in many respects to the true faith of the Gospel; whatever may be the validity of the orders of her Church, and whatever the sacramental graces possessed by her people who are in invincible ignorance,—*practically* the Czar is a far more formidable foe than the Sultan. A man who would not scruple at murder is, abstractedly, a more dreadful enemy than one who would only swindle us or defame us; but when the willing

murderer is a decrepit powerless old man, and the swindler young, active, and vigorous, it would be the fondest infatuation to fear the murderer's violence as much as the rogue's machinations. In the mysterious providence of God, the creed of Mahomet is rapidly hastening to decay. If it is likely still to survive for ages, it must be as one among the crowd of effete religions which still keep a hold on the lives of hereditary votaries, but which can make no proselytes and can persecute no more.

In the hands of the Russian Czar, on the contrary, the name of Christ and the glory of the Cross are but the cloak for a principle which is as directly antagonistic of Christianity as the monstrous inventions of Mahomet. In faith, as in morals, a man may keep the whole law save in one point, and so may be virtually guilty in all. A dead fly makes a whole vessel even of the sweetest ointment to stink. Grant that the Greek Church is every thing that the widest charity can suggest, and the damning spot remains. It is the slave of the temporal power. It abdicates the sovereignty which Almighty God has conferred upon His Church. It places itself as a tool in the hands of the secular sovereignty; to do its bidding, to aid in enthralling the bodies of men, to see with the eyes of the Czar, to hear with his ears, and to repeat his manifestoes as the voice of God. We are in the habit of taunting the Anglican Establishment with its Elizabethan origin, its parliamentary creed, and its subjugation to the ministry of the day; but, compared with the Greek Church, the English Establishment is free. Its fetters allow it just so much liberty as permits it to kick with one or two of its limbs, to protest that it is its own master, and to demand fair treatment from its superiors. In Russia these recalcitrations and remonstrances are not even thought of. A kick would be quelled with the knout, and protesting priests would be sent to discourse to the icy gales of Siberia. Nicholas would make short work of an Archdeacon Denison; and a Philpotts would hardly survive to publish a second pamphlet against the imperial supremacy.

Practically, then, our great enemy in this nineteenth century is the sovereign who claims to represent, and who actually holds in his hands, the spiritual influences of the Greek schism. All that tempts man to pride, and to a life-long resistance to the humbling precepts of the Gospel, combines to make the Russian monarchs the deadliest foes of the Catholic faith. Nicholas himself is stimulated by personal motives to wage war against Catholics to the knife. Whatever humiliations may be in store for him from the fleets of England

and France, none can be more bitter than that which he has already experienced from the successor of Peter. Years ago, when his name was great in this country, and he was regarded as the invincible arbiter of the destinies of Europe, he one day paid a visit to the venerable and almost dying Pontiff Gregory, and left the old man's presence trembling like a beaten hound. Has Nicholas, do we think, forgotten that day of dishonour? Does he hate England or the Emperor Napoleon with one-tenth of the bitterness with which he hates the possessor of that invisible power, in whose mysterious presence he, the lord of one-sixth part of the globe, was abashed, silenced, and overcome? As Englishmen, or as Frenchmen, we may view the approaches of the Czar upon the territory of Turkey with dismay, as destroying the balance of power in Europe; but as Catholics we view them with a still more vivid alarm; for we know what we have to look for from him who uses the holiest names for the vilest purposes, and who can invoke the protection of the Cross itself for the furtherance of schemes for subjecting alike the bodies and the souls of men to his absolute sway.

Whatever, then, be the doom of Turkey, our first desire is to curb the power of Russia. When Turkey falls to pieces, Russia, if she is not checked beforehand, will seize the lion's share of the splendid prize; and the cold bloodthirstiness of the Czar will be substituted for the fiery passions of the Mussulman. We should rejoice indeed to see the Russian empire shorn of its recent acquisitions. Stripped of his rich Tartar and Polish provinces, the Muscovite might possibly learn wisdom, cease from aspirations after conquest, and acquiesce in the great truth, that his duty is to civilise his people, rather than to raise millions of soldiers to fight and die in the service of his personal ambition.

Supposing, therefore, that Russia receives a complete and permanent check in the present struggle, what can we reasonably anticipate with respect to Turkey? Is it possible to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire? And if it is possible, is it desirable? We think it neither possible nor desirable. Setting aside the decorous conventionalities of politicians, and "clearing our minds of cant," what is to be done with our "ancient ally" and his magnificent possessions? What ought to be our real aim, in the expenditure of blood and treasure to which we have now committed ourselves? Should we bolster up the Sultan's sovereignty as long as we can? or only until the time is come for such a division of his territories as may best further the interests of Christianity? We do not, of course, advocate any violent seizure of his king-

dom, or any measure of such a description as might even look like conquest and injustice. Whatever might be abstractedly and strictly lawful in such a case, we are willing to waive all theoretical rights. We will suppose that the Turks are the lawful possessors of Constantinople; and that if the Latins again take possession of the imperial city, it must be because circumstances destroy the Turkish sovereignty, or render its existence incompatible with the safety of the other nations of Europe. We have no hesitation in saying, that we believe the Turkish sovereignty *is* thus tottering to its foundation,—that this present war will probably hasten on and finally produce that downfall,—and that the sooner it takes place the better, in order that a partition of its entire territories may be made while France, England, and Austria, are on terms of friendship.

Our reasons for thus believing in the imminent fall of the Turkish power we find in the inherent nature of the Turkish creed. Those very peculiarities which conferred upon Mahometanism its first tremendous powers, and which for centuries have insured it a vigorous existence, contain in themselves the natural elements of decay. Adapted to the passions and infirmities of man's nature, as developed in one era and in one climate, it is adapted to that era and that climate alone. It will not bear a collision with the tide of human affairs, as it rolls on from generation to generation. Take away the circumstances which fostered its birth, and it dies of constitutional disease. It needs not even a direct contact with Christianity itself to crumble into fragments. It is sufficient that it encounters those social feelings and political ideas which have grown up under the shadow of the Gospel, though they have ceased to be themselves exclusively Christian. Human life, such as it has become in modern days, brings the death-warrant to that social and political system without which the creed of Mahomet is but a name. The entrance of modern civilisation into the system of Islamism is equivalent to the explosion of a mine under a fortress already in decay.

If any of our readers are disposed to doubt that such must be the inevitable result of the progress of events, a rapid survey of the principal features of the religion of the Koran will, we think, be sufficient to undeceive them.

The Koran, as every one knows, is the Mahometan Bible. Mahomet pretended that he received it by direct inspiration, and at different periods; an ingenious device, by which he was enabled to escape the criticisms which must have been passed upon so lengthy a production had it been first given to the world in its completeness; for wherever any new revelation

was found inconsistent with what had gone before, the answer was ready,—that the latter revelation abrogated the former. Critics consider that the Koran is a work of considerable literary merit, the Arabic in which it is written being extremely pure; and the style, though occasionally turgid and extravagant, on the whole well adapted to the genius of the oriental mind. It is not to be forgotten, moreover, that the impostor not unfrequently incorporated such passages of the Old Testament as suited his purposes. It is destitute of all method and regularity of construction; statements of doctrine, moral precepts, exhortations, and prayers, being mingled together in admirable confusion. It is divided into 114 chapters, bearing titles adopted from certain words of importance which occur in the several divisions. These titles are often quaint and ludicrous to a Western ear. The 1st chapter is called “the Cow;” the 6th, “Cattle;” the 13th, “Thunder;” the 16th, “the Bee;” others, “the Poets,” “the Ant,” “the Spider,” “Smoke,” “the Inner Apartments,” “Iron,” “He who disputed,” “the Fig,” “Congealed Blood,” “the Elephant,” and so forth.

The creed which this strange volume discloses is commonly described as a combination of Judaism, Christianity, and Arabic superstitions, with sundry crafty inventions of the “Prophet’s” own brain. This idea is only so far true, as that all these elements are really found existing in its composition. As a creed and code, Mahometanism is really little more than a corruption and modification of the Law of Moses. It is Judaism adapted to the infirmities and passions of the Arabians and other orientals of the seventh century. Christianity, as a body of doctrine and a law of morals, has no part in it whatsoever. A few of the external facts of Christianity are added to the Judaic structure, more in the way of historical colouring, and as a plausible deception to the critical eye, than as an element in the faith to be adopted by its disciples. Nor does Paganism, either in its dogmas or its morality, enter more deeply into the Mahometan creed. Its superstitions are worked up into the general fabric as romantic and poetic elements, and as productive of innumerable minute observances, rather than as tending to form the genuine Mahometan mind and character. Whatever was ordained or permitted by Almighty God in the Mosaic law with special reference to the weakness or the hardness of the human heart,—all this the impostor retained. Whatever, or at least a considerable portion of what Moses had taught against the absurdities of Polytheism, this also Mahomet seized and professedly made the foundation of his creed; and thus he conciliated the wiser and better

classes of the nations whom he sought to convert, and gained a weapon against Paganism of the most formidable moral character. Oriental Christianity being, moreover, frightfully degenerate, and split into endless divisions, especially on subjects connected with the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, Mahomet proposed a ready cure for these harassing subtleties, in sweeping the whole away by a denial of the Trinity in any possible sense whatsoever. Still, Christianity was a great fact; and, as a fact, though not as a revelation, it might serve his purpose. He therefore recognised it theoretically as a revelation; but practically as so corrupt in its Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, that not the slightest dependence could be placed on any remaining copies. He admitted that our Blessed Lord was a Prophet, whose work had been great and holy in its day, and that His conception and birth were altogether supernatural. Thus armed with one of the most masterly conceptions with which mortal man ever sought to rule his fellows, Mahomet announced that the fulness of time was come, and that the final revelation had been made to himself, in which both Jews and Christians by their own principles, and Pagans through the force of reason, were bound to acquiesce.

To the religion thus promulgated Mahomet gave the name *Islam*; a word signifying submission to, or reception of, the will of God. Its first doctrine was the unity, spirituality, and eternity of God, the Creator of all things in heaven and earth. To this truth Mahomet added the dogma of predestination in its utmost rigour. Every event, great and small, in this life, he taught to be decreed in such a manner that the elect must be saved and the reprobate damned: and it is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of his religion, that he actually succeeded in impressing a *practical* fatalism upon the minds of his followers, which has materially influenced their conduct down to the present hour, to an extent which the wildest fatalism of speculators and Calvinists has never elsewhere attained.

The doctrine of the Koran on angels is a singular corruption of the truth. It asserts the existence of hosts of good angels, variously employed in the service of God. Two guardian-angels are assigned to every man, to observe and write down his actions; but they are changed every day. There are four chief angels: Gabriel, the angel of revelations; Michael, the protector of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfil, who will sound the trumpet of the resurrection. They have bodies formed from fire, but no distinction of sex. The devils are fallen angels,—their head

going by the name of Eblis; they rebelled in refusing to worship Adam at the command of God, and were expelled from heaven. The Koran also professes to give their pretence for refusing to obey; they considered Adam as their inferior, because he was formed from clay, and they from fire. Besides these, Mahomet incorporated into his supernatural world the popular belief which in the West has peopled the earth and air with fairies, elves, sprites, and local demons. These are the genii of *The Arabian Nights*, and the innumerable other tales of *diablerie* in which Oriental romance so much delights. These genii possess bodies less spiritual than the angels and devils, but less gross than the clay-formed bodies of men. They eat, drink, and multiply; and perpetually interfere in the affairs of humanity.

The prophetic office holds a prominent place in the creed of Mahometans. They have varying traditions as to the number of prophets who have been divinely commissioned to instruct and reform the world; some making them amount to 124,000; others to nearly double the number. Of these, 313 have been apostles, or teachers of true doctrine; and six have introduced new dispensations: Adam, Noe, Abraham, Moses, our Blessed Lord, and finally the arch-deceiver himself.

The Koran teaches a general resurrection at the end of time; to include angels, genii, men, and animals, and the body as well as the soul. The mode of proceeding with the judgment, which immediately follows, is one of the most extraordinary of Mahomet's inventions, and shows his skill in turning the worst passions of man to account in the very construction of a system of religion. The good works of each man will be weighed in one scale, and his bad ones in another; and according as the balance turns, even by the hair's-breadth, so will be his eternal destiny determined. Here, however, a new element is introduced. Every one is to take vengeance upon every one who has injured him during his lifetime, by the following ingenious process. The injured person receives a portion of the good works of the person who has wronged him, and places them to his own account before God; and the balance is then finally struck. We see the natural working of this hideous invention, in the exquisite pleasure with which a Mahometan anticipates the burning in hell of any one with whom he quarrels. If any two gratifications can be called especially "sweet" to fallen man, they are revenge and lust; and both of these Mahomet contrived to enlist in his service, by promising them a gratification after death. This mortal revenge, moreover, he did not reserve exclusively to rational beings. All animals are to take vengeance upon one

another, and then, every one of them, be turned into dust. The wicked, finally, including not only the human race, but those of the genii who would not believe in Mahomet, with Eblis and all the devils, are cast into the intense fire and cold of hell; while the believing genii accompany the good to Paradise. All alike, however, have to cross a certain bridge, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. The good cross it in safety, the wicked fall from it into the hell which yawns beneath.

The Mahometan Paradise is pure sensuality, the extent of its enjoyment being apportioned to the respective degrees of merit of those who enter. The meanest, however, will have eighty thousand beautiful youths for servants, and seventy-two beautiful girls (*houries*) for wives; besides, if he wishes it, the wives he had on earth, and if these latter are so fortunate as to accompany him; for Mahomet declares that in a certain vision which he had of hell, he perceived that the greater part of the inhabitants were women.* Every body will be clad in the most superb dresses, and pass his existence in feasting on the most delicious dainties without surfeit, and drinking the most delicious wines without intoxication, in a country of transcendent beauty, and amidst the sounds of ravishing music.

The chief points of Mahometan devotion are four: prayer, which Mahomet ordered to be performed five times a day, and to be accompanied with ablutions; almsgiving, partly as enjoined by the law, and partly voluntary in amount; the fast of the month Ramadan, during which they neither eat nor drink from sunrise to sunset; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, once (if possible) during a man's life. He forbade the use of wine and gaming; he allowed his followers four wives at a time, with permission to make up the number from their female slaves, and a great freedom of divorce; and he condemned the use of images and pictures.

A tremendous force was given to the whole system by the assertion of a Divine commission to propagate this religion by the sword; eternal life being promised to all who fell in fighting against those whom Mahomet called "unbelievers." The revelation was declared to be final; and its profession was made essential to the enjoyment of any of the privileges of freedom and citizenship. Every people that embraced it became *nationally* Mahometan; and every idea that might clash with the Koran was crushed without remorse, as utterly hateful.

* We must do him the justice to add, that in his corresponding vision of heaven he perceived that the greater part of its inhabitants were *from the poor*.

Such was this monstrous portent, as it sprung to life, and was organised by the extraordinary abilities of the impostor-prophet. That it should have proved in its results more cruel, more impure, more bigoted, and less powerful to enforce its professed restraints on human passion, than it showed itself in its first commencement, was but the necessary consequence of the deceit which was its origin and life. It availed nothing that in many things it copied or resembled the Jewish law, and corrected the far greater atrocities of Paganism; for the Jewish law was already superseded by Christianity; and in blaspheming Christ, Mahomet was as truly the instrument of the devil, as if he had taught the grossest idolatry and superstition, and the most disgusting of Pagan impurities.

Such now it remains, even in its days of decrepitude. And being what it is, it is clearly impossible that it can retain its supremacy or vitality in any nation where modern civilisation finds an entrance. That very exclusiveness which once constituted its motive-power is now its deadly disease. Those very ideas and rules of morality which originally gave it so plausible an appearance in the presence of the boundless license of Paganism, stand in the directest conflict with those ideas which Christianity has communicated to modern civilisation, even when Christian faith and Christian devotion are altogether lost. Its very prohibition of images and pictures would alone suffice to make a union between European cultivation and the dominance of the Koran a practical impossibility. Its restrictions are as abhorrent to Christian liberty, as its permissions are offensive to Christian duty. Turkey, therefore, when she ceased to be strictly and solely Mahometan, began the excavation of the mine which must shiver her into a thousand fragments. Its explosion can only be a matter of time. The chambers are hollowed out, the powder is buried, the fuse is now in process of laying; and, perhaps when we least are looking for it, the earth will be rent by the bursting flames, and the bloody despotism of four centuries be laid low in its own ruins. May it be granted to us to see the Cross appearing triumphant aloft above the prostrate remains of its hereditary foe!

As we have already intimated, we cannot but expect that the present war will actually produce the catastrophe. The friendship of France and England must prove as fatal to Turkey as the hostility of Nicholas; and heartily we rejoice in the prospect that, at the moment of dissolution, France and not Russia will be the ally of England in the possession, or rather in occupation of the Sultan's dominions. As for supposing that England, with only secular motives to guide her,

will be content to go on expending blood and taxes for the sole pleasure of keeping the Czar from laying his hands on the Turks, the expectation is visionary. We shall do in Turkey what we have repeatedly done in the farther East, —interfere, advise, lend money, and finally appropriate our debtor's effects. France will do the same, not only from national motives, but because Catholicism has a positive and effective influence on her councils. In the minds of thousands, nay, millions of Frenchmen, the Holy Land is a prize more worth a war than any merely commercial or military acquisition. The French Catholic, too, and every Catholic throughout Christendom, must hope for the day when the blasphemies of Mahomet shall be wiped away from the walls of Santa Sophia, and that venerable temple be made once more a Christian church. Who can forget, that the very last time that Mass was celebrated in Santa Sophia, the Holy Sacrifice was a *Catholic* Mass, and that the infatuated Greeks fled from the church in schismatic frenzy, at the prospect of the submission of their nation to the hated supremacy of Rome? Why should we not indulge in at least some faint hope for the speedy, perfect, and final reconciliation of Santa Sophia to the centre of unity; and pray that the new crusade may plant the Cross at once on Constantinople and Jerusalem?

If France and England but remain united, we have little fear that such will be the result. England wants Egypt, as her highway to India; France would take Asiatic Turkey, including the Holy Land. That Russia may get nothing, we fervently hope; and some arrangement might be made with Austria for a fair apportionment of the provinces both north and south of the Danube. Constantinople itself is the difficulty. We could wish, perhaps, that France alone should possess it; though possibly the interests of religion would be best furthered by the carrying out of the scheme so often talked of, in its erection (with a certain portion of territory) into a free city like Hamburg and others in the north of Germany, under the guarantee of France, England, and Austria; and including the entire abolition of the Koran as a national law. The regeneration of Constantinople under the *Code Napoléon* would be a spectacle worth living to see. Viewing the question merely from the secular point of view, of all nations in Europe none are so qualified as the French to administer the government of a mixed population in a state of transition such as is already found in Constantinople; while none could vie with them as skilful conservators and restorers of those architectural glories which recal the past in such profusion of splendour in the garden-city of Constantine.

It would be the crowning merit of the Emperor of the French, and would constitute him in a peculiar sense the successor of St. Louis, could he thus accomplish the work of the old crusaders, and restore once more the faith of Jesus Christ to its supremacy in lands so long defiled and degraded.

We fear, however, that the thread of coming events is so knotted and tangled, that no human eye can discern its course. The whole circumstances of the case are so entirely without parallel, that speculation is at fault, and can be assured of nothing beyond the fact, that Turkey is at the point of death. Many may be the complications, the misunderstandings, the heartburnings, and the quarrels, before the work is accomplished, Turkey divided, and Europe and the world at peace. Still, however obscure the future, and however distant the end, we entertain a strong conviction that the progress of the Faith will be accelerated, and that a new era is about to dawn upon the lands where the Gospel was first given to mankind.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?

IN the great question of the comparative intellectual influences of Catholicity and Protestantism, the names of Shakspeare and Spenser are generally relied upon by Protestants as decisive with regard to poetry. As to Spenser, however, he has never been a popular poet like Shakspeare, who has been the idol of the people; who has laid fast hold on their passions and feelings; and to whom they proudly appeal as a splendid specimen of the opening glory of that intellectual emancipation which is vaunted as the primary result of the Reformation. To Shakspeare, learned and unlearned among Protestants alike appeal on this great controversy, as the learned among them point to the poetry of Spenser or the prose of Bacon.

There is, however, a flagrant fallacy in this argument; which to detect simply requires the slightest attention to chronology. These illustrious men were not the first-fruits of Protestantism, but the last legacies of Catholicity. It is true, when they wrote, the country was Protestant; but it had only just become so even by law; and in fact and spirit it was scarcely so: it was in a state of transition and struggle; and the struggle lasted more or less from the Reformation to the Revolution. The real question is, not what were they when they wrote, but what were they when they were edu-

cated? when their minds were opened and fed with that first deep stock of ideas, which Lord Brougham declares exceeds in value and in vigour all that are subsequently acquired? What was England when they were born and bred? What were those among whom they lived? Under what influences were they brought up? To a large extent Catholic. Not exclusively so, of course; but to such an extent as to colour their character and influence their ideas.

Shakspeare was born in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, when only a few years had elapsed since England was ruled by a Catholic sovereign, and solemnly reconciled to the Holy See. It may be conjectured, then, that Shakspeare's parents were most probably Catholics. And there is much to confirm this conclusion. In the house in which he was born, an ancient document was discovered purporting to be the will of John Shakspeare the father, and sufficiently attesting his faith by its fine old Catholic commencement: "I commend my soul to Almighty God and to the Blessed Mary ever Virgin." It is true that Malone, with the instinct of a Protestant critic, rejects the genuineness of this document; but a Catholic will as much suspect the impartiality of his reasoning as that of Spelman, when, from a similar bias, he rejects the evidences afforded to the ancient orthodoxy of England, derived from books purporting to have been written in the age of Alfred; and which the ingenious antiquary labours to prove were written some centuries afterwards. One answer suffices to all such theories. They were never heard of until the necessities of the Protestant argument required them. To recur, however, to Shakspeare. We said many other facts confirmed the conclusion as to his Catholic education, or at least the Catholic colouring of his character, and its influence upon his mind. Of course, one great fact upon the subject would be the style and spirit of his poetry. Does that betray a latent love of Catholicity? Does it exhibit the influence of Catholicity? This question we propose to discuss. And our conviction is, that the poetry of Shakspeare does exhibit the character of his mind, and the influence of Catholicity upon it; an influence often unconscious, but on that account making the more interesting the fact of its existence. When he wrote, Elizabeth was in the zenith of her power, and the Catholics were depressed and persecuted. But that does not prove that Catholicity was extinguished. It is notorious that a large number of her subjects who ostensibly "conformed" were really attached to the ancient faith. On the part of the queen herself, the controversy was really as to the question of supremacy, or rather as to her own legitimacy. Her father had

only quarrelled on the supremacy; and she would gladly have submitted to that, if her own legitimacy could have been admitted. One would expect *à priori*, then, to find Shakspeare pandering, indeed, to royal passions and popular prejudices as to the question of Roman supremacy; but on all other subjects betraying a Catholic spirit, or the influence of it, at all events, upon his mind. And so it is.

We need not remind our readers that a large proportion of Shakspeare's plays are founded upon stories, the scenes of which are laid in Catholic life, and many of them in English history; which, up to the very last reign (with the exception of a few years), had been Catholic. And it cannot but be observed that he reverts to those scenes and times with enthusiastic admiration, and in no spirit of detraction. We might, indeed, expect (as we have already observed) to find him embrace every opportunity, from the reign of John to that of Henry VIII., to pander to popular prejudices as to the "domination" of Rome. And accordingly, in the play of "King John"—the earliest of the historical series—we have some celebrated passages, breathing the spirit of "the royal supremacy;" and which have served ever since as watchwords against "Papal usurpation." He represents the king as saying:

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add this much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority."

Our readers will recognise in the phrase, "Italian priest," the very expression applied by Lord J. Russell to Archbishop Cullen, in the debates on Papal Aggression; so lasting are prejudices once implanted in the popular mind. And they will recollect the next line as quoted by the late Lord Chancellor (Truro) at a City banquet during the height of that agitation. The very chords of national feeling, so skilfully played on by Shakspeare under the patronage of the statesmen of Elizabeth, were made to vibrate again, after the lapse of three centuries, by the ministers of Victoria. But let no one imagine these passages prove any thing as to Shakspeare's real feelings.

Listen to the lines in the same play, in which he afterwards depicts the true character and actual conduct of the monarch in whose mouth he has just put such high-sounding sentiments of independence and freedom.

“Cousin, away for England ; haste before :
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots ; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.”

To which the Bastard replies with glee :

“Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.”

Does not this look like sarcasm ? Could Shakspeare fail to recollect how recently a sovereign, similar in spirit and in conduct, had issued such a commission ? Could he be oblivious of the plunder and murder of “abbots” under the father of the reigning monarch ? No argument against the supposition can be drawn from the fact of Elizabeth’s relationship to the royal plunderer ; for it is not to be doubted that she in her heart disapproved of his conduct ; so that Shakspeare knew he could not offend her by his sarcasm. It was for her mother, not her father, she was jealous ; for her father was her mother’s murderer. Certain it is, if he had meant sarcasm, it could not have been more severe ; and that he most aptly portrayed the spirit and temper of the royal ruffians who had plundered the Church, and the rapacious courtiers who had proved their ready tools.

Shakspeare has himself supplied the best comment upon his own sarcasm in those severe lines upon—

“That sly devil,
That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
That smooth-fac’d gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world—
The world, which of itself is poisèd well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, intent.”

All this, of course, would be perfectly consistent with Shakspeare’s seizing every opportunity to hold up to royal and national detestation the supremacy of the Holy See ; and of course this disposition would especially manifest itself in re-

gard to the legates and cardinals, as most closely connected with Rome. In the fulfilment of this purpose he is utterly unscrupulous as to truth, and distorts and falsifies the facts of history in a most unprincipled manner. Thus, in the "King John," he represents Pandulph, the papal legate, as driving a sordid sort of traffic with the king in the independence of England, and engaged in a kind of conspiracy to enslave it; whereas *Magna Charta* attests that the papal legate was not Pandulph, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that both worked together for the obtaining of that great charter. So, in "Henry V.," he portrays Cardinal Beaufort in the most odious colours, both covetous and ambitious, proud, cruel, and overbearing, and the murderer of the "good Duke of Gloucester;" and represents the king as paying the warmest tribute of respect to the character of the duke, and as speaking in the strongest terms against the cardinal. The truth of history is precisely the reverse of all this: the cardinal's was a truly noble character, and the duke was a designing traitor; and the king himself well knew it.

In the next play, "Richard II.," is a passage on which Shakspeare dwells with a fondness and fulness of expression quite unnecessary, unless as the outbreak of his own inward feelings, on the character of Catholic England. He makes John of Gaunt, on the bed of death, utter a long speech, in which occur the following lines:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, *blessed Mary's Son* :
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now *leased out* (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a *tenement or pelting farm*."

The latter expressions are singularly applicable to the condition of England in the reign of Edward VI., when the Churchlands were literally "leased out" to the courtiers like so many farms.

Let it be remarked, we are not in the least attempting

to conceal that Shakspeare was an accomplice in that great conspiracy of talent and tyranny which Dr. Newman so eloquently describes, to poison all the traditions of the age with the perversions of Protestantism. On the contrary, we are showing that he was a prime and powerful agent in that conspiracy, perhaps the most powerful; for, as we set out with saying, he was, and is, and ever will be, a popular poet; and while a Coke could pervert the laws, a Shakspeare could pervert the passions of the people, and instil into their minds prejudices which centuries could not eradicate. But what we are proving is, that those prejudices which he conceived himself under a necessity by his complicity in that conspiracy to implant, to propagate, and perpetuate, were only such as related to Rome and the Pope, and did not affect any other part of the Catholic religion,—her most sacred mysteries, her divine dogmas, or her sacramental system. And our argument is fortified by the fact, that on topics connected with the Holy See, the great poet did his utmost to awaken and deepen popular prejudices; while he never makes an allusion, or an observation, in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system, although ample opportunities offered themselves for his alluding to such subjects; opportunities of which, as we shall show, he systematically availed himself only to convey sentiments of the most sincere reverence and respect, and breathing much of the true Catholic spirit.

It is in perfect consistency with our theory, therefore, that we find the poet, in “Henry VI.,” representing Cardinal Beaufort in the vilest colours, in utter and unscrupulous opposition to the truth. There can be no question that the popular impression in this country as to the pride of Roman prelates has its source in Shakspeare. No one can read this play without perceiving how powerfully all the most odious traits of overbearing ambition, unrelenting animosity, and unyielding pride, are accumulated in the portrait he draws of the cardinal. In the dispute between him and the duke, he always displays the cardinal as animated by the most bitter animosity and malice; and finally represents him as the murderer of the duke, and as dying in agonies of remorse. How false all this was, Shakspeare could hardly fail to know. The facts were then far more recent and fresh in men’s minds than they are now; yet at this distance of time, one or two dates and simple truths speak forcibly as to the mendacity of these misrepresentations. The duke’s death took place in 1447, some years previous to which the cardinal had retired

from court and relinquished politics; occupying himself in the duties of his diocese, where he expended vast sums in completing the cathedral and endowing the hospital of St. Cross; the Duke of Suffolk having become the royal favourite and the rival of Gloucester in those courtly scenes from which Beaufort had withdrawn. A recent Protestant writer* says: "So powerful has been the enchantment of Shakspeare's genius, that his dramatic picture of the cardinal's character is too often accepted for historical truth, without reflecting that the simple object of the bard was to enliven scenes developing political events, and to create a powerful interest in his audience by exhibiting the great action of the time in strong and exciting contrast." Poor apology this for systematic and studied mendacity; and it is hard to say whether the calumny or the apology betray the worse morality.

In regard to the character given of the prelacy of the Church, this play of "Henry VI." is very like that of "King John:"

"What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

The cardinal himself is made to say:

"Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny."

On the other hand, the duke exclaims:—

"Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of Church,"

—the lines made use of with such exquisite good taste by Lord Truro at the City dinner already mentioned. So in Henry VIII., the great dramatist, in a similar spirit, represents Buckingham as the victim of Wolsey, without the least warrant from history; and in the teeth of history, makes the exactions of that reign the sole result of the voluntary and unauthorised rapacity of the cardinal, in opposition to the wishes of the king. Notwithstanding this, however, it is very ob-

* Foss's Lives of the Judges.

servable, that, on the whole, Shakspeare takes care to do that justice to the character of Wolsey which he withholds from Beaufort. And this is the more remarkable, because the cardinal was the great foe of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth; and one would have supposed that Shakspeare would have been anxious to exhibit him in the worst possible light. Throughout there is a great deal that is extremely interesting in this play, in the point of view in which we are considering it. One of the most beautiful passages is that in which the poet speaks of Catherine, the mother of Mary:—

“ Of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with.”

He represents Anne Boleyn as speaking of her thus:

“ Oh! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! It is a pity
Would move a monster.”

One might suspect that the poet imagined his royal patron would easily pardon this inuendo as to the cruelty of the murderer of her mother, albeit her own father. But the manner in which he portrays Anne herself, Elizabeth's mother, is still more remarkable. He makes her say:

“ By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.”

To which he makes her *confidante* answer:

“ Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all the spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.”

Considering that the person thus spoken to in such a tone of sarcasm was the mother of the queen reigning when Shakspeare wrote, and contrasting this with the respectful manner in which Catherine, the mother of Mary, is spoken of, on the

invalidity of whose marriage depended Elizabeth's title, our readers will admit that there is something very remarkable in this language. He makes the king speak thus of Catherine :

“ Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens.”

And, on the other hand, he clearly conveys his own conviction of the iniquity of the divorce and the hypocrisy of the pretence upon which it was carried by the king, whose courtiers are represented as speaking thus :

“ It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.’
‘ No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.’ ”

And so broadly is the hypocrisy of the king depicted, that it looks almost like burlesque :

“ Oh, my Wolsey !
The quiet of my wounded conscience.
Oh, conscience, conscience !
’Tis a tender place.”

Shakspeare represents the courtiers as ascribing the divorce to Wolsey, but he also represents the king as solemnly and publicly relieving him from that charge ; and he does enough justice to the character of the cardinal, at the close of his career, in the following lines :

“ This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.”

This eloquent eulogy speaks volumes as to Shakspeare's appreciation of the magnificent prelates whom the Catholic Church gave to this country, and who, with all their faults—even the least worthy of them—were an honour to it. And we repeat, all this is very remarkable, especially if it be supposed, as it usually is, that this play was written in the reign of Elizabeth; and contrasting it with the unscrupulous spirit in which the dignitaries of that Church are portrayed in other plays, when the scenes are laid in earlier reigns, there seems every reason to infer that it was not in those plays that Shakspeare spoke his real sentiments on the subject, but that he rather pandered to prevailing prejudices; and that in describing more recent events, he was led to express his sentiments more truly.

But was the play written in the reign of Elizabeth? Our opinion is that it was not, but at the commencement of the reign of James. Protestant critics find great difficulty in fixing the periods at which his plays were composed. But the circumstances we have suggested are not likely to have occurred to them, and appear very strongly to point to a later date than the others. At the accession of James the poet was scarcely thirty-six years of age, in the prime of his vigour; as he received a royal patent from the king directly on his accession, there is a great probability that his genius just then would be active. And the whole character of the play betokens a genius mellowed and matured. If we are right in our conjecture, it would explain the remarkable circumstances we have pointed out in the play of Henry VIII. James was, not less than Elizabeth, born and bred a Catholic; and there can be no question his predilections were in harmony with Catholicity; and, of course, he would have no particular regard for the character of Anne Boleyn, nor aversion to that of Cardinal Wolsey, nor any interest in maintaining the lawfulness of Henry's divorce, or the legitimacy of Elizabeth. So that the poet would be at perfect liberty to convey his own impressions and express his own sincere feelings; and we conceive that he has done so in the beautiful passages we have quoted.

The whole of Shakspeare's historical plays may be searched in vain for any passage reflecting upon or sneering at the religious doctrines or ceremonies of Catholicity. On the contrary, there are many passages like those in which Henry V. says:

“ I Richard's body have interrèd new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Here the Protestant will fail to find the least countenance to the coarse and vulgar caricatures of the Catholic doctrine as to penance, purgatory, and prayers for the dead, which now acquire ready currency. So also he speaks—

"Of conscience wash'd
As pure as sin in baptism."

So he makes the dethroned Richard thus speak to his queen, in the true spirit of penitence,

"Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down."

It is in this spirit Shakspeare always speaks of the religious life. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Isabella says,

"Hark how I'll bribe you!
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers for preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal."

Most strongly does Shakspeare convey his deep reverence for the religious life, by putting into the mouth of Lucio, a very loose character, these expressions,

"Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as *a thing enskied and sainted*;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit:
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" there is a passage conceived in a similar spirit. The heroine is asked whether

"You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
 But *earthlier* happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

The exquisite beauty of this passage is not more remarkable than its harmony with Catholic feeling; and it is to be observed that Shakspeare went rather out of his way to write it, as it was hardly necessary to descant so fully on the subject; which was evidently one he loved to dwell upon.

Again, Shakspeare always represents friars in an amiable light. In "*Much Ado about Nothing*," when Hero is sinking under her load of obloquy, and her father is quite bowed down by it, the friar's voice, meek, calm, and kind, seems to come like divine music on her ear :

"Have comfort, lady!"

We cannot wonder that the poor victim of calumny ventures to raise her head. This the poet indicates by one of the finest touches of his dramatic art :

"*Leon.* Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?"

The friar's reply depicts a saintly charity so sweetly, that the readers and lovers of *Digby* (and all his readers are lovers) will remember how beautifully he introduces it as an example of the virtue. The contrast between the human and the divine is still more strongly drawn out by what follows: the father answers the friar in evident amazement at his calmness:

"Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
 Cry shame upon her?"

Yes; but the great poet designed to exhibit the face of something heavenly, of that charity which "*hopeth all things*;" and how beautifully it seems to speak in the friar's words:

"Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error."

In "Romeo and Juliet," every one is sensible of the sweetness with which Shakspeare has drawn the character of the friar, who comes on the scene with that beautiful soliloquy beginning: "The grey-eyed moon smiles on the frowning night," with which all lovers of the poet are familiar; and no one can fail to observe how appropriately his reflections take a religious turn, ending with the fine lines which express so sound a doctrine of theology:

"Two such opposèd foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Upon the heated and distempered brow of Romeo calmly and sweetly falls the *benedicite* of the friar, like the fresh cool air of morning. Quite in character is the holy man's horror at the idea of guilt first crossing his mind,—a feeling which, in his usual masterly manner, the poet conveys by the hurried exclamation:

"God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
Friar. That's my good son!"

Equally characteristic is the friar's observation on the equivocal explanation of Romeo:

"Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift."

And with great truthfulness and skill the poet makes him eager to assist Romeo;

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love."

The marriage-scene opens with his pious exclamation:

"So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!"

And the gentleness of his soul breathes out a chastened spirit over the transports of the young lovers, preparing the mind for the woe that is to follow. It would be impossible in fewer or more exquisite words to express the spirit of Christian elegy, than those in which he speaks the epitaph of Juliet:

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life."

It is in a similar spirit that Shakspeare always mentions friars, who are often introduced as confessors. Thus, in the play we have just quoted from, Juliet goes to the friar ostensibly for confession, and says,

“Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at *evening Mass*?”

an expression rather curious and not easily explainable. The count, her lover, at once understands her purpose, and asks:

“Came you to make confession to the father?”

So, in the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” Silvia says to Sir Eglamour that he shall meet her

“At Friar Patrick’s cell,
Where I intend holy confession.”

And soon afterwards, in the same play, we catch another sweet glimpse of the holy fathers; the duke saying, when his daughter’s flight is mentioned,

“’Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander’d through the forest;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick’s cell this even.”

The argument is certainly a fair one, and not without force, that had Shakspeare been in heart a Protestant, he would not have failed to avail himself of all these opportunities, to convey (as he so well knew how) impressions repulsive, rather than so sweetly attractive, of these religious orders, and of the holy rite of confession. The more so when we remember the brutal tone of the *Homilies* of the Church of England on this and all similar subjects,—Homilies, which in Shakspeare’s lifetime were “appointed to be read in churches.” Compare with the language of those homilies, the following from Shakspeare, clearly showing that he possessed a perfectly correct appreciation of “holy confession:”

“*Friar*. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Julietta. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Friar. I’ll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Julietta. I’ll gladly learn.”

Had the poet been imbued with the Protestant ideas of penance, he could not have given this fine and proper representation of it; he would have been sure to have put it in the odious light in which prejudice and ignorance always delight to

present it, instead of thus doing justice to it as a sacrament for the sincerely penitent.

Expressions on other subjects also are scattered throughout Shakspeare's plays, showing a sense of religion such as we can only imagine to have been implanted by the pious instructions of Catholic parents. Clarence says to his murderers:

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins ;"

and Edward reproaches his nobles for not interceding on his brother's behalf, as they would have done for any of their vassals, who

"Had done a drunken slaughter, or defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer."

Hastings exclaims:

"Oh, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God."

Elsewhere he uses the phrases, "as firm as faith." These expressions are scattered here and there like pearls, with a natural and careless freedom which looks extremely like a deep-seated sense of piety.

In "All's Well that ends Well," Helen utters these beautiful words, which seem imbued with much of the Catholic spirit of faith, humility, and piety:

"He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes."

Our impression is, that in the "Winter's Tale," under cover of a beautiful eulogy on the heathen worship of ancient Sicily—for the introduction of which there was not the slightest necessity—Shakspeare expresses his own sense of the majesty of the Mass:

"Oh, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,
It was i' the offering!"

This deep religious feeling in Shakspeare breaks out in his lightest and airiest scenes, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the fairies are addressed thus:

"Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins."

In his most playful moods, the great poet unconsciously betrays his latent religiousness; and, unlike the Puritans, whom he satirises as "peevish in prayer," he exhibits that true secret of Catholicity, the union of pleasantry and piety.

It is plain that Shakspeare's mind was utterly antagonistic to Puritanism; it was repulsive to him; and no one more frequently or forcibly expressed his aversions. Again and again he refers sarcastically to the Puritan character, and in a tone which no one imbued with Bible-reading Protestantism could possibly adopt. Thus he makes one of his worst characters say:

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

So in another play he has this passage:

"In religion,
What damned error, but *some sober brow*
Will bless it and approve it with a text;
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

So in the same play, Gratian, a gay, good-humoured fellow, is made to say:

"If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, *look demurely*,—
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen."

And again:

"Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

It is impossible not to see, that in these and similar passages the grim gravity and pharisaical formality of the Puritans, at that time rapidly rising in influence, is satirised. It is plain that Shakspeare's soul had an instinctive aversion to Puritanism; and that seems the same thing as saying that he had an attraction to Catholicity; for the two principles are so

essentially opposed, that a leaning to one involves a repulsion from the other.

It is in the casual coruscations of genius that we see more of its latent tendencies and real character, than in any more formal or elaborate efforts. And there is a *spirit* in the workings of genius too subtle to be seized or analysed; like those finer properties of the air which escape all detection of chemistry, and yet communicate to it either an exquisite sweetness or an oppressive deadness. It is in this subtle spirit of Shakspeare's poesy, which we cannot *catch* (so to speak) and set down in citations, that we find the main force of our argument. It is pregnant with latent Catholicity. It breathes forth, in a hundred delicate touches and indescribable beauties of feeling, the influence of Catholicity upon his soul. It is only by way of general description, rather than by selection of passages marked and quoted, that we can convey our idea of this property of his poetry, which speaks so eloquently of a Catholic education. To Catholics we can convey our meaning by saying, that we find dispersed through the marvellous creations of his genius all the sweet results of that realisation of the doctrine of the Incarnation which is the exclusive attribute of the Catholic religion.

So, again, Shakspeare's poesy is bathed in love; so that we may exclaim, in his own exquisite language:

“ Oh, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou ! ”

Listen to these beautiful lines :

“ Oh ! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! When mind, and brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one sole king ! ”

It is no profanation to say, that this would be not unworthily applied to the all-absorbing influence on a human soul of the love of the Sacred Heart ! We say not, of course, that Shakspeare had a religious meaning present to his mind, but that he had the capacity and predisposition for religious devotion which Catholic education implants; and that he who could sing in such noble strains of human love, must have had a heart touched by love divine.

Then, again, his *tenderness for woman*. There is nothing more marked in the great poet. Who remembers not the melting pathos of the words of Viola :

“ For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can abide the beating of so strong a passion
 As love doth give my heart.

Viola. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.”

We need scarcely quote the exquisite passage that follows, which every reader of Shakspeare knows by heart; yet the temptation to quote is irresistible :

“ *Duke.* And what's her history ?

Viola. A blank my lord.

She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek.”

We must stop, however, or we could go on for ever. We know not what our readers may think of our argument; but we are sure that they will pardon us any failure in reasoning for the sake of the object we have had in view, viz. to award to Catholicism, what we believe to be its due, the credit of having nursed the genius and filled the mighty soul of Shakspeare.

SUFFERINGS OF THE ENGLISH NUNS DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following narratives need no introduction to recommend them to the interest of all our readers. The general substance of them has been already made public in the *Notices of the English Colleges and Convents established on the Continent*, by the Hon. E. Petre, and edited by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth. But as the more immediate object of that publication seems to have been to give some account of the *foundation* of these religious houses, it does not contain all the particulars which have been preserved respecting their dissolution, or rather, their return from the continent to their own native land. The following pages, therefore, furnishing a supplement to the work referred to, will be an acceptable boon to all who are interested (and what English Catholic is not ?) in

every detail, however trifling, of the history of those religious ladies to whom the Catholic faith in this country and in our own times is so deeply indebted.

THE DOMINICANESSES OF BRUSSELS, NOW OF ATHERSTONE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

The first entry of the French into Brussels was in the beginning of November 1792. During the time of their stay there, the community of English Dominicanesses was kept in a state of continual alarm. One day a body of soldiers came to the convent at a late hour of the evening, and demanded lodgings, which the religious were obliged to provide, as well as food. These unwelcome visitors quartered themselves upon them for three or four days, during which time an English gentleman in the town of the name of Martin, a great friend to the community, came regularly every night to see that all the soldiers' lights were put out, and that all was safe.

On the 6th of March, 1793, at about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, a number of the French soldiers, with their officers, again demanded admission into the convent. They first applied to the Rev. Mr. Brittain for this purpose; and on his refusal, pointed their bayonets at him with so threatening an aspect, that he was obliged to fly for his life. They then rang the house-bell, and commanded the enclosure-door to be opened. The nun who answered the summons did not know the French language, and being in ignorance of the nature of their demand, she answered, *Oui, oui*; but at the same time ran off to the Superioress. During her absence, the soldiers, impatient of delay, broke down the staves of the turn with the butt-end of their muskets, and so entered the house, to the dismay of its peaceful inhabitants. One of the officers asked for the Superioress; but as she did not make her appearance, the troop dispersed themselves over the building, visiting all the nuns' cells; and when they found nothing there which suited their purpose, they proceeded into the church. Here two or three of the officers went into the sanctuary; and one of them impiously took the Blessed Sacrament out of the tabernacle. The gardener, who was also the sacristan, went to take the ciborium out of his hand, in order to carry it to the nuns, two of whom were ready at the grate, holding a corporal to receive it. The officer, however, bade the poor fellow take himself off, for that he had no more right to touch it than himself. He then called for a mandatory, and taking off his hat, he emptied the ciborium, pouring the consecrated

Hosts into the corporal. He then wiped out the ciborium very carefully; and having struck it with the key of the tabernacle, threw it on the ground, saying, "Now it is profaned;" upon which the rest of the crew who were in the church immediately set up an infernal shout of joy. They next went to the sacristy, where they found a chalice, paten, a pair of silver candlesticks and silver cruets, which was all the plate they had reserved for daily use, the rest having been long since sent for security to the care of a friend in the town. Their next visit was to the refectory, where they ransacked the drawers in which were kept the nuns' stores of tea, sugar, chocolate, &c.; and this they began to eat, and the remainder they put in their pockets. From hence they passed on to the apartments of the confessor; but all that was of any value here had been secreted before, and they found nothing but a silver spoon, which one of the soldiers stuck in the front of his cap. Thence to the choir, where they carried off the nuns' veils and mantles, protesting that they would make cravats and waistcoats of them.

Having thus taken possession of all they could find, they re-assembled together, and one of the officers read aloud a certain paper, which he said contained the warrant they had for what they had done; after which they went off, to the great relief of the poor distressed religious. It should be mentioned, however, that the behaviour both of the officers and their men during their stay in the convent was to a certain degree respectful. The very next day the nuns received a message, bidding them send some one to claim their property; for that the soldiers who had plundered them, having got intelligence that the Austrians were at their heels, had taken to flight, and left their booty behind them. Accordingly, Mr. Brittain went, and recovered all the church plate, though sadly battered and injured.

During several months after this visitation, they were only harassed by daily reports that the French were about to return; many of them, indeed, had never left the town. In the spring of 1794, they flattered themselves that at length they should enjoy some little tranquillity; for, the emperor having been crowned in Brussels on the 23d of April, all seemed to promise peace and security. Nevertheless, these hopes soon vanished; within a fortnight afterwards the French were ravaging the country, and making daily advances towards the town, whose inhabitants were immediately thrown into dreadful consternation, expecting nothing but total destruction; for if the French had done so much harm in their first visit, when they pretended to come as friends, what might not be expected, now that they were coming as conquering enemies? The

friends of the community were very urgent that the nuns should provide for their safety. They were in hopes, however, that things might take a favourable turn, and could not resolve to make preparations for leaving their beloved retreat; till they were at length compelled, by the entreaties of their friends, to begin to pack up what might be most useful, as church-stuff, linen, &c.; in order that, should any sudden emergency oblige them to fly, they might not be altogether unprovided.

On the evening of Saturday, the 21st of June, Mr. Brittain informed them that they must now absolutely prepare to fly; for that they could not possibly remain any longer, the enemy being close at hand. With heavy hearts they set to work all that night, packing up as much as they could get together. Poor Mr. Brittain was in such a state of agitation that he could not say Mass in the morning, and they were obliged to get a Dutch Dominican to come and say Mass in his stead at a very early hour. It was proposed that the nuns should go for the present to the fathers of their own order at Bornheim, about twenty miles from Brussels; and that they should wait there to see if there was any chance of their being able to return. Only two vehicles could be procured, and these at an immense price; and they were, of course, appropriated to the use of the sick and aged. The rest were obliged to walk, with Mr. Brittain accompanying them, under a burning sun, and ankle-deep in hot sand. They had prepared some provisions for their support on the way; but these they were obliged to leave behind, together with a great quantity of luggage, because there were no means of conveyance; and this property they never recovered.

When the moment of their departure had arrived, the scene was most distressing: many of the poor nuns were obliged to be dragged out by force, so unwilling were they to pass beyond the enclosure-gate of their holy sanctuary. The arrival at Bornheim of those nuns who went in the two conveyances threw the good fathers there into the greatest alarm and trouble; for though they were well aware that affairs were going on but badly, yet they had still entertained some hopes until they saw these poor creatures demanding protection. Mr. Brittain and his exhausted companions arrived at the college about eleven o'clock at night, and remained there till the evening of the 24th; when they were obliged to decamp again, with several of the Dominican Fathers, in two small vessels to Antwerp. Here they stayed till the 26th, sleeping on mattresses laid on the brick-floors for want of beds, and in many ways suffering great privations; more especially

because the people took every advantage of their forlorn condition, by making them pay an exorbitant price for every thing they wanted, &c.

From Antwerp they were again obliged to fly at night in two little vessels to Rotterdam, which they happily reached on the evening of the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, after having had a narrow escape of death by drowning. They owed their preservation, under God, to the wakefulness of two of the religious, who perceived by the strange motion of the vessel that something was amiss, and gave the alarm. It was discovered that they had sprung a considerable leak; all hands were immediately ordered to the pump, and, by the blessing of God, the vessel began to rise: a few moments later would have buried them in a watery grave. As it was, the scene was sufficiently terrific; the night was dismally dark, not a ray of light but what proceeded from vivid flashes of lightning; and this enabled the sailors to see what they were about, and so to work at the pump as to save their lives. The alarm of the captain, fearing lest he should lose all his property, and of the sailors lest they should lose their lives, all contributed to render this episode in the sufferings of the religious as painful as any that had preceded it.

They remained at Rotterdam ten days: several of the English communities had arrived there before them, and during their stay they were joined by others. Most of these set off for England immediately, but the poor Dominicanesses knew not where to go nor whither to turn. After much deliberation, they at length resolved to go to England: but then the difficulty arose how they were to get there, for there was no vessel at hand fit to convey them. However, a captain of an American ship, who wanted ballast, hearing of their distress, agreed to take them over for a hundred pounds. They gladly accepted the offer, though it was a most miserable boat, destitute of every convenience. One of the community was in a dying state from consumption, and they feared lest she should scarcely reach England alive. The captain humanely gave up his cabin for her use during the voyage; but he charged six guineas extra for this when they landed. They were obliged to sail cautiously; keeping as near the coast as they could, to avoid both the attacks of the enemy and the press-gang. Many were the alarms they had to encounter. They were fired upon by various vessels which passed them; and at one time there seemed some danger of their being sunk, if one of the nuns, roused by the stupidity or indifference of the captain, had not hoisted the English flag, and so suspended the attack. At length, thanks be to God,

they escaped all danger, and arrived safe in the river Thames on the 16th of July, 1794.

The Provincial, who was at this period in England, hearing that the community had left Brussels and were returning to their native soil, had provided a house for them in Seymour Street, Portman Square, where they remained seven weeks, paying for their lodgings at the rate of three guineas a week. Their store of money, however, was soon exhausted; and having no means of support, they feared that they should be no longer able to keep together, when a generous offer was made to them of Hartpury Court, an ancient mansion of the Berkeley family, near Gloucester, which was joyfully accepted. There they remained for forty-five years; until, in 1839, they removed to their present home, built expressly for themselves, the Convent of the Rosary, at Atherstone in Warwickshire.

THE CANONESSES OF ST. AUSTIN AT LOUVAIN, NOW AT SPETIS-
BURY HOUSE, DORSETSHIRE.

The monastery of Augustinian nuns in Louvain was of course affected by the progress of events in the French Revolution, much in the same way as that of the Dominicans at Brussels. Their chronicles record, that from the year 1788 they found great changes taking place in Brabant, and suffered many inconveniences; but that they received no personal molestation until December 1790, when the imperial troops entered the town, and they were obliged to keep a guard constantly until April 1791, by which time matters had become more settled. November 16, 1792, the French took the town, the Austrian troops retiring, doing much injury to the countries they passed through. "The French came in like lambs, and boasted they would be our protectors; but soon showed themselves to be very wolves. Several officers came into our enclosure, and put seals on some of the rooms, and took inventories of our linen and whatever church plate they could find. This, however, only lasted for a few days; and by representations made in our behalf by some powerful friends, we were soon set at liberty. We were obliged, however, always to have a guard, and felt the necessity of being always prepared for a coming storm. We had often thirty and thirty-six French soldiers sent to us, to lodge and feed for twenty-four hours; to do them justice, however, it must be confessed that they behaved well, and were contented with a low room in the out-quarters. The 21st March, 1793, the Austrian troops again entered; and we were then

very quiet, and dismissed the guards, which had been a very expensive burden.

“ From May 1794 we again feared the French; and were from the best information apprised of our imminent danger, and assured that we should certainly be obliged to fly.

“ It is a remarkable fact, that our reverend mother (Mary Benedict Stonor) had always felt a full persuasion that she should live to see the community and all the English convents settled in England. On taking leave of her sister, Mrs. Carey, in the year 1788—then returning to England—she told her she should expect to see her in that country. Again, in 1789 and 1790, when the English Carmelites were going to Maryland, she often spoke of our return to England, which at that time was never dreamt of by any body but herself. From the year 1790 she had many causes of uneasiness, from which she took occasion constantly to speak to us with great solicitude for our security; preparing us for the worst, exhorting us to union and concord; above all, to remain together; by which means we should be protected by a sweet Providence. The servants, tradespeople, and even the poor who partook of our liberality, became insolent and bold. Twice during the year 1792 our out-house was robbed of beds, bedding, wood, coals, linen, &c. The succeeding year there were parties of patriots in the town, and an open rebellion; so that we were obliged to remove the tabernacle, lamps, &c. from the church, and substitute others of a meaner quality, to the great grief of our reverend mother. Another annoyance to which we were subjected was the making us ring our bells and illuminate our street windows, to join in their rejoicing at deeds which were in our estimation great crimes,—such as arresting good priests and others, and banishing them; our dear neighbouring monasteries, the poor Clares, Annonciades, &c. suppressed, and turned out of their peaceful asylums before our eyes, &c. Oh! how heavy-hearted was our dear mother at such injustices; and seeing our own turn at no great distance, her constant advice was: ‘ Keep together, and submit to the adorable will of God.’ She was much agitated, however, and uncertain how to act under existing circumstances; nevertheless, she confided that we should all do our duty, and that our reverend fathers would do all they could for the best.

“ At length, early on the morning of Sunday, June 21st, a friend informed us that we were no longer safe, and urged the necessity of instant preparation for flight. All hands were immediately employed in the sad duty, and all hearts united in bearing each other’s burdens. Our dear reverend mother and our sub-prioress, and others who were unable to labour

and contrive, performed the part of Marys, by praying at the foot of the altar for the rest, who were engaged in the active employments of Martha. We had been cheered by a timely invitation from Bishop Douglas to come and take possession of his house in Hammersmith; nevertheless, it was a mournful task to prepare for leaving those walls, which had been for nearly 200 years our rampart of defence against the world, and the seat of our happiness.

“ Our reverend fathers did all they could to help us to procure conveyances for fifty persons—for this was our number. Besides the community and the young ladies under our charge whose parents lived at a distance, the Rev. Tichburn Blount, Rev. Father Williams (Prior of the English Carthusians of Newport), and an Irish ex-president, were living in our house; and being all old and infirm, desired to remain with us till our arrival in England; which we could not refuse. Not a box, nor a trunk, nor even a basket could be bought; for every one that could remove was also preparing. Three wagons, however, were secured; and at length the fatal day arrived. We quitted our monastery with unutterable grief on Saturday morning the 28th June, 1794, at three o'clock. We arrived at Mechlin; and after some rest and refreshment proceeded to Lierze, where we were most kindly received by the good Teresians, who were themselves preparing to depart. They showed us every attention, and took into their convent as many as they could; the rest they sent to a convent in the neighbourhood, and got lodgings at an inn for the gentlemen and our two servants. The next day, the 29th, after hearing Mass, we proceeded to Hoogstraet. A long fatiguing journey: the weather and dust of the roads were dreadful. We were received at seven o'clock at night by another community of those charitable ladies, the Teresians, and overpowered by their kindness. They accommodated as many as they could; the rest were disposed of in different houses; for the good people came out, calling aloud, ‘ We will lodge six,’ or ‘ we will lodge eight;’ so that we were soon taken care of, and beds and supper provided. The good Teresians were at the time actually preparing with heavy hearts for their own departure.

“ It was worthy of remark, that there were four Superiors at supper in the refectory that evening. Our own from Louvain, one from Lierze, a third from Valenciennes, and the fourth of the Teresians of Hoogstraet. Next day, 30th June, we proceeded to Breda, a fine town; and the inhabitants behaved to us beyond all praise, striving who could show us the greatest attention; not allowing any of us to go to inns, but calling aloud, ‘ Come six to my house; come ten,’ &c.; so that

within a quarter of an hour we were all disposed of, and the good mynheers and their families exulting in their prizes. The wagons were unloaded, and returned to Louvain. The hospitable inhabitants insisted on our remaining a day to rest. July 2d, we took a barge for Rotterdam; and at a small landing-place on the way were most generously entertained by the curate of Torleyden. At Rotterdam we took the whole inn, and received great civilities from many of the inhabitants; especially from Mr. Williams, a Protestant minister, who showed us much kindness, and very generously made us a handsome present. This had likewise been done by the black sisters at Lierze, and by several burghers of Hoogstraet. Wind and weather obliged us to remain at Rotterdam for eight days. Meanwhile we hired a ship, the *Flora*, Captain Shepherd, who undertook to land us safely for 100*l.*; which effectually he did on the morning of July 17th, after eight days' sail. Next day we went up the water to Hammersmith, in a most piteous plight. We were received by the Right Rev. Dr. Douglas, and by many friends and relatives of the community, with all the tenderness our situation claimed.

"Mrs. Carey, sister to our Reverend mother, Mrs. Tunstall, widow of Marmaduke Tunstall, Esq. of Wycliffe, and others too numerous to detail, proved our steady friends and benefactors.

"We remained at the house of the venerable prelate for six months; but owing to its situation, the necessity of its being a public chapel, and some other especial inconveniences, particularly that of not being allowed to say our office in the chapel, or to sing our Masses,—the choir being one of our principal objects,—we determined on removing. We hired the Abbey House of Amesbury in Wiltshire; where we arrived safely, by four at a time, the last day of the year 1794. Owing to the exertions of a friend, we found every thing ready on our arrival; and to our great joy and contentment, on the 1st of January, 1795, we began the same way of life we had led at Louvain, resuming our Singing Masses, Office, &c." Five years later they purchased the house which they still occupy, Spetisbury House, Dorsetshire; where "we began our duties and ancient way of living on Christmas Day, 1800, to the honour and glory of God."

Rebels.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Relation, or rather a true Account, of the Island of England; with sundry Particulars of the Customs of these People, and of the Royal Revenues under King Henry VII., about the year 1500. Translated from the Italian, with Notes, by C. A. Sneyd. London: Printed for the Camden Society.

It is always both instructive and interesting to read an account of one's own country, written by an intelligent and impartial stranger; and the fact that the present "Relation" does not belong to our own times, but to a period of our history from which we are separated by more than three centuries and a half, is far from diminishing either its value or its interest. Indeed, we wish that we had many more such "Relations" belonging to the same date, and that they were more full of gossiping details than the one before us. They might be of incalculable service, in throwing light upon our domestic history precisely at that period when such information is at once most valuable and most scanty.

It is not known with certainty who was the author of this particular history. From internal evidence, however, it is clear that it is the work of some noble Venetian, who accompanied (probably in the capacity of secretary) an ambassador from Venice to the court of England at the end of the fifteenth century. From one or two circumstances which are incidentally mentioned, the editor conjectures, not without reason, that the author was in England during the winter of 1496-97; and this relation was evidently written as the report to be made to the senate by the ambassador on his return from his mission. It was the custom of the Venetian senate always to require from every ambassador a report of the country to which he had been sent; and some of these reports, or abridgments of them, belonging to our own country, have been occasionally published; others also are known to exist in foreign libraries, or in private collections of Mss. We believe, however, that this is the first which has been printed in so complete a form; the original Italian, accompanied by a translation, and numerous illustrative notes.

We have already had occasion to express our opinion of the merits of the translation, that it is far from being perfect. The disadvantages of this, however, are materially diminished by the publication of the original at the foot of the page; so

that in the following extracts we have sometimes followed the published translation, and sometimes brought it into a closer agreement with the original Italian.

Our author begins with a general description of the island—its situation, its size; with reference to which he observes, that it is difficult to gain any accurate information, as the old authors differ considerably, and “the islanders of our day do not care to understand such matters:” its climate, which is described as very healthy and of equal temperature, with abundance of rain, “which falls almost every day during the months of June, July, and August,” and no spring; and its productions, animal, vegetable, mineral. Among the vegetable productions, we may observe that the olive and the orange, the beech and the fir, are excepted; and that the vine is specified as being present, though in limited quantities,—our author expressly mentioning that he had tasted ripe grapes gathered from one, and that even wine was made in the southern parts, though he believed it was rather harsh. A great abundance of excellent wines, he says, was imported; but “the common people make two beverages from wheat, barley, and oats, one of which is called beer, and the other ale; and these liquors are much liked by them; nor are they disliked by foreigners, after they have drunk them four or five times: they are most agreeable to the palate when a person is by some chance rather heated.” In another place he tells us, that the national taste for beer and ale was so strong, that “at an entertainment, where there is plenty of wine, they will drink them in preference to it, and in great quantities. Like discreet people, however, they do not offer them to Italians, unless they should ask for them.” In the animal world, our Venetian secretary was most struck by the “quantity of salmon, a most delicate fish, which they seem to hold in great estimation;” and “the beautiful sight of one or two thousand tame swans upon the river Thames, which are eaten by the English like ducks and geese.”

It is, however, his account of the manners and customs of the people, and his estimate of their character, in which we are most interested; and, singularly enough, the very first remark which he makes upon this subject is precisely that which continues to our own day to be so pre-eminently the characteristic of John Bull:

“*The English*,” he says, “are great lovers of themselves, and of every thing belonging to them; they have an antipathy to foreigners; they think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that ‘he looks like an Englishman,’ and that ‘it is a great

pity that he should not be an Englishman;’ and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him, ‘whether such a thing is made in *their* country?’”

We could have imagined that these words were penned by some modern Frenchman or Italian, irritated beyond endurance by the tone of assumption and self-conceit which so many of our countrymen and women take no pains to conceal in their intercourse with foreigners in a foreign land; and we have often been disposed to attribute it, in part at least, to the unhappy religious isolation of our compatriots. Cut off from the rest of Christendom by a form of heresy peculiarly their own, which is shared by no other people under heaven, it has always seemed a natural consequence of such a position, that English Protestants should carry with them their own national habits as the great standard by which all men were to be judged; and from which every variation was a fault, grave in proportion to the degree of difference which it exhibited. Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, that next to themselves they honoured above all men those who lived nearest to them; and those occupied the second place of honour who lived at the next interval of distance beyond them: and so they go on, he says, honouring the various nations according to this proportion, and holding those in the lowest estimation of all who live at the greatest distance from them; “for they think themselves to be in every respect by far the most excellent of mankind, and that other men have a share in excellence only according to the scale that has just been mentioned; and that those who are most remote are the vilest of all.” Just so an Englishman seems to judge of the world at the present day; only he takes a religious, or still more frequently a political, centre, instead of a geographical one. The relative merits of nations he is wont to estimate according to the approximation of their religion to that form of Episcopalian Protestantism embodied in “the venerable establishment,” or according to the degree of similarity in their form of government to our own “admirable and glorious constitution.” “The government and religion of a foreign country,” it has been well observed, with reference to the published travels of most English tourists, “are two very convenient pack-horses for the traveller. They trot along the road with him, carrying all that he cannot otherwise conveniently dispose of; and the prejudices of his readers prevent any doubt of the burden being laid upon the right beast.”

It appears, however, from the testimony of this Venetian, that even at a period when England was not yet disunited from the great Christian brotherhood, and when certainly her

form of government did not differ so widely as it now does from those generally prevailing upon the continent, an Englishman was still his own *beau-ideal* of a man, his *αὐτο-άνθρωπος*; and that not only in his moral and intellectual character and in his worldly possessions, but also in his outward form. On this last point we do not think that an Englishman at the present day would be disposed perhaps to make the same pretensions as in days of old; but then, we doubt also whether a foreigner coming among us would find cause to make the same observation as we read in these pages, that "the English are, for the most part, both men and women of all ages, handsome and well-proportioned; though not quite so much so," he adds, "in my opinion, as it had been asserted to me, before your magnificence went to that kingdom; and I have understood from persons acquainted with these countries, that the Scotch are much handsomer." Upon all other points, however, we think it cannot be denied that the habit of self-complacency noted by our author has grown deeper and more intense in the national character since the days of the Reformation; and though English Catholics ought certainly to find, in the circumstances of their position, a most powerful corrective against it, we are afraid that they are far from being able, as a body, to repudiate all participation in this failing of their Protestant neighbours. Certain comparisons, which we sometimes hear, between Catholicity as exhibited in this country and the same religion as it is to be seen in France, Belgium, or Italy, are clear indications of the same temper of mind.

Nor is this the only feature in our national character which the reader of this "True Account" cannot fail to recognise as still existing amongst us in undiminished force. That love for banqueting which distinguished our Saxon forefathers, whilst yet Pagans in their German forests, and which in the seventh century induced St. Gregory to allow St. Austin's converts to kill sheep and oxen on all the principal Church festivals, just as they had been used to do on the feasts of their idols, did not escape the observation of this Venetian envoy, but was duly noted in his chronicle:

"They take great pleasure in having a quantity of excellent victuals, and also in remaining a long time at table; . . . they think that no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress. . . . They have a very high reputation in arms; and from the great fear the French entertain of them, one must believe it to be justly acquired.

But I have it on the best information, that when the war is raging most furiously they will seek for good eating and all their other comforts, without thinking of what harm might befall them."

It is most amusing to see an Englishman's veneration for a dinner-party, and for those who give such entertainments, thus solemnly recorded for the edification of the Venetian senate three hundred and fifty years ago. But we have been still more struck ourselves by those few words which we have printed in italics. They might almost suggest a suspicion that the worthy ambassador and his suite had assisted at some "charitable entertainment;" some dinner with "*Tickets, one guinea each; wine not included,*" given for the benefit of the County Infirmary, or for the widows and orphans of those who died in the cholera, or for the distressed needlewomen, and the like. It really looks as if our Saxon love of feeding had, even in those ancient days, had some secret but close connection with the loosening of our purse-strings; as if it had been necessary in the days of Henry VII., as in those of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, to feed men well, and give them a taste of claret and champagne at an "annual dinner," in order to open their hearts and make them "subscribe to a charity."

It must be allowed, that our author witnessed some of the most perfect specimens of English banqueting that are ever to be seen; for he was present at the Lord Mayor's feast, given on the occasion of his entering upon office, which "lasted four hours or more; and I am of opinion that there must have been 1000 or more persons at table." He was also present at a no less magnificent banquet,

"Given when two other officers, named sheriffs [*scriphi* in the original], were appointed. At this feast I observed the infinite profusion of victuals, and of plate, which was for the most part gilt; and, amongst other things, I noticed how punctiliously they sat in their order, and the extraordinary silence of every one; insomuch that I could have imagined it one of those public repasts of the Lacedæmonians that I have read of." Elsewhere he speaks of "the English being great epicures, indulging in the most delicate fare themselves, but giving their household the coarsest bread and beer, and cold meat baked on Sundays for the week; which, however, they allow them in great abundance." . . . "They are also very sparing of wine when they drink it at their own expense; and this, it is said, they do in order to induce their other English guests to drink wine in moderation also, not considering it any inconvenience [it should have been translated 'not unbecoming'] for three or four persons to drink out of the same cup. Few people keep wine in their own houses, but buy it, for the most part, at a tavern;

and when they mean to drink a great deal they go to the tavern; and this is done, not only by the men, but by ladies of distinction."

But enough of this truly Saxon theme; let us turn now to our author's view on another subject, the great pride and boast of Englishmen, "the palladium of British liberty," &c. &c.—trial by jury.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," he says, "to get a person thrown into prison in this country; for every officer of justice, both civil and criminal, has the power of arresting any one at the request of a private individual; and the accused person cannot be liberated without giving security, unless he be acquitted by the judgment of twelve men. . . . For proceedings are not carried on in this country by the deposition of any one, nor by writing, but by the opinion of men, both in criminal and civil causes. If any one should claim a certain sum from another, and the debtor denies it, the civil judge would order that each of them should make choice of six arbitrators; and when the twelve are elected, the case they are to judge is propounded to them: after they have heard both parties, they are shut up in a room, without food or fire, or means of sitting down; and there they remain till the greater number have agreed upon their common verdict. But before it is pronounced, each of them endeavours to defend the cause of him who named him, whether just or unjust; and those who cannot bear the discomfort yield to the more determined, for the sake of getting out sooner. And therefore the Italian merchants are gainers by this bad custom, every time that they have a dispute with the English; for although the native arbitrators chosen by the English may have made a very hearty meal before they are shut up, and may be very anxious to support the cause of their principal, yet they cannot stand out as the Italians can, who are accustomed to fasting and privations; so that the final judgment is generally given in favour of the latter. This practice extends also to criminal causes."

Some other scattered notices might be collected from these pages, on interesting features in the national character; such, for instance, as our traditional Conservatism—"If the king should propose to change any old established rule, it would seem to every Englishman as if his life was taken from him;"—our fondness for display—"the titled nobility keep a very great retinue in their houses, which is a thing the English delight in beyond measure," &c. &c. We will not multiply quotations, however, on these and kindred subjects, but devote such space as remains to us to that most interesting and important of all topics, the state of morality and religion in the country at the time this relation was written. It is much to be regretted that our author should nowhere have entered into fuller details on this subject. It is clear that he was a

man of the world, and no ecclesiastic, or he could not fail to have given more minute information. As it is, however, his notices, though slight, are not unimportant. He bears testimony to the learning of the clergy, at least as compared with that of the rest of the inhabitants; for, after speaking of all the people as gifted with good understandings and quick at every thing they apply their minds to, he observes that “few, *except the clergy*, attend to the study of letters; and this is the reason why any one who has learning, though he may be a layman, is called by them *a clerk*.” But the one chief note in the position of the clergy which seems to have arrested his attention, and on which he insists at considerable length, is their great wealth and political power.

“The condition of the lords spiritual in this country is very superior,” he says, “to that of the lords temporal; for besides their own lands, they possess the actual tenth of all the produce of the earth, and of every animal; and every householder pays the tithe of every thing to the Church, besides the third part of every inheritance. [He had already mentioned that, on the death of any master of a house, by the ancient custom of the country, the inheritance is divided into three parts; one for the church and expenses of the funeral, another for the wife, and the third for the children.] Nor is the saying that is so common in this country without cause—‘that the priests are one of the three happy generations of the world.’

. . . The number of religious houses in England, both of men and women, is very great; and the larger part are of royal foundation. Nor can I omit to mention in this place, that in the Diocese of Bath there are two monasteries not more than twelve miles apart; the one for men, called Glastonbury, and the other for women, called Shaftesbury, both of the order of St. Benedict; the abbot of the former has a revenue of more than 20,000 crowns, and the abbess of the latter has more than 10,000; and there is a saying among the English, that ‘the finest match that could be made in all England would be between that abbot and abbess.’ . . . I believe the English priests could not possibly desire any thing better than what they have, were it not that they are obliged to assist the crown in time of war, and also to maintain a number of poor gentlemen, who are left beggars in consequence of the inheritance devolving upon the eldest son. And if the prelates were to decline bearing this expense, they would be considered infamous; and I do not think that they would be safe, not even in their own churches.”

In another place it is mentioned that “abbeys founded by the crown are obliged to defray the expenses of one, two, or three gentlemen, and as many horses, with their keep, at the pleasure of his majesty. Because, whenever the king wishes to bestow an easy life upon any of his servants, he makes some one of these monasteries pay his expenses.

“There is not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to

possess crucifixes, candlesticks, thuribles, basins and cups of silver; nor is there a convent of mendicant-friars so poor, as not to have all these same articles in silver, besides many other ornaments in the same metal, fit for a cathedral church. You may imagine, therefore, what the decorations of those extremely rich Benedictine, Carthusian, and Cistercian monasteries must be. These are, indeed, more like baronial palaces than religious houses, as you may have perceived at that of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

With regard to this last particular—the riches of silver and gold displayed in ecclesiastical furniture—it would have been strange and unbecoming indeed had it been otherwise, at a time when, according to the same authority, "there was no small innkeeper, however poor and humble he might be, who did not serve his table with silver dishes and drinking-cups; and no one who had not in his house silver plate to the amount of at least 100*l.* sterling, was considered by the English to be a person of any consequence at all." We are reminded in a note to this passage, that Polydore Virgil, who was in England about the same time, corroborates this statement: "There are few," he says, "whose tables are not daily provided with spoons, cups, and a salt-cellar of silver." Stowe also tells us, that at the marriage-feast of Prince Arthur, held in the palace of the Bishop of London, "there was in the great hall a cupboard of five stages in height, the which was set in plate valued at 12,000*l.*, the which was never moved all that day; and in the other chamber, where the princess dined, was a cupboard of gold plate, garnished with stores and pearls, valued above 20,000*l.*" A few years later, the display of plate at the entertainment given at Hampton Court by Cardinal Wolsey to the French Ambassadors and their suite was still more astonishing, and sounds almost fabulous. Cupboards extended along the whole length of the two banqueting-rooms, which were large enough to accommodate 280 guests; and these cupboards were piled to the top with plate; and every guest-chamber—for the whole number were lodged there—had "a bason and ewer of silver, a great livery-pot of silver, and some gilt; yea, and some chambers had two livery-pots, with wine and beer; a silver candlestick, having in it two sizes; yet the cupboards in the banqueting-rooms were never touched." When there was such a profusion of plate in the houses of private individuals, it certainly argued no unbecoming wealth in the hands of ecclesiastics, that they should have had all the sacred vessels for the office of the altar in the same precious metal; rather, as we have said, it would have been a disgrace to the country, and proclaimed a great want of faith or coldness of devotion, had it been otherwise. And

our author does not pretend to make this a ground of complaint against the clergy ; neither does he any where insinuate a word to their discredit in connection with this subject. What he chiefly complains of, and seems to consider too inordinate, was their political power and influence ; the privileges of the numerous sanctuaries, and what is commonly known in history as the benefit of clergy. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that he expressly acknowledges that they were the only body in the country who could be called literate, and that even the right of sanctuary was a good and excellent thing in itself, much abused. His remarks on this subject are too curious and important to be omitted.

“ There are three estates in England, the popular, the military, and the ecclesiastical. The people are held in little more esteem than if they were mere slaves. The military branch serves in time of war to bring together troops. But a number of priests have the main sway over the country, both in peace and in war. Amongst other things, these priests have provided that many places in the kingdom should be sacred as places of refuge, and for the escape of all delinquents. Even though a man may have practised against the crown, or the very person of the king, yet he cannot be removed from these places by force. It often happens that some villain who has taken refuge in one of the sacred places for some terrible offence, goes out of it again and again to commit new violence in the highway, and then, returning to it, becomes secured also against all punishments for these new crimes. . . . Every church is a sanctuary for forty days ; and if a thief or a murderer, who has taken refuge in one, cannot escape in security within this time, at the end of it he declares his intention to leave England. In this case, being stripped to the shirt by the chief magistrate of the place, he is conducted along the road, holding a crucifix in his hand, until he comes to the sea, where, if he finds a passage, he goes with a ‘ God speed you ;’ but if he does not find a passage, he walks into the sea up to the throat, and three times asks for a passage ; and this is repeated until a ship comes, in which he departs in safety. It is amusing enough to hear on these occasions how the women and children lament over the misfortune of these exiles, asking how the poor wretch is to live out of England ; adding, too, that he had better have died than go out of the world ; as though England were the whole world.

“ In another way, also, the priests are the occasion of crimes ; for they have usurped a privilege that no thief, nor even a murderer, shall suffer by the hands of justice, if he is able to read. When, therefore, any one is condemned to death by the verdict of the twelve men, if he knows how to read, he demands to defend himself by the book ; then they bring him a psalter or a missal, or some other ecclesiastical book ; and if he shows that he is able to read, he is liberated from the power of the law, and handed over as a clerk into the hands of the bishop.”

These are really the gravest offences which we find charged in the present "Relation" against the Catholic clergy of England at the close of the fifteenth century, and it must be allowed that they are offences on the side of mercy and of encouragement of learning; two faults which are not the usual subjects of declamations on the part of the traducers of the ancient faith. With regard to the state of the English *people*, the notices of their moral and religious condition are extremely scanty. The following passages contain, we believe, every thing which these pages afford us of information on this subject:

"There is no country in the world where there are so many thieves and robbers as in England; insomuch that few venture to go alone in the country, except in the middle of the day, and fewer still in the towns at night, and least of all in London;" and he attributes this prevalence of crime to the facility of escape afforded by the right of sanctuary that has been before mentioned.

"The dispositions of the people are very licentious, yet I have never noticed any one, either in court or among the lower orders, to be in love; whence one must necessarily conclude, either that the English are the most discreet lovers in the world, or that they are incapable of love. I say this of the men; for I understand it is quite the contrary with the women, who are very violent in their passions. Howbeit the English keep a very jealous guard over the women of their household; though any thing may be compensated in the end by the power of money.

"They all hear Mass every day, and say many Paternosters in public, the women carrying long rosaries in their hands; and whoever is at all able to read carries with him the Office of our Lady; and they recite it in church with some companion in a low voice, verse by verse, after the manner of religious; they always hear Mass on Sundays in their parish church, and give liberal alms; for they may not give less than a *denario*,* fourteen of which go to a golden ducat. Nor do they omit any token of a good Christian. There are many, however, who have various opinions concerning religion."

In these last words is doubtless a clue, to a certain extent, to the success of the Reformation in the next century. Altogether, however, the particulars which this "Relation" contains are far too scanty to furnish a sufficient basis for any trustworthy theory on so large a subject. We only present

* We do not know the exact value of this coin; but by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. in 1453, it was ordered that every householder who was rated at 10s. per annum, should pay one farthing at the offertory in Church. He who was rated at 20s. should pay a half-penny, and so on, increasing at the rate of a farthing for every 10s. The usual Sunday offering (it is said) of the higher orders varied from a penny to a groat; that of the king was always six shillings and eightpence.

them to our readers as an interesting contribution towards enabling them to form a more accurate idea of that epoch, which we think has never been sufficiently studied either by Protestant or Catholic writers. The one class are content to refer every thing to the supposed corruption of the clergy, and the other to the violence and intrigues of the crown; but a real picture of the times yet remains to be drawn.

A POET FROM THE LABOURING CLASS.

The Ballad of Babe Christabel: with other Lyrical Poems.

By Gerald Massey. London: D. Bogue, 1854.

Who is Gerald Massey? the reader may ask; and how shall we answer the question, without first knowing who is our interrogator. "Is there any thing romantic about him?" asks a lady. "Yes, madam," we reply; "a great deal of the romance of real life, of that truth which is stranger than fiction; he is a hero, though not perhaps of *your* school: for he is the son of a poor canal-boatman, was a London errand-boy, and is now a labouring man!" "Is he a Whig or a Conservative?" asks a political reader. "Neither one nor the other," we reply; "but a Red Republican!" "Perhaps he is a Catholic." "No, he is not; we very much fear that he is a Pantheist!" Why, then—*we* may suppose all our friends exclaiming together—why, then, trouble us about him? First, because he is a true poet, and so has a claim upon our attention in a literary point of view—for true poets are not born every day; and next, he represents a class of men neither small nor unimportant in our time, of whom it is well that we should know something,—a class separated from us by religion, by politics, and by literature: for it has a literature of its own, which startles those who chance to come across it, as with a new language coined to express, if not new ideas, at least new phases of the old. It will not be without interest, then, to sketch from the materials before us the struggles, not only for position but for life, through which our author has passed; and to examine the poetry which has sprung up amid such trials, and which, with many beauties, will be found to bear plain marks of its strange origin.

From a "Biographical Sketch," with which the volume before us closes, and which professes to be an extract from

Eliza Cook's Journal, 1851, we learn some details of the life of our young poet—he is not yet twenty-six—which show us the difficulties he has overcome, and by giving us some insight into a mind which could in so short a time achieve so much, hold out rich promise for the future. To quote the words of the sketch :

“ He was born in May 1828, and first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts ; one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry—their country's pride !—are condemned to live and die. One shilling a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's father was, and still is, a canal boatman, earning the wages of ten shillings a week. Like most of the peasants in this ‘highly-favoured Christian country,’ he had had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely-organised brain and susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate, like her husband, she had a firm, free spirit—it's broken now !—a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish. Poverty, augmented by disease, pressed hard upon the family. None of the children were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. At eight years of age Gerald left a penny school, and went into a silk-factory, rising at five in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening ! breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels. What a life for a child ! But the mill was burnt down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind and sleet and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this ? Then he went to straw-plaiting, as toilsome and perhaps more unwholesome than factory work. For three years he suffered the tertian ague ; and all this in the midst of the deepest poverty. And what says the poet himself of this terrible life ? We must quote his own expressive prose, which, let the reader remember, is no mere imaginative sketch, but the plain, hard, truthful words of one who has felt what he describes : ‘ Having had to earn my own dear bread,’ he says, ‘ by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood, thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood.—Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned ; and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived : none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin, with the stamp of God upon it ; and in like manner as the Jews sweat-down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag, to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society, to get wealth out of it ; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the

Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity;—so blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.’”

Bitter words are these: would that there were less of truth than bitterness in them! We are told that “the Bible and Bunyan” were his chief books; the first has left traces in his poetry, but scarcely so the second. Then he met with *Robinson Crusoe* and a few Wesleyan tracts. These were his only books, until he came to London, at the age of fifteen, as an errand-boy. Then his love of reading grew with his opportunities: at all times and places, at book-stalls, in bed till two or three in the morning, “nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire; often, when out of a situation, going without a meal to purchase a book. Then I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence; but until then I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact I always eschewed it.” But he had the true poetical element in him in his intense love of nature; as he says, “I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God’s own presence-chamber.” Then the political element began to develop itself, and evil fortune threw him among evil guides, such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c.; and thus he became a political poet, and wrote those wild and impassioned lines which have given him a name among the Red Republicans. In 1849 he started a cheap journal, written entirely by workmen, entitled *The Spirit of Freedom*, of which he acted as editor; and it is characteristic of the man and his work, that we learn “it cost him five situations in eleven months; twice because he was detected burning candle far into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.”

Such is the man whose poems are now before us. We might conclude beforehand, that a man who could battle successfully against such disadvantages as these, who had vigour and energy enough to earn a literary position under such circumstances, would write no commonplace poetry. One would not, perhaps, look for poetry at all in such a life; but we should be sure that if it came, it would come in strength and freshness—that it would be natural, manly, and true. And

such indeed we find it to be. Faults, of course, there are, both of expression and of metre; a redundance of metaphor, image overrunning image, fancies lavished with too prodigal a hand. Yet these are but faults of youth, tokens only of the fertility of a virgin soil,—sure presage of the rich harvest which due care and culture will bring.

The poems may be divided into two classes,—the domestic and the political; whose characteristics are respectively love and hate—love the warmest, the deepest, the truest; and hate as warm, as deep, as true. Our poet is ever in earnest, and evidently writes from his heart. Hence he is the fondest of lovers, the truest of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, and the reddest of Red Republicans. He loves with his whole heart the beautiful, and he hates with his whole heart the rich. At times these passions meet in the same poem; but generally they are kept distinct. His earlier poems are untainted by the violence of his politics, and are many of them exquisitely beautiful. Take the following lines from the “Poem” in which he addresses his wife, where, after some fine lines upon Freedom, which had hitherto been his glittering bride, he proceeds:

“And then thou cam'st, and Love grew lord of all.
 Look how the sun puts out the eyes of fire!
 So, when love's royal glance my lattice lit,
 The fires of freedom whiten'd on my hearth.
 The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charm'd Palace
 Woke at love's kiss. My life was set afresh,—
 As roses redden when the spring moves by,
 And the green buds peer out like eyes, to see
 The delicate spirit whose sweet breathings stirr'd them.
 How my heart ripen'd in its flooding spring,—
 As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,
 Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves,
 And lifts its fluttering wings! So my heart felt,
 With such brave shoots of glory budding up,
 As it had flower'd for immortality.
 The heights of being came out from their cloud,
 As the cliffs kindle when the morning comes,
 Swimming the utmost sea in ruddy haste
 With foam of glory; and the ruby light,
 Like mellow wine, runs down remotest hills.”

What a wild profusion of beautiful imagery is here! it is indeed, as he himself says,

“I touch my lyre,
 And love o'erflows my heart and floods my hands.”

The Ballad of Babe Christabel, which gives its name to the volume, is the longest, and extends over some twelve pages.

It tells most touchingly, in fragments and in varied metres, the simple story of the birth, childhood, and death of a "sweet and sinless child:"

"Oh! she was one of those who come
With pledged promise not to stay
Long, ere the angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home:
And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.
She came—like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.
* * * * *
In death's face her's flashed up and smiled,
As smile the young flowers in their prime
I' the face of their grey murderer Time:
And death for true love kiss'd our child."

Let these suffice as specimens of the poet in his domestic character, as a husband and a father. We must now give a specimen of his sterner style, wrung from him by the remembrance of what would excuse the strongest language, the famine-smitten children of his own home. Our space allows us only to quote a portion:

"Sweet from the boughs the birds
Sang in their mirth,
The lark messaged heavenwards
Blessings from earth—
But I turned where the gentle Lord's
Loves lay in dearth.
They heard not, nor heeded,
The sounds of life o'er them!
They felt not, nor heeded,
The hot tears wept for them!
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave,
And, O God, what heart-wringing,
Their tender looks gave!
They died! died of hunger—
By bitter want blasted!
While wealth for the wronger
Ran over untasted—
While pomp, in joy's rosy bow'rs,
Wasted life's measure,
Chiding the lagging hours,
Wearied of pleasure!
They died! while men hoarded
The free gifts of God:

They died! 'tis recorded
 In letters of blood.
 Yet the corn on the hills
 Waves its showery-gold crown;
 Still nature's lap fills
 With the good heaven drops down.
 O! this world might be lighted
 With Eden's first smile—
 Angel-haunted—unblighted
 With freedom from toil.
 But they wring out our blood
 For their banquet of gold!
 They annul laws of God,—
 Soul and body are sold.

* * * * *

There be stern times a-coming,
 The dark days of reck'ning;
 The storms are up-looming
 The Nemesis wak'ning.

* * * * *

It will come, it shall come,
 Impede it what may:
 Up, people, and welcome
 Your glorious day!"

Of course we can have no sympathy with the wild hopes which these last lines convey. The folly which would look to right society by such means is only exceeded by the wickedness which would seek to carry them out. But still, we are bound to feel for those who are the victims of such delusions: men who have been tried by suffering, and stung to the quick by poverty, have a claim on our sympathy. We must make allowance for what pain wrings from them, and look through their words into their hearts; and surely we shall find much to love therein,—much which needs guiding and correcting, it is true, but what, after all, rings as the true metal. Is there not the right spirit in the lines which follow?

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
 Go down i' the heavens of freedom!
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em!
 But never sit we down and say
 There's nothing left but sorrow:
 We walk the wilderness To-day,
 The promised land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
 There are no flowers blooming!
 Yet life stirs in the frozen bough,
 And freedom's spring is coming!

And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow ;
And our good bark aground To-day
Shall float again To-morrow.

* * * * *

O youth ! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal !
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portal !
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain To-day,
The harvest comes To-morrow."

We must make space for one more very short extract, and then we have done. It is in his description of a poor but virtuous man, of whom he says that—

"In his heart he kept God's image bright ;
Love was his life-blood. Through the long work-day—
The dark and terrible night-time—ay, to death,
He nurs'd his love : and God Himself is love.
*And there be none of all the poorest poor
That walk the world, worn heart-bare, none so poor
But they may bring a little human love
To mend the world. And God Himself is love.*"

And are men who write thus, and who write because they so feel, who yearn with so much earnestness after the holy and the true,—are they to be cast aside as beyond our sympathies and the reach of holy Church ? True, they look not to *us* for what they need ; true, they have a hideous monster in their imaginations, which they have been taught to hate as the ancient faith ; true, they have hard names and bitter words to hurl at us ; but are they therefore less dear to our Holy Mother, less her children ? Can we condemn them for not knowing what they have never been taught, and for not loving what they have never known ? What saw they of religion but what Protestantism set before them ; and can we blame them for rejecting that ? Their hearts yearn after something higher than the cold formalism which contents the many : they have that within which tells them there is something brighter, purer, and more holy than this ; something worthy of their love, something in which their energies can find free scope and play, something on which their souls can rest content. We Catholics know what this something is, and find our rest, our joy therein ; but they as yet know it not ; and can we wonder that they set up an idol in the soul's shrine, rather than leave that shrine empty ? They whose aim is "to bring a little human love to mend the world" are surely "not far from the kingdom of heaven." It is well, then, that we

should know something of them. They are neither few nor weak in this our England; their zeal and energy attracts the young and earnest; and so they are powerful instruments for good or evil. Their power is on the increase. Protestantism can do nothing with them; it has tried and failed. When will the Church take them in hand? Pressed on all sides with the care of those who are within the fold, she seems to have indeed but little time or means to look beyond, and provide for them that are without. And yet her work is ever missionary. Here are those who in their hearts cry for her, in their sympathies and aspirations yearn for her; and shall they cry in vain?

TRAVELS IN TRANSCAUCASIA.

Transcaucasia: Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron von Haxthausen. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is an important book, by a very able traveller, who had a scientific object in investigating these countries. The book was written, and was in the hands of the translator, before the present war; and is not, therefore, one of those which owe their existence to the interest excited by it. The author is a Russianised German, who has not escaped the spell of the notice of the Czar Nicholas, and his leaning to Russia is not likely to fall in with the opinions prevalent in this country; but he is evidently a truthful man, and his statements may be accepted with confidence.

With all his love of Russian rule, he bears the same testimony to the inherent corruption of Russian society as our English travellers. Thus, in speaking of a scheme for Russianising Circassia by means of introducing European luxuries among them by commerce, he says, "that the common Russian dealers, the soldiers and Cossacks, are too great rogues to be intrusted with the execution of it" (p. 14). Again, speaking of the failure of all the attempts made by the Czar to introduce a little honesty into the administration of the Georgian provinces, he says: "It was too agreeable to the military officers to have the disposal of millions without rendering any account. The consequences are, however, truly melancholy: notwithstanding a state of peace, the fertile lands of Georgia make no progress in cultivation; the peasant only tills just as much corn as suffices for his food; if he grows

more, it will be taken from him,—nay, he is even obliged to carry it himself to his oppressors” (p. 102). We learn the effect of Russian occupation on the poor Georgians at p. 29: “The cultivators are not a class of independent proprietors, but hold either under the crown, the monasteries, or the nobles. They have probably been regarded as *serfs only since the Russian occupation* of the country; the two first classes are still free.” And though the author asserts that this abuse was not introduced by law, but by the carelessness and cupidity of the Russian officials (p. 69), yet he tells us, that “a ukase which declares that in Georgia the presumption is against serfdom, nevertheless decrees that every person who was registered a serf previous to the 7th of August, 1809, was to remain so. Moreover, whoever was recognised as a serf by a judicial decree before the year 1836, on the ground of thirty years’ service, is incapable of establishing any claim against it.” “As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian government grew up amongst all the Caucasian tribes.” When the Czar made a progress through these provinces, in 1836, the officials prevented petitions being presented to him, till the emperor reversed their order, and was, in consequence, overwhelmed with fourteen hundred of them in a very little time.

At Tiflis there is a remarkable colony of Germans, who are sober industrious men, the best farmers in Georgia, but curiously fanatical in religion; they think that the Millennium is at hand, and that it is the duty of the little flock of Christians to exhibit the life of the primitive Church. “Two sects arose among them, the stricter one of which prophesied that the end of the world would arrive that very autumn, and insisted upon an entire abstinence from marriage; the other party did not consider the end of the world to be so near, and allowed of marriage for the present. Both sects agreed in abandoning all their possessions and emigrating to Jerusalem: at their head was a prophetess, a remarkable woman, who made a most imposing impression even on Herr von Kotzebue, the Russian plenipotentiary.” When they had determined to emigrate, “they began by selling their houses and grounds to other colonists, generally at a merely nominal price; giving away all except simple necessaries, and establishing among themselves a community of goods.” The government, however, prevented the consummation of the project; and the following rather touching picture of the gentleness of the poor fanatics is given: “The village was astir, and at daybreak the singing of hymns was heard, the sound gradually drawing nearer; and soon the pil-

grims were seen approaching two and two in procession, the woman walking alone at the head. Herr von Kotzebue advanced to meet the troop, and addressed them; but, without heeding him, they continued their way singing. He kept receding, in vain endeavouring to obtain a hearing; at last, with a sudden resolution, he seized the woman by both arms, and held her tight. At once there was a stop; the singing ceased, the woman knelt down, and all followed her example: a breathless silence ensued,—every one, with clasped hands, was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes the woman stood up, and addressed Herr von Kotzebue in several passages from the Bible, declaring that the Lord had commanded them to yield to violence, and submit to the authority placed over them: she added that they would quietly return home, and await with resignation the issue of events" (p. 54).

This scene took place shortly before the author left the country: one would hardly suppose that such people had in them secular energy enough to make themselves almost indispensable to the European inhabitants of Tiflis.

Here is another curious religious sect: "In the district of Derbend there is said to be a sect of Jews named Uriani, who embraced Christianity, but without relinquishing their observance of the Jewish law in its full extent. They claim to be a remnant of the tribe of Benjamin. . . . At the time of the birth of Christ their scribes announced that the Messiah was born in Bethlehem; and in consequence they sent thither two of their number, named Longinus and Elias, who were received among the seventy disciples. After the crucifixion and resurrection, these legates returned to their brethren, taking with them the under-garment of Christ, which is still preserved and worshipped in the cathedral of Mzcheta, near Tiflis. Longinus is said to have committed to writing the teachings of the Saviour, in a book which they assert is still in existence—or at least a transcript of it; but is preserved with great secrecy. They have no knowledge of the New Testament. It would be of the highest interest to institute a research respecting this sect, although very difficult to arrive at the truth: but how important the discovery of a book which might in any degree form a corollary to the Gospel!"

We have no doubt that the result of the present mingling of the East and West will have the effect of bringing to light numerous remnants of the ancient Judaizing and Gnostic heresies, which have been supposed to have been extinct for ages; we do not, however, share in our worthy author's expectation that the apocryphal gospel of Longinus will be in any degree a corollary to the true one.

Several very pretty Georgian legends are recounted, some of which are quite like those of the *Arabian Nights*, others rather German or Scandinavian in their character. The author is very particular in describing the methods of agriculture, and the tenure of the soil. Of the Georgian substitutes for our shepherd-dogs he tells us, that as the steppe-hound is far too proud and chivalrous to engage in any thing else than wolf-fights, the shepherds are obliged to coax some other animal to drive and direct the flock. "This office is performed by the goats, which attend every flock, and form a ring round it in the fields; within this they compel the sheep to remain, butting them whenever they stray, and driving them back to the flock. On their return home, a stately buck-goat marches proudly at their head; the flock following him, with the other goats on either side" (p. 168).

From Georgia our traveller passes into Armenia, where, in spite of his predilection for Russian "civilization," he is obliged to own that the government is justly hated by the people. "The inhabitants (of Erivan) complain that their condition at present is more oppressed than it was under the Persians, notwithstanding that the Persian officials exercised an extremely arbitrary and despotic power over them;" then they were taxed to the amount of 5000 roubles, now they have to pay 15,000, besides furnishing horses for post service, maintaining watch and ward, &c. "Trade and commerce are heavily burdened. . . . Poverty is daily on the increase; and the poor classes, in order to pay their taxes, are often compelled to sell all their furniture, and even their very beds; whilst persons in good circumstances, seeing ruin staring them in the face, emigrate for the most part to Persia, where they find every facility for settling" (p. 201). Yet we are told, a few pages afterwards (217), "The Persian government is, in principle, the worst and most oppressive that can be imagined. The Armenians, in consequence, regarded the Russians as their liberators from an insufferable yoke; and in spite of many just grounds of complaint, they are much attached to Russia." And in another place he tells us, on the authority of a Russian writer, that of the 300,000 inhabitants of Russian Armenia, from one-third to a half have only immigrated into the country from Persian and Turkish Armenia within the last thirty years (p. 251).

Our author gives a charming picture of the domestic life of the Armenians. In the same family all the members of the same generation are brothers and sisters; the greatest intimacy reigns among them, guarded by the utmost purity of manners; marriages are forbidden to the seventh degree of

consanguinity, and the indulgence of unlawful passion in this respect is unknown. As all the family lives in the same house, there are often five or six young married women in the same establishment. The mode in which a permanence of harmony among them is provided for is, as the author says, unique. The Armenian girl enjoys perfect liberty: when she is married, she cannot speak to any one but her husband till her first child is born; then she may speak to her infant and to her husband's mother: it is not till after six years that her education is completed, and she regains her liberty of speech, having acquired a mastery over her tongue such as would not disgrace a Trappist. Then she is her husband's equal; and if she survives him, she succeeds to his place and privileges as head of the house. "From these customs arises an intimate, absorbing, and exclusive relation in the married state: the wife's very existence becomes part of the husband's; she lives in him, and has intercourse with the world only through him. This seclusion lasts for years,—it grows into a habit; the close intimacy of married life has time to be matured and confirmed, and the wife's character is unfolded and strengthened. In her early years she has been screened from the temptation of indulging in scandal and intrigue, and it is unlikely that she should gain a taste for this in after-life; and when, after her probation, she acquires the liberty of speech, she learns to use this privilege with discretion. In short, marriages among the Armenians, I was assured, are generally patterns of conjugal happiness" (p. 228).

The influence of Russia over the Armenians arises from its protection of their ecclesiastics, who enjoy the greatest consideration from all their nation; indeed, the Armenian form of Christianity is the great bond of a nationality as extended and as wonderful for its vitality as that of the Jews. And yet the Armenians are more ready to be Catholics than to be absorbed in the Russian heresy. The present Armenian patriarch, Narses, whom our author met at St. Petersburg in 1843, explained his position with regard to the Pope. "The Pope is the first patriarch of Christendom, and takes the first place in councils: but all patriarchs, properly so called, are his equals. The only true patriarchs are those of Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, and the Catholicos of Echmiadzin. . . . On the whole we are in harmony with Rome. The Armenian patriarch usually sends a notice to the Pope of his elevation to the patriarchate. We are not, however, always in harmony with the Roman Catholic missionaries; there is also a special quarrel between the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople and the Roman Catholics.

. There is no essential difference in doctrine between the Armenian and Latin Churches; indeed, perfect agreement has repeatedly been attained."

Under Russian dominion, the patriarch, of course, has not much power; only such as the government allows him, in order to avail itself of his influence. "How undignified," he complains, "is the position of the patriarch, who is the centre of union to the whole Armenian people scattered over Persia, Turkey, and India! He has not even the privilege of corresponding immediately with the emperor, the synod, or the minister. Every letter must pass through the hands of the Governor-General of Caucasia, and is opened in his office, where every clerk may read it."

Narses says that there are about 8,000,000 Armenians of his communion, and in the Caucasian provinces about 30,000 Catholic Armenians, besides those in Turkey, Poland, Austria, and Italy.

The Armenian Church, says our author, has uniformly connected itself rather with Rome than with Constantinople, its independence appearing to be more threatened by the latter (who fiercely persecuted the Armenians in the ninth and twelfth centuries); the Patriarch of Constantinople and some of the archbishops of Turkey being the only Armenians who have ever really separated from Rome. They not merely acknowledge that the founder of their Church, St. Gregory the Illuminator, received the Armenian patriarchate from Rome, but they have several times submitted to the Pope, as the centre of unity and the supreme Patriarch; these declarations have never been retracted, so that no official schism exists; however the unity may have fallen into oblivion, still the Armenian theologians do not altogether deny the Pope to be the *centrum unitatis*. For the variance with Rome the Latin missionaries are to blame: they did their best, contrary to the orders of the Pope, to supersede the national rite, which had received the Papal sanction, and to which the Armenians are passionately attached, by the Latin rite.

From this any one may see that the French protectorate, if it could be once securely established, would be more acceptable to the Armenians than their present position as subjects of the Holy Governing Synod of St. Petersburg. As Catholics, we can only hope that the war will continue long enough to allow France to secure her footing in Caucasia, to guard the Georgian and Armenian Churches from the Russians on one side, and from the Turks and Persians on the other. Our author has the highest idea of the vocation of the Armenians. "In the harems (of Mohammedan countries) are to

be found innumerable Christian women, who secretly baptise their children. If means could be devised of uniting the Christian elements scattered throughout Asia, and imbuing them with the higher European culture, they would soon overpower the Mahomedanism by which they are surrounded. The accomplishment of this object I believe to be the mission of the Armenian Church."—And is this mission to be fulfilled for the personal behoof of the Czars of Muscovy, or for the common benefit of mankind? Is it to be directed by France or by Russia?

We have to add, that this account of the friendly dispositions of the Armenians completely tallies with the information given to M. l'Abbé Michon, at Constantinople, by M. Tchamourdjan, who was quite convinced that the reunion with Catholics would not meet with the least difficulty with the entire Armenian nation. The failure of the late mission to Constantinople he attributes to the prevalent opinion that the Pope has the wish of gradually superseding all bishops.

Our author, while in Armenia, visited a village of the Yezidis, or "Devil-worshippers," a Gnostic sect, of which he gives a much more intelligible account than Layard, the last English traveller who has investigated their opinions, and who makes them to be a remnant of the Persian Zoroastrians. They worship Satan, under the name of *King Peacock*, as the Demiurgus: at last he will be restored to God's favour, and reinstated in the government of the world which he made; and then he will remember his poor Yezidis, who are the only men that have never spoken ill of him, but have suffered so much for him! Martyrdom for the rights of Satan!

Our readers may see from the extracts that we have given that this is a very important book of travels, filled with varied information, and written in an unexceptionable spirit. It is rather characterised by solidity than by brilliancy, but it is extremely interesting; there are no personal adventures; it is the work of a man who forgets himself in the pursuit of the object he has undertaken to accomplish. It is a book to be added to the shelves of all those who wish to make a useful and valuable collection, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. It is illustrated with some pretty views in colours; one (of the Cathedral of Echmiadzin) very interesting architecturally. The map, however, is no contribution to geographical knowledge.

WATERWORTH'S ENGLAND AND ROME.

England and Rome ; or, the History of the Religious Connection between England and the Holy See, from the year 179 to the commencement of the Anglican Reformation in 1534 ; with Observations on the general question of the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs. By the Rev. W. Waterworth, S.J., Hereford. London : Burns and Lambert.

WE welcome with interest and pleasure the appearance of every new book of English Catholic theology. Disliking and (so far as we may do it without presumption) condemning every possible modification of the Gallican and national theories, we are sensibly alive to the importance of the creation of a national religious literature. And this, not merely in matters of a secondary or partially secular character, but through the whole domain of theology and ecclesiastical history strictly so called.

Every age and every country requires its own books of doctrine, morals, Biblical criticism, and historical argument. Neither translations, nor the transmitted writings of its own past ages, will supply the want. Vast, nay enormous, as are the stores of learning, acuteness, and piety, which are laid up in the library of the Christian Church, and excellent as are many of the present productions of certain of its continental branches, they cannot do for us the *whole* work that we want done. The master-pieces of theology, and its handmaids of other ages and countries, need to be studied and venerated with no superficial or cold attention ; and, in fact, they are the storehouse from which every thing of the greatest value must be drawn. But they require a perpetual variation in their manner of presentation to the ideas of an ever-changing race like that of man. No two nations are alike in themselves. Past history, living customs, political constitution, climate, the changes in domestic and social life, together with the never-ceasing alterations in the prevailing types of anti-Catholic and non-Catholic opinion and speculation, combine to call for incessant reproductions of old truths in new garbs, and for an application of ancient principles to details of whose existence our forefathers never dreamed.

Gladly, therefore, as we hail the rapidly-increasing circulation of the most celebrated books of theology, which characterises this present period in the progress of English Catholicity, we are none the less rejoiced when we see it bearing its natural and healthy fruit, in the gradual creation of a body of

religious literature, at once thoroughly Catholic in its principles, and English in its application of them. Englishmen and Irishmen are not Frenchmen, or Germans, or Spaniards, or Italians; and they must be addressed as what they are, and not as what they are not. They have their own ways of reasoning, their own ways of expressing their feelings, their own peculiar difficulties, their own peculiar temptations; and it is but a bastard sort of Catholicity which would ignore the existence of these distinctions, or deny their reality or importance, or impute them to some perverse, insular nationalism, which ought to be opposed and destroyed as hostile to the true principles of our faith. When it pleases Almighty God to extinguish the influences of climate, territory, and secular government, and to reduce the sturdy Englishman, the vivacious Gaul, the decorous Spaniard, the speculating German, and the impressible Italian, to one level uniformity, then we may satisfy ourselves with reproductions of the books of our foreign fellow-Catholics, and join in the cry against more new books when so many good ones already exist.

Mr. Waterworth's *England and Rome* is just one of the books designed to meet the want to which we have been referring. He has seen the resuscitation of an old fiction under the excitement of modern times; and he sets about overthrowing it, not as a piece of antiquarian criticism, but as a living power, embodied in the writings of living and influential authors, and as the natural product of the country in which it is popular. This is just what we need; not *rifaccimenti* of other men's thoughts, cooked up with a new sauce from our own personal imagination, and prepared for the market; nor, again, vague essays and disquisitions, excellent perhaps in themselves, but as a matter of fact shot out into the world by their authors, without aim or idea of hitting any body or any class of persons in particular. We have need to study the popular mind; to trace the origin of the anti-Catholic feeling of the day to its source in some deep preconception or subtle passion; to throw ourselves into the position of our adversaries, so as to feel what they feel, to do justice to what is good in them, and to detect the precise point at which a fundamental error enters into their minds, and henceforth warps their every notion, till their very sight becomes blindness, and their purest feelings are attached to the vilest objects.

The popular error which Mr. Waterworth meets, is the notion that St. Peter was never at Rome, and that practically the pre-Reformation English Church repudiated the supremacy of the Papal See. Such assertions are obviously among the most convenient weapons of those who would mislead a people,

The very audacity of the assertion, that the whole of the Roman creed is founded on one historical falsehood, gives it a sort of claim to respect with the unthinking, that is, the overwhelming majority. Not one person in a thousand who hears the statement ever thinks of testing it. It is enough that Mr. Somebody, a pious and laborious individual, says so; of course *he* would never say what he did not believe, and it is not likely that so good a man should be deceived; *therefore*, the whole Roman theory is a baseless fiction, and we may go about our business without another thought on the matter.

Mr. Waterworth's first chapter discusses in detail the question of St. Peter's residence at Rome; and we think no candid reader can rise from its perusal without admitting that if there ever was such a person as Peter, and that if he ruled and wrote *somewhere*, Rome was the place of his labours and authority. The argument is precisely parallel to that which applies in so many instances to the opinions of Protestants. The tests which they apply to the Catholic interpretation of history avail equally to the entire destruction of all history whatsoever. The true logical alternative of Catholicity is, as Mr. Waterworth remarks, not Protestantism, but Pyrrhonism. If you reject the claims of the Papacy, you have no basis for *any* belief. You are driven back to the one solitary axiom, *Sentio, ergo sum*,—"I think, therefore I am;" but beyond that you cannot advance a step. The anti-Catholic world may say what it will; but if one test is to be applied to all human knowledge, the course of argument which proves that there is a God proves equally that Pius IX. is His vicegerent upon earth.

We quote Mr. Waterworth's excellent remarks on the alternative between Catholicity and unbelief, and on the logical monstrosity involved in the rejection of the Pope, on the ground of a deficiency of patristic argument in his favour, while the Royal supremacy is accepted without the shadow of a shade of proof.

"Such is the amount of evidence which can be presented in a synopsis of the opinions and belief of the Fathers of those four General Councils which Protestants are bound to receive. Assuredly the Fathers never dreamt of an Anglican supremacy! They never fancied that some Anglican See would affect to be either above the See of Rome, or Alexandria, or Antioch, or Constantinople, or independent of Rome. Much less did it ever occur to them that a female would be called either supreme head or governor of the Church. They did not fancy that separation from Rome was a mark of Catholicity, or a means of producing unity. If it had been whispered to them that the day would come when swearing against the Papal power would be made the condition of a fancied ortho-

doxy, and the condition of obtaining honours in Church and State, could they have credited it? No: the voice of the world would have been raised against such an idea: the Fathers of the Church would have proclaimed that the See of Rome was the great See, the first See, the Apostolic See, the See with which every one was bound to be united. He who was not with the Pontiff was not with Christ—he was without, and an Antichrist. We have adduced evidence in favour of the Papal supremacy, and the dependence of a world, in matters spiritual, on St. Peter and St. Peter's successors, from the sacred Scriptures, from the writings of the Fathers, and from the first four Ecumenical Councils. Let evidence in favour of England's supremacy and independence be adduced by a Bible-boasting people from the sacred Scriptures, from the Fathers, and from Councils. Let us weigh the respective evidence, and see which will kick the beam. We have no fear or doubt about the result. Some men are only for pulling down; they have a destructive faculty: but it is time for them to show that they have a constructive power. They say readily enough, This or that does not prove the Papal authority; let us see what arguments establish the regal supremacy, and England's independent and isolated position. They criticise our sayings and proofs: let us see if their own proofs of their own system are such as to justify that right to criticise and judge which they have so long assumed. Let us see if the Scriptures and antiquity offer, I will not say a proof, but a shadow of a proof, in favour of a Parliament transferring from the Pontiff of Rome to the sovereign of this realm a supremacy over the Church in England such as was granted to Henry VIII., and has been here exercised since the days of Elizabeth of cursing notoriety. Let that be attempted to be proved in the manner proposed, which so many have declared upon oath, but which three-fourths of the Christian world proclaim to be a manifest untruth, that the Pontiff of Rome neither has nor ought to have any jurisdiction in this realm; and then we shall be able to sift evidence, and see more accurately than we do at present, the grounds on which the modern English Church is erected; and the causes of that ceaseless vituperation of the Popedom, of which Catholics have had for so long a while, as they have still, too much cause to complain."

Then, summing up the titles given to the Pontiff by Christian antiquity, Mr. Waterworth proceeds:

"Such are the declarations of the prelates of the East and of the West—prelates whose virtues, and learning, and orthodoxy, are of world-wide celebrity. Admit this evidence, and oaths against Rome will cease; reject it, and you shatter to atoms the evidences of Christianity: for think you that more positive statements or more direct proofs can be adduced of the belief of Apostles and of the primitive Church in favour of the divinity of the Son, or of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son? Is there as much extrinsic evidence for the first chapter of St. Matthew's

Gospel, the second Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle of St. Jude, the Revelations, or the second and third Epistles of St. John, as is here presented for the supremacy of the Pontiff of Rome? I answer fearlessly—and this answer I give after having for years studied, and carefully, too, the evidence for the canonicity of the sacred Scriptures named—that there is not as much evidence for those sacred Scriptures as has been offered to the reader in favour of the authority of the Pontiff. Deny, then, the force of this latter evidence, and what do you do? You undermine the authority of the Scriptures themselves, and sap, as far as you can, the foundations of Christianity. For give up the Scriptures, and the rationalist will easily show you how you cannot stop fairly there. You will be forced to deny and to deny, till the whole of revelation is abandoned. It seemed a little thing to a certain person to deny that God had made the flea; after this admission he was induced to deny the creation of the fly by God; and thus, by little and little, the Manichæan persuaded him to deny even the creation of man himself by the great Creator! Infidelity in one point begets, if things are pushed to their legitimate conclusions, a general infidelity. Where such results do not follow, this is to be ascribed either to a merciful interposition of Providence, or to a want of logical inferences.”

Protestantism, however, hates logic, as the devil hates holy water. It abhors a consecutive series of syllogisms, and conceives itself justified in maintaining, that an argument is worthless in favour of Rome, which is irrefragable in favour of England. Look where you will into its varied systems of belief, you will find that they are based on assumptions with respect to history, and theories as to moral evidence, whose invalidity they ceaselessly proclaim in their controversies with Catholics. When will the day come when they will apply to the “Romish controversy” (as they call it) the principles of one of their own greatest men, the author of *The Analogy*, and learn that consistency is one of the first duties of every rational being; and that *the very same* proofs which establish the truth of Christianity, and the authenticity, genuineness, and inspiration of the Bible, establish the claims of the Pope? When will their eyes be opened to the dread but inevitable alternative, Atheism or Catholicity?

Some of the best portions of Mr. Waterworth's book are his exposures—always temperately, though forcibly and lucidly expressed—of the astonishing inconsistencies of men, who can so interpret the history of the relations between England and Rome as to see in it a disproof of the claims of the latter, *and also* a proof of the claims and religion of the former. On one of the most popular of these historical fallacies—the condition of the British Church prior to the mission of Augustine—we particularly recommend his sketch of the period, and the para-

graphs with which he from time to time sums up the arguments, and points out their *real* force as bearing upon the Catholic controversy. Not less complete is the facility with which he disposes of the occasional ebullitions of passion and worldliness on the part of English Catholics of later dates, so far as they claim to prove any thing on the question of the supremacy. No man can read Mr. Waterworth's history of the relations between the pontiffs and the kings and people of this country without perceiving that, unless *all* history is a falsehood, there never was a period before the Reformation when the whole principle of the Papal supremacy was not universally admitted by the English Church, however violent may have been the storms of rebellion which now and then darkened the atmosphere.

Another useful feature in Mr. Waterworth's work is its incidental exposure of the incredible coolness with which popular writers and speakers pervert the sayings and deeds of antiquity to a purpose the very opposite of that which was designed by their authors. Such is the interpretation of the first article of Magna Charta: "The Church of England shall be free, and enjoy her rights and liberties inviolate." Preachers and platform-orators tell their dupes that these words were directed against the Pope; but the fact is, *they were directed against the King.*

Without, then, pledging ourselves to an entire agreement with every little detail of Mr. Waterworth's views, and especially taking exception to his note on the deposing power at pp. 298, 299, we have no hesitation in saying that his work is a most valuable contribution to the history of our country; and so far as those for whom it is specially designed are concerned, the only fear we have to express is, that they will be afraid to read it. Apart, moreover, from its controversial merits, the student of ecclesiastical records will find it an agreeably written and instructive manual, on one of the most important branches of history which can engage the attention of an English or Irish Catholic. We trust that the Society of Jesus, of which Mr. Waterworth is a member, and which has given to the world such a prodigious number of books, exercising so powerful an influence on the religious and miscellaneous literature of the last 300 years, will be among the most fruitful workmen in the creation of that store of English-Catholic learning and disquisition to which we look forward with hopeful eyes.

MUSICAL CRITICISM: BEETHOVEN'S MISSA SOLEMNIS.

Modern German Music. By H. F. Chorley. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE fine arts have now two sorts of professors, the talkers and the doers. Among the musical professors, we have not only to reckon the artist who composes the wonderful sonata in X sharp, but also the other more wonderful artist who explains it: we have our artists who can talk beautifully of Beethoven, and who can say fine things about Bach; just as among our architectural and pictorial geniuses we must now reckon Ruskin, who is a greater hand at making talk on these matters than at making things to talk about. This we take to be a new feature in the arts; not that they have not had their historians and their classics, but now-a-days there is a regular art-literature, a branch of imaginative and quasi-poetical writing, which seeks to express music in words, and to tell us the colour and the moral qualities of sounds and measures. Old writers on art think it enough to chronicle the practical parts of the matter, and to give rules for the manipulation. Nothing can be more simple and straightforward than Lanzi or Vasari. The new ones indulge us with mystical symbolism, which usually covers nothing but sentimental nonsense or the most outrageous philosophical absurdities.

The great folly of these men is, that they substitute art for religion. Instead of men's works and their consciences being holy and pure and good, all that our art-writers want now is, that their "utterances" of the "spirit of art within them" should be so. A musician may be too much given to his glass or to his money-bags, or he may be a very monster of selfishness and jealousies; but our writers delight in finding the "compensations" in the holy harmonies he has written, in his chaste instrumentation and his generous rhythm.

We are most of us sensible enough of the absurdities of this sort of thing. We should none of us, now-a-days, have our misgivings whether it was of any use for a priest to preach at all, if he would do so in a stole with shovel-ends, or to pray and say Mass for the conversion of England, if he was vested in a French cope or a chasuble of the fiddle-pattern. But have we not seen "Anglican" clergymen who thought they were advancing the kingdom of God by singing the Gregorian tones

with the orthodox flat leading-note, while they despised as a reprobate the evangelical who did not like the devil to have the best tunes, and therefore sang his Easter hymn to the air of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins?" Are there not still among them some who almost identify Gothicism with Christianity; or who think, at any rate, that here in England, in this climate and latitude, it is Popish or pagan to worship God in Italian buildings with square windows or round arches? All this must come originally from the monstrous art-heresy of our days, which confounds art with religion, which makes people think they have done a good work in listening to music which touches their feelings, and call it "utterances of heaven," "voices borne from clouds of glory," "chastening and sanctifying echoes of purity and eternity," &c.; and which, therefore, necessarily and logically goes to make rigid distinctions in the arts, and to call not only subjects, but the modes of treating them, secular or religious, profane or divine. A certain class of feelings is supposed to be naturally religious, another class naturally profane; and the music which is most consonant to such feelings is profane or religious accordingly.

Now this is a great fiction: it is not our feelings that are religious or otherwise, but our application of them; and with this application of them music and her sister arts have nothing whatever to do. Those feelings and passions that have some chord that vibrates in unison with musical expressions may all be readily turned to a religious end; but music by itself, apart from its associations, only enlarges the base of the feeling, it does not point the apex. It may powerfully move the feelings of grief, of joy, of quiet gaiety, or of noisy strife; but all these feelings are quite without an object, unless something be associated with the music to direct the otherwise blind impulse. And we take it, that it is only on the ground of association that some music is sacred and other music profane: if it could be proved that David danced before the ark to the tune of one of Strauss's waltzes, would not our public be nearly unanimous in classing it among sacred compositions?

All music excites; but no merely musical excitement is either religious or profane in itself. If there were no unbecoming memories of the ball-room, the theatre, and the public-house parlour, any music would receive all necessary religious character by simply being used in the services of the Church; but, in fact, the unbecoming memories just mentioned are stronger than the present pomp of function, however imposing; and all persons (except good monks and nuns, who have forgotten, if they ever knew, such associations) would

be shocked and scandalised at hearing "Jim Crow," or the last polka, resound from our organs or our choirs.

It is only through this power of association that we can recognise the propriety of separating the sacred from the profane styles in music. Any other principle of division is found to fail in fact. Some people go back to the Gregorian tones and melodies; but there was a time when fast young men in Roman and Greek cider-cellars roared out their Anacreontics to no merrier tunes. Others think Palestrina's style to be the ideal of church music; yet wherein do his madrigals, and the music which he set to profane and licentious words, differ in form or in melody from his masses and his motetts? We have sat by people at concerts who have supposed all slow movements to be sacred; and the feeling is rather general, that musical sanctity depends on the beats of the metronome;—can there be greater nonsense? Others think that all sacred music should have a certain smack of antiquity. Certainly one has a right to require that it should not have the odour of the contemporary stage or ball-room. But any one will own that Handel's opera-songs, and most old dance-music, would now-a-days be good for psalm-tunes and anthems, simply because they do not resemble the modern secular style. Still, antiquarianism cannot be the test of sanctity, or we might rule that all music was sacred that could be proved to have been written by professors in pigtails.

For our own parts, we think that all music may be accounted to be sacred that fulfils two chief conditions: to be not violently profane in its associations, but, on the contrary, to be as religious as possible in them; and secondly, to be not frivolous and thoughtless, but well planned and studied. If neither of these conditions are violated, any music may be pronounced to be fit for religious use. If there is now a style of melody and cadence, of ornaments and harmony, that suggests and represents the tender and amatory feelings, we think it partly proceeds from association; the amatory melodies of the last century do not produce the same effect on us as they did on our fathers; probably our children will experience the same thing with regard to the tunes to which the lover of the nineteenth century expires. There may be measures which the artistic ear recognises at once as luscious, melting, enervating; and rhythms and harmonies which the same ear perceives to be strong, manly, solemn, inspiring, or religious: but we think it is often because the artist mistakes feeling for religion, that he can call one style religious, another irreligious. If the tenderest pathos, and the most sentimental and ravishing expressions, are in place in the services

of the Church, or in the colloquies of the soul with God, why not also in religious music? Is it because no feeling love can be pure, so that all religious love must be distant and devoid of feeling? Can the Church, while she uses passages of the Cantic of Solomon or the Lamentations of Jeremias to express her feelings, wish the musical expression of such words to be avoided, and to proscribe any sound that is tender and melting, and of course, when out of place, enervating, in sacred music? We think not.

It is, however, true that there is another condition, without which sacred music does not fulfil its end: it must be subservient, not dominant. It must be felt to be a means, not an end; an accessory and decoration, not the substance of the function. It must not be a mere means of display for the young ladies who thrust themselves forward to sing the Lamentations at Tenebræ in our London chapels; and if not for them, neither for the chorus, nor the organist, nor the orchestra; but this need not prevent the music being difficult. Some music is felt at once to be a mere display of the artist's mastery over frightful difficulties; in another composition, difficulties as frightful are felt to be the proper way of expressing a real musical idea. The great composer "will be borne along upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds that art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant as far as ever his instruments can reach, starting from their secret depths fresh and fresh elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more marvellous and rapturous combinations." Wielding such a power, will not the composer be tempted to think more of his art than of the religious service for which he writes, "to use religion instead of ministering to it," to be dictator instead of scholar, and "to aim at the glory, not of the Giver, but of his own gift?"

These, then, are the three characteristics that are requisite for sacred music: it must be not violently secular in its associations; it must be the reverse of frivolous; it must be a means, not an end,—a true expression of feeling, not a mere musical display.

No one who has been fortunate enough to hear either of the late performances of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* at Exeter Hall will be likely to say that it is secular in its associations, or that it is frivolous and thoughtless. It possibly may be thought to be more a glorification of art, using the service of the Church for an occasion of its display, than a homage of art to the glory of God: this is natural, when we only consider its length, its difficulty, and its wonderful elabora-

tion: Its length, we suspect, was more the fault of the German priests of Beethoven's day, than of the musician himself; and although it must be owned to be preposterous, yet on the other hand, as on account of the difficulties of the work, and of the large orchestra it requires, it can only be performed on rare occasions and at great expense, it would seem rigorous not to allow a little more time than usual for the musical performance. We have ourselves listened to a Gregorian Mass in St. Sulpice at Paris, which, with a procession, but without a sermon, occupied three hours. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* occupies about an hour and twenty minutes; and certainly five minutes of plain chant, as often sung, would be more wearying than an hour of such music as this, both to priest and people.

The difficulty of the music was necessary, in order to express the composer's idea; it is not difficulty of display, but the strain of prolonged notes and unexpected intervals which renders this Mass so trying. There is no piece in it that any singer or player would think of producing as a show-piece in any concert-room in the world; while the elaboration of the score is rather a recommendation than otherwise, especially since, as we propose to show, Beethoven in this Mass has not studied to assert himself, to force forward his own ideas, but has devoted all his talents to find the most perfect expression of the sentiment of his text. Of course we do not mean to say that this music is not marked by the characteristics of the composer; it would be folly to expect that it could be otherwise in an offering in which an artist tries to give to God the best that he can produce; but he has taken care that the effects shall be so overpoweringly magnificent, or so sweet, or so sorrowful, that the hearer's attention should never be called off from the effect produced to the means of producing it.

We propose now, in a short analysis, to show the amount of thought and labour which were bestowed on this composition. First, the author devoted three years and a half to it: during this time he seems to have studied on the one hand all that the great musicians have done in setting the Mass to music, his favourite model being evidently Cherubini, whom he follows very closely in the general plan of his work;—on the other hand, he considered deeply the nature of the service which the music was to subserve, and the meaning of the words which he had to set.

The Mass itself is divided into two great parts. First, the priest offers the bread and wine; then the Divine Son descends on the altar, and thence offers Himself to His Father. In accordance with this, Beethoven completely changes the

character of his music at the time of the consecration : the first portion being characterised by thought, the second by feeling. The human offering is the master-work of human science ; but when the musician stands by and witnesses the consummation of divine love, he allows the heart to speak rather than the intellect. Any one can see that the music of this Mass is quite changed in character from the "Prælude," which is played immediately before the consecration ; and that the new character is continued to the conclusion of the whole.

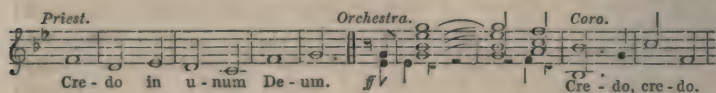
Next, the meaning and purpose of each separate portion of the text is to be studied. First comes the thrice-repeated prayer, *Kyrie eleison*. How is the composer to express these words ? Is he simply to look at their meaning, and make his music full of groans and sighs ; or is he also to consider the solemnity of the occasion when they are used ? This is the preliminary question that he has to determine : is he to express the sentiment of the occasion, or of the words ? Literally, *Kyrie eleison* means "Lord, have mercy," and *Hosanna* means "Save, we beseech thee." But in using them the mind does not attend to the literal meaning, but to the feeling predominant at the time. This is the case with almost all ejaculations ; they are capable of expressing both joy and sorrow. A poor old Irish widow will close her account of the death of her only son with the exclamation, "Glory be to God !" in such circumstances expressing not joy, but resignation. To say *Kyrie eleison* with the same feeling on Easter Day and on Palm Sunday is impossible ; then it should not be sung in the same way ; the difference ought not to be simply in the use or disuse of organ and orchestra, but in the musical mode of expressing joy and sorrow. Hence composers are quite right in writing a jubilant *Kyrie* for an occasion of jubilee ; though, of course, they do much better if, without detriment to the solemnity and grandeur of the general effect, they do not lose sight entirely of the supplicatory character of the words. This Beethoven has done ; his *Kyrie* is the very ideal of the ceremonial supplication of the Church, not in the least tinged with the whining and groaning of a spirit ill at ease with itself, such as Mendelssohn cannot keep clear of even in his *Lob-gesang*, that so-called song of praise, where praise is certainly dimmed with the expression of wretchedness and misery. The three chords in which Beethoven sounds forth the word *Kyrie* at the commencement, followed by the prolonged notes of the solo voices, if new and touching in their effect, are rigidly according to ecclesiastical propriety ; while the simple melodies of the orchestra, and the subject of

the succeeding chorus are all such as are used repeatedly in ecclesiastical chant; so that all the associations are religious, not secular. The change of character in the movement for the *Christe eleison* is remarkable for the more familiar expression it introduces, though here also the music is quite simple in its ideas, but most intricate in its construction; ecclesiastical in association; in elaboration, a worthy offering of that which costs the artist the most trouble.

The Gloria properly commences with the priest's intonation,—the key-note of which Beethoven evidently intends to be taken from the concluding chord of the Kyrie: every one knows these few notes; the voice begins on the tonic, rises to the fifth, and then falls to the major third. This passage is at once taken up by the orchestra, with just so much variation as is necessary to render it a fit subject for counterpoint, and then by voice after voice in the choir; till the whole chorus unites in a magnificent unison passage, where the voices and instruments are carried to the highest pitch of their register and power, when they subside at once into a peaceful calm for the next words, *et in terra pax hominibus*. This kind of colouring is used throughout with the most thoughtful attention; for instance, at the *Adoramus te*, when the ministers in the sanctuary have to bow low, the voices are suddenly hushed, and the words seem to proceed from mouths prostrate on the pavement. The same occurs for one bar, to express the word *sanctus*, in the *Quoniam*. The movement of the Gloria is first modified to express the words *Gratias agimus tibi, propter magnam gloriam tuam*, where the melody, like the words, is divided into two clauses, the first melting and almost sentimental, the second characterised by the clear decision of a rising series of notes. Every where throughout the Mass he has laboured in this way to represent the sense of each particular word by the character of the melody or harmony, or by the sudden emphasis or dropping of the voice. An instance of the labour which he bestowed on the score may be seen in the opening of the fugue, *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, where, while the bass voices and trombones are roaring out the subject, the oboes are introduced with a delicate passage of imitation, that can no more be heard in the performance, than the backs of Phidias' statues in the tympanum of the Parthenon could be seen by the spectator on the ground. At the end of this fugue he has repeated the opening words, *Gloria in excelsis*, according to the practice of Cherubini and other church composers. It may not be strictly correct, but perhaps it is not contrary to the spirit of the *Antiphonarium* or *Responsorium*.

The *Credo* commences with a few chords for the orchestra,

which have been a great stumbling-block to musical critics. Mr. Chorley says that this commencement puts the ear into a state of unrest, from which it is difficult wholly to recover; while Mr. Macfarren says that its effect is strange as its employment is unusual, and then labours to find some deep æsthetical reason for it. The real reason is nothing very recondite; it is simply a cadence to conclude the intonation of the priest, with which this movement properly begins, as any musical man may see from the following notes :



This whole movement is a wonderful example of word-painting. Thus, after first sounding forth the word *Patrem*, the chorus suddenly stops, and then in a hushed voice repeats the word, as if it bethought itself of the endearing character of the name. So throughout, the composer does not seem to have aimed for a moment at musical unity; he only sought to express each feeling which the text might suggest: that the piece should at last turn out to be self-consistent is only to be attributed to his consummate art. This word-painting is carried to its highest pitch for the *Incarnatus*. The mystery is announced by a piece of vague and strange melody, which Mr. Macfarren pronounces to be Gregorian, in the "Dorian mode," whereas Mr. Chorley protests that no traces of ecclesiastical chant are to be detected in this Mass. This beautiful and mysterious quartett grows into another movement to express the words *Et homo factus est*; and then another change of movement and of key introduces the words *Crucifixus etiam pro nobis*, from amidst the awful gloom of which the name of Pontius Pilate is rung out with a tone of martial defiance, as if the choir was challenging him to mortal combat. What other composer could ever give unity to such frequent changes?

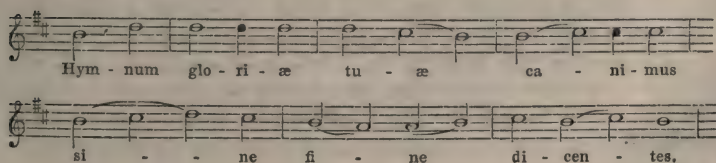
In accordance with the simplicity of the means by which Beethoven produces his effects, he has expressed the words *Descendit de cælis* by making the voices drop by a wide interval, as he has painted *Ascendit in cælos* by an ascending passage; so, in another place, to express *Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloriâ tuâ*, the notes rise up to the word *cæli*, and then suddenly drop at the word *terra*. Our modern critics do not like the simplicity of this machinery, which they call an unworthy kind of punning, only, we think, because in their reach after depth, they despise any thing that is plain and

easy, which, after all, is the only way of arriving at grandeur in art. After a long fugue on the words, *Et vitam venturi sæculi*, the *Credo* ends with a slow and most beautiful *coda*, evidently intended to express the rest and peace of heaven. In it each solo voice, one after the other, rises gradually to its extreme height, and falls back in dropping notes, but only to rise again to the heights whence it had descended; while all the while the harmony of the chorus flows on peacefully beneath. We doubt not that Beethoven was thinking of the blessed spirits soaring up to enjoy the beatific vision, and then descending with messages of peace; or perhaps he had read that beautiful passage of Dante which his music at once brought to our mind:

“Then saw I light, in likeness as a river,
Gleaming with flashing stars, between two banks
Enamelled wondrously with hues of spring;
And from this stream there issued living sparks,
Which settled on each side, within the flowers,
Like rubies set in filagree of gold;
Till, with their fragrancy inebriate,
Back would they plunge beneath that wondrous flood;
Whence, as one entered, still another rose.”

Even this lovely passage is carped at by Mr. Chorley, who asks why the composer has held back the climax by the passages of display for the solo voices in *grave tempo*? Among the instances of Beethoven's study in setting the words of the *Credo*, we almost forgot to notice, that while he paints the words “*Ascendit in cælos*,” he simply announces “*Et resurrexit*.” He may have considered that, as the resurrection was a mystery that no creature was allowed to witness, it was only to be declared, not described; and therefore he reserved the musical description for the ascension.

As in the commencement of the *Gloria* and *Credo* Beethoven was anxious to preserve the character of the preceding intonation, he has kept to the same purpose in the beginning of the *Sanctus*, which quite preserves the character of the preface which introduces it, as may be seen by the two following passages; the first of which is the conclusion of the preface, as chanted by the priest, the second the opening of the *Sanctus*:





in which the same charming vagueness of melody is most cleverly carried out. This movement soon gives place to a spirited piece of writing for the *Pleni sunt cœli*, and then succeeds a short fugue *Hosanna*. After the priest is supposed to have come to the most solemn part of the Mass, and while he prepares to utter the words of consecration, the orchestra plays the wonderful *Præludium*, in which the change of the character of the music from the thoughtful to the passionate is first indicated. While the priest is pronouncing the sacred words, Beethoven artlessly expresses the descent of God from heaven by a descending passage for a kind of trinity of instruments (a violin and two flutes), which is ridiculous to describe but charming to hear; and then the voices of the chorus solemnly chant forth the words *Benedictus qui venit*, &c. to a simple melody common in ecclesiastical chant. Then the instrumental symphony is resumed while the chalice is consecrated, after which succeeds a long but passionate and ravishing *Benedictus*, which, in a concert-room, would hardly fail of being re-demanded. This character of passionate devotion is continued throughout the *Agnus Dei*, the singular melody of which may be found nearly note for note in some of the ancient Gregorian music, though it is strangely transformed by the magical touch of the great master. Then follows the *Dona nobis*, the peaceful and almost pastoral character of which movement is twice broken in upon by the sounds of war, at first distant, afterwards close and threatening, and mingled with sounds of civil discord, expressed by a fugue in which the wind and the stringed instruments have different subjects; then again dying away, till at last the sound of the drum ceases, the struggle is over, and peace is won. Nothing can be more dramatic than this movement, and yet nothing can be further from any secular associations: of course the sound of war is the sound of war—nothing can make it otherwise; but the manner in which the prayer for peace steals over the chaos, and at last extinguishes it, removes this portion of the Mass from all undue secularity. The end is said to be abrupt; but after it there are collects to be chanted, and various ceremonies to be performed, so that the musical close does not represent the end of the function; this should always be borne in mind in judging of its effect.

The few particulars which we have thrown together will show that Beethoven, like the great masters of painting whom Vasari writes about, did not study the metaphysical profundities of theories on the sanctity of colour and tone, but devoted himself to the invention of the most simple and artless symbols, to shadow forth, not his own ideas, but the ideas of the text he had undertaken to illustrate by music. No amount of such study would dispense with the necessity of the innate genius; but when one of the masters of the art undertakes a religious work in such a spirit of patient obedience as is here shown, the result cannot but be a masterpiece, such as Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

We have made these brief remarks, to remove, as far as we can, an impression that this Mass, though wonderful as a piece of music, is useless for the church choir. It is useless for any such choir as we have in England; but it is not useless for some of the great cathedrals of Catholic countries, on such occasions as the coronation of an emperor or the installation of a bishop, when expense is not spared, and the highest expression of musical art is demanded. For, to our minds, it is the grandest and most satisfactory piece of sacred music, and the best adapted for its purpose, that has ever been written.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Mind and its Creations; an Essay on Mental Philosophy, by A. J. X. Hart (New York, Appleton). Our author introduces himself as the inventor of a new theory of philosophy, the principle of which is, that the mind creates its own ideas. He rejects the notion that our ideas are furnished by God, because it is "repugnant to suppose" that such innumerable phases of thought in the myriads of thinking beings "could possibly be the work of one single, ever-toiling idea-creator: we cannot venture therefore to ascribe their creation to one being, even an immortal and almighty one." Therefore, the mind itself creates all its ideas. "Sensations are created by the mind, on occasion of the magnetic fluid radiating from some external object and communicating an impulse to the sense, or from some exterior object impinging on the organs of the body, so as to excite the nerves communicating that fluid to the mind Emotions, on the other hand, are created by the spirit, on occasion of its own ideas, ever present to the mental eye." So with ideas properly so called: "The mind," he says with Byron,

"Is its own origin of ill, and end,
And its own place and time."

And to confirm this, he adduces the fact that ideas significant of the

attributes of the human spirit are to be found in all men, identical in all, and can be referred to no other source than the mind.

It will be evident to our readers, that this writer labours under too great a confusion of mind ever to be a true philosopher. To give an additional specimen of this deficiency,—though he assures us that he renounces every opinion that may clash with the decision of the Church (p. iv.), yet in a very few pages we find him “humbly protesting against the doctrine of that authority which would dictate our opinions about the existence of facts, their natural interpretation, or the laws of matter and spirit; *for no mere human authority* can change those laws, or reverse the decrees of the Creator.” He protests also against the position which Dr. Brownson is so triumphantly maintaining, namely, the supremacy of the Pope in the temporal as well as the spiritual order. We are afraid that the Church would make short work of many of his propositions. On the whole, we cannot congratulate the author on the execution of this work. In spite, however, of our disapproval of his theories, we sincerely congratulate him on the line of study which he has taken up, and do not despair of seeing something much better from his pen when his ideas have been corrected and his method matured.

Commentaries on Universal Public Law, by G. Bowyer, M.P. (London, Stevens and Norton; Ridgway). Mr. Bowyer has obtained considerable credit by his former legal works, “*Commentaries on the Constitutional Law of England*,” “*On the Modern Civil Law*,” and by his “*Reading, before the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple*,” which were, we believe, assiduously attended by some of our greatest legal authorities. The present book is a review of universal public law, that is, the law which has for its object the state, not the individual; the law which directs the aggregation of society, and which is prior to private law, seeing that private law is a mere abstract idea, having no reality of life until after the establishment of a judicial power within the state. He takes a Catholic view of the relationship between public ecclesiastical law and public civil law. The book is a valuable one, characterised by great research.

We are rather amused at the preface; the gist of which is, that all the late revolutionary movements of Europe having been occasioned by a disregard of law, the great means of opposing the anarchical spirit is the encouragement of legal studies. Truly there is nothing like leather. The work is intended, not for lawyers only, but for the general public;—*very* general indeed, if it is meant to be read by all those to whom it is dedicated, “*The Clergy and People of Dundalk*.”

Julian, or the Close of an Era, by L. F. Bungener. (2 vols. London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) A work by the author of “*The Priest and the Huguenot*,” intended to show the progress of a mind, during the first French Revolution, from the philosophy of Rousseau through Bible-reading to Evangelical pietism. The main outline of the story is quite as false as that of any common English Protestant novel; for if any thing is notorious, it is that Protestantism sided with infidelity in France to persecute the Church during the first revolution. We must, however, do the writer the justice to say that he has filled in his details with some regard to truth (of course making choice only of such as suit his own purpose), and that he has produced a book which may be read even with some degree of pleasure by a Catholic; though on the whole the author is far too didactic to make a good manufacturer of stories. He has read up the journals and *brochures* of the day with praiseworthy attention, and thus a good many amusing but superficial pictures of the society of 1790-99 are given us.

The History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the present time, by Charles Weiss (Blackwood), is a book containing a large amount of information; to which we only refer thus briefly, as we shall return to it at some length on a future occasion.

A Catholic History of England, by William Bernard M'Cabe, Vol. III. (London, Newby). Mr. M'Cabe has just completed the third volume of his very laborious and praiseworthy undertaking; an attempt to set before us the history of our country as it was really written by the most ancient and trustworthy of our annalists, "the monkish historians." The present volume, of nearly 900 octavo pages, embraces a period of scarcely a hundred years, from the commencement of the reign of St. Edward the Martyr, to the death of the last Harold, i.e., from 975 to 1066; and when we mention that the first volume of the People's edition of Dr. Lingard's work contains the history of some thirty or forty years more than all Mr. M'Cabe's volumes put together, it will be obvious that this latter gentleman has spent no small labour on his undertaking, and brought together a most abundant supply of materials. Indeed, the plan which he has adopted necessarily renders his work not so much a history as a collection of materials for a history; and one inconvenient consequence of this arrangement is, that the narrative is often embarrassed by contradictory statements; the one-sided views of various writers being recorded in their own unaltered language, without any attempt to combine and harmonise them into some consistent whole, which would probably represent the views of neither party. At the same time, much may be said for preferring this plan, under the circumstances of the day, to one that would have led to a more ambitious result. Catholic literature, especially that which relates to the history of this country, is necessarily to a great degree apologetic. Enemies wrote our history, when our hands were tied behind our backs, and we were unable to dispute their assertions. The cords are now loosened; but it may fairly be doubted, whether the best answer to the Protestant picture of the man killing the lion must be another in which the lion is represented as killing the man. Something suggestive of the probability that the last is the more correct representation of the two, may tend more to dissipate the unhappy prejudices of our fellow-countrymen than a more direct attack on their injustice. Mr. M'Cabe's plan is just one which suggests this. It implies that the question between Catholics and Protestants is one of facts, and it challenges our opponents to their examination. In this point of view, it is calculated to be eminently useful. Catholics also will derive from a perusal of these volumes much interesting information that will probably be new to them.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Brazil, the River Plate and the Falkland Islands, by W. Hadfield (London, Longmans). The author was secretary to the South American Steam-Navigation Society, and went out with its first ship on a commercial mission. On his return he cooked up his own observations with extracts from all imaginable writers on the countries he had visited, and has thus emphatically *made* a book, illustrated with woodcuts of no great value, and a map of none at all. We do not at all mean to say that the book does not contain a good deal of information, some highly

interesting. The writer, to his credit, takes a right view of the administration of the monster Rosas; he is a true son of the nation of shopkeepers, and judges of all things by their relation to commerce. For this reason he is pleased with the lower orders in Madeira: "We found ourselves amongst a pushing, energetic race, anxious to trade and make money with an earnestness that was quite refreshing."

Those whom it concerns may be glad of the following information concerning a mountain-tract in Pernambuco, called the Sertao: "The most surprising relief is experienced by consumptive patients, who are sent there from the coast by native doctors, on breathing the exhilarating air of this peculiar climate. I have heard of numerous cases of men going up apparently in the last stage of complaint, and in a few weeks becoming quite strong, and so stout that they could not get on the clothes they had taken with them." Such local advantages, joined to the benefits of a tropical climate, might do great things in this common disease.

The fifteenth edition has just appeared of *Clark's Introduction to Heraldry* (Washbourne and Co.), considerably improved and enlarged. It is not only a most useful book for those learners who are desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of the heraldic art, but also full of much valuable information on the orders of knighthood, titles of honour, and degrees of nobility in England, and other cognate subjects. The antiquarian and student of history will find here neatly engraved the arms of five hundred different families, thereby assisting him most materially in any inquiries he may be making into the genealogical tree of some particular hero or family. The explanations of heraldic terms are clear, simple, and well arranged, and the book may be safely recommended as a very useful appendage to any library. But, indeed, a work that has been in use for eighty years, and passed through fourteen editions, needs no critic's commendation.

The second volume of *Cowper's Poems* in the Annotated Edition of the English Poets (J. W. Parker and Son), contains the first half of that mirror of his own life, both in its outward circumstances and inward feelings, "The Task;" together with several of his poetical *jeux d'esprit* and minor pieces, such as "The diverting History of John Gilpin," &c. Mr. Bell continues to perform his task as editor with great judgment and ability; his Introductions and Notes are not too long or numerous, and are always pertinent.

The Sea-Side Book, by W. H. Harvey, M.D. (J. Van Voorst, London), is an introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts, and intended to combine amusement with instruction for those who at this season of the year flock to the sea-side in quest of health and recreation. It contains a good deal of scientific information in a popular form, chiefly on botanical subjects, but partly also on geology, ichthyology, conchology, and other branches of natural history; and may prove a useful occupation therefore for many an hour that would otherwise have been spent in listless idleness on the sea-shore.

Lives of Nicholas I. and Abdul Medjid, by the Rev. H. Christmas (London, Shaw). In estimating the characters of the subjects of his memoirs, the author "has thought it advisable to strike a balance of probabilities among the varying statements of the so-called authorities." Accordingly he gives us, *in extenso*, the personal invectives of the liberal writer, and the fawning flatteries of the Russian courtier; striking no balance that we can find, but merely making an unorganised aggregate of contradictory statements. The writer's object in the first biography

is to prove that Nicholas is not happy: "We have seen him successfully pursuing his policy, insinuating his family into the principal houses of the continent, and gaining apparently a sure influence in every cabinet; but who shall envy the Emperor of all the Russias, who shall call him a happy man?" and a page further on, the same cuckoo note is repeated: "An empire oppressed with debt, declining popularity, and war in a bad cause. With these drawbacks, is Nicholas, the imperial autocrat, an enviable or a happy man?" Is the Rev. H. Christmas an old woman. Can we not fight a man without calling him "poor Nicholas," as if all misery consisted in having offended us? No doubt it is very satisfactory to Mr. Christmas and his flock to be convinced that Nicholas is not happy; but happy or not, he is a great fact, and the solution of the difficulty will be no nearer by our convincing ourselves that he is an object of pity. We have no patience with these odious personalities, when the question is one of principle. But those who like them will find a copious collection of them in this compilation, which we have no doubt will be generally read: but for ourselves, *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

The Sentence of Kaires, and other poems, by Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford (London, Whittaker). Under a somewhat obscure title, Mr. Oxenham has presented us with a volume rich in poetical imagery and truthful religious feeling, vividly recalling the glowing tints of Father Faber's earlier muse. An unmistakable spirit of love and devotion to our dear Lady breathes an odoriferous fragrance over the whole volume: Mr. Oxenham is a Protestant, but a vision has dawned upon his spiritual gaze, which, we are fain to believe, is not with him, as in the case of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and so many more, a mere poetical scintillation. Let him only be true to his own lines (in p. 61), so expressive at once of the hopelessness which he finds in Anglicanism, and of the genuine aspirations of his heart towards its true home,—and he cannot fail, in obedience to the sweet inspirations of divine grace, to become a Catholic. We may be sanguine; but to us these poems seem full of hope, both poetical and religious.

True Stories for Young Children,—The Favorite Story Book,—Mamma's Own Story Book, &c., &c., by the author of *Chickseed without Chickweed* (Darton and Co., London). These little books form part of a series of reading lessons for children of different ages, and are excellent of their kind. They have the double merit of being written with an evident understanding of the ways and thoughts of children, introducing at the same time a simple and familiar tone of instruction. "The Little Patriots" will teach many a child to play some famous games out of history; and many another child will find his own portrait, and learn a useful lesson, in "How to be Good." It is singular, however, to see how almost impossible it is to find a Protestant book of the simplest kind perfectly suitable to Catholic children, or without something which requires explanation or omission, and least of all when touching on the debatable ground of history. In the history of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, the authoress, whilst giving the pious ejaculation of the "good young king" when he had finished his work, has omitted to mention how "the building which had belonged to the Grey Friars" had become theirs no longer; or possibly our admiration for his generous disposal of stolen property might have been a little lessened.

Selections, Grave and Gay, by Thomas de Quincey (Edinburgh,

J. Hogg). This is an author whom we always meet with pleasure. There is something to our taste in his lazy method of telling stories, in his innocent way of enlarging on minute details, and illustrating small jokes with all sorts of classical reminiscences and parallels. In this new volume we have, first, the adventures of a Spanish heroine, who, at fifteen years old, escaped from a convent at St. Sebastian and became an officer of cavalry in America; then we have an account of the last days of Immanuel Kant, as described by M. Wasianski, a Lutheran pastor, a pupil and intimate friend of the philosopher, who managed his temporal concerns for him when he became too feeble to look to them himself, without troubling himself much about the spiritual; for even at the death-bed he naïvely tells us, "it was only for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations of the pulse, that he was kneeling at the bedside." Indeed Kant does not seem to have been a man who would have suffered any allusion to other matters. He was one of the most practical materialists that ever lived; his wonderful intellect embraced every thing but one. His health, by his own care, was "exquisite;" his liberality "princely;" his conversation unparalleled; his social qualities every thing that could be desired; his philosophical studies resulted in the foundation of a new school, and gave an impulse to his age; and this was all he wished for: he got what he wanted, and it is his own fault if he did not want the proper thing. He is a grand heathen; but, in spite of his heathen virtues and unflinching self-respect, a very unamiable figure, and only an object of pity when in the feebleness of second childhood. The rest of the volume is occupied by a discussion of the revelations of Lord Rosse's telescope; a narrative of Joan of Arc, and papers on the casuistry of Roman meals, and on modern superstition. It is a volume to be read; though Catholics will find that, now and then, the author allows himself to use very insulting language "in their regard," e.g. p. 170: "The Canon (Ricupero), being a beneficed clergyman in the Papal Church, was naturally an infidel;" and though the general reader will find that, in discussing philosophical subjects, his dawdling narrative, which is so taking in his stories, degenerates into something very much akin to twaddle.

Among the numerous periodical publications of the day, Mr. Kenny, Principal of St. Mary's School, Richmond, has introduced a perfect novelty, in the shape of *The Student's Classic Pamphlets, or Periodical Brochures of School Literature* (T. Allman, 42 Holborn Hill, London). The first three numbers are now before us, consisting severally of the first three books of Virgil's *Æneid*. The text is taken from the most approved editions, and illustrated, not overloaded, with plain and practically useful notes. It is printed in good clear type and on good paper; each number contains between thirty and forty pages, and is sold for sixpence, sewed in a neatly printed cover. We are thus particular in describing it, because it seems to us to be a really valuable innovation in scholastic literature; more especially to ourselves, who so frequently have occasion to teach the Latin language to boys taken from the humbler ranks of life. The outlay for the purchase of school-books for a class is by this means most materially lessened; the expenditure is gradual; and if the progress of the pupil turns out to be unsatisfactory, or if for any other reason his studies are interrupted, the priest, the schoolmaster, or the father of a family, has not the mortification of seeing expensive books destroyed (or so soiled as to be almost destroyed) before the twentieth part of them is read. We cordially recommend these little pamphlets, and augur for them a complete success.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Trappistes ; ou l'Ordre de Cîteaux au XIX^e Siècle, par M. Casimir Gaillardin, Doct. ès-lettres, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Louis-Je-Grand (2 vols. Paris, L. Maisson). The Trappists, says the author with great truth, are supposed to be worn-out old rakes, who, with a mixture of folly and despair, do penance for their past misdeeds by perpetual silence, starvation, and every self-inflicted torture of mind and body that can make a man a burden to himself and to the rest of the world. The author once shared these prejudices, but was freed from them by a personal inspection of the monastery of La Grande-Trappe, and writes this book to show that it is great, not only as a religious, but as a social institution ; that it is agreeable, not only to the Christian faith, but to human reason ; that it is a happy combination of obedience and liberty, penance and joy, charity and rigour ; that it dispenses real benefits, and does good service to society. The introduction contains a delightful picture of the daily life of the monastery ; and the history begins with Cîteaux and St. Bernard, and is continued down to the present century. We highly recommend the work.

Vie du Cardinal d'Astros, Archevêque de Toulouse, par le R. P. Causette, Supérieur des Prêtres du Sacré-Cœur, Missionnaires du Diocèse (1 vol. pp. 780, Paris, Vatou). The Cardinal d'Astros was nephew of M. Portalis, who was nominated by Napoleon to be the secretary of state "*chargé des affaires concernant les cultes*." As chief of his uncle's bureau, he had a great share in settling the terms of the Concordat which restored religion to France ; when, however, Napoleon changed his policy, and commenced his crusade against the Papacy, d'Astros was the champion of the Pope ; and for his devotion to the Church suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment, from which he was only delivered by the abdication of the emperor. He was consecrated Bishop of Bayonne in 1820. In 1830 he was translated to the Archbishopric of Toulouse, and was in Paris during the revolution ; he saw also the revolution of 1848, and died the death of a saint Sept. 29th, 1851, having nearly completed his seventy-ninth year. His long and eventful life well deserves this very interesting biography, which is written in the most affectionate and admiring spirit.

Les Femmes de l'Evangile. Homélies prêchées à Paris, par le R. P. Ventura de Raulica (Paris, Vatou). If Father Ventura went wrong in 1848, when almost all the world was crazy, he has retraced his steps, and made full satisfaction for his error. We can now look on him again as what he certainly was before his unfortunate partisanship of the Roman Republicans, the first, the fullest, and the most thoughtful of the Church orators of Italy ; almost the only one that we ever heard who had more matter than words, more solidity than figure. The present volume of homilies is a good specimen of the power of the allegorical and spiritual interpretation of Scripture ; the preacher has done for the "women of the gospels" what Cardinal Wiseman has done for the parables and miracles in those admirable essays of his, which are the flower of his volumes. In a short introduction, Father Ventura defends the Patristic mode of interpretation against what he truly calls the Judaising and Protestantising literalism. He inveighs against the dry literal interpretations of the gospel, which French priests deliver at their *prône*, and against the tacking on a mere disquisition on morals to some text of the gospel. Such sermons may move, they cannot change the man. "*Accedet homo ad cor altum* ;" he must rise to a height.

above Plato or Aristotle before he can glorify God by really hating vice; and the easiest way to assist him to rise, is to preach the greatness of Jesus, in Whom are the treasures of infinite wisdom; to show him the reasons, the analogies, the relations, the greatness of the dogmas of the gospel; that is, to explain the gospel in the style and method of St. Paul and the fathers: for, after all, it is the love of Jesus, not the knowledge of moral philosophy, which has converted every sinner, from St. Mary Magdalene to the latest of the sainted penitents.

Les Sires de Coucy, par Carle Ledhuy (Paris, Lecoffre). A set of mediæval tales, founded on events which happened in the ancient baronial family which gives its name to these very interesting chapters. A book that may be safely put into the hands of children.

The Ecclesiologist and the Rambler.

The *Ecclesiologist* of last month (p. 164) complains of the remarks, in our April number, upon its publication of a sequence by Thomas of Celano, as something which was now for the first time printed, whereas it was to be found in the first three early printed missals which one of our correspondents happened to have an opportunity of consulting. We characterised this proceeding as "a curious instance of the careless and negligent manner in which antiquarian and archæological inquiries are sometimes conducted;" and in reply, the *Ecclesiologist* urges that the mistake into which it fell was "shared with Wadding and the Bollandists, and that the *Rambler* fell into it twice to their once." To the first part of this reply we have nothing to say; it is not without weight, and *valeat quantum*; but the ingenious retort in the second part is certainly amusing. For what is the state of the case between us? The *Ecclesiologist* has had a series of articles for several months on *Inedited Sequences*; it has been a *special* subject of antiquarian research in its pages; and trusting to its accuracy, we transferred one of these sequences to our own pages, with the proper acknowledgment, and taking for granted the truth of its statement relative to its history. In the following month, a correspondent writes to inform us that our trust has been misplaced; for that he finds the said sequence in several printed missals, as well as another sequence which, *on the same authority*, we had stated to be lost, and which we therefore produced: that is to say, we who have never made any special search after inedited sequences, trusting to the representations of the *Ecclesiologist*, which professed to have done so, were led by it into a double mistake; and then the *Ecclesiologist* tells us we have no right to complain of its inaccuracy, because of these very mistakes into which itself had misled us.

NOTE ON VOL. I. NEW SERIES, P. 296.

We have been requested by Dr. Alexander Reumont, of Aix la Chapelle, to correct an error in our *March* Number, at page 296, where his brother, the Commander Alfred Von Reumont, is stated to be a Protestant. The Commanderi secretary to the Prussian Legation at Rome, and *Chargé d'affaires* at Florence, but is of an old Catholic family and himself a Catholic. Dr. Reumont further states, that his brother scarcely recognised his own work in the translation. It is by no means an uncommon practice in Protestant translators of foreign works intended for general circulation, either to omit all that is distinctively Catholic, or at least materially to weaken it in the process of translation; and we suppose something of this kind has been done in the present instance, and that this has caused our reviewer to fall into the error complained of.

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. II. *New Series.* AUGUST 1854.

PART VIII.

PROTESTANT AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS, AND CATHOLIC READERS.

IT is not pleasant to walk along the streets under the consciousness that every second or third person you meet will administer to you a hearty slap in the face, and that on turning the next corner you will probably be saluted with a volley of rotten eggs. Nor, on sitting down at a friend's table, with thoughts intent on mulligatawny and mutton, is it altogether soothing to the spirits to find that some gossiping rascal has prepossessed the assembled guests with a belief that you are a concealed swindler, whose simplest words are but the opening of some crafty plan for their inveiglement. Yet such, speaking figuratively, and sometimes even literally, is the fortunate lot of us Catholics. Go where we will, it is undeniable that one-half, or one-third, of the individuals whom we come across, would with the utmost satisfaction consign us to the treadmill, or banish us beyond the seas. Luckily for ourselves, our countenances and gait do not tell tales, and the zealous Papist passes undetected in the sound Protestant crowd. But it is perfectly certain, nevertheless, that were our creed suddenly revealed to a room full of our fellow-countrymen, there would be instantly manifest an instinctive shrinking from our touch, a cloud would gather over many a manly brow, a pallor would overspread many a fair cheek, and many an eye would steal a furtive glance at our countenances, akin to that mingled curiosity and horror with which the gaping multitude stares at Madame Tussaud's "chamber of horrors."

Really the ideas people entertain of us are unparalleled in the history of prejudice. "That fellow prays to the Virgin Mary," whispers one; "take care of him; he'd roast you in Smithfield if he could." "Look at that poor deluded papist," mutters another: "he expects to go to purgatory; he'll cheat

you out of half your fortune if you don't take care." "Now do tell me, Mr. —," a third person, a young lady, is burning to inquire;—"do you really worship wooden idols?" A fourth, a frolicsome youth, untroubled with shame, makes no scruple to be familiar: "Come now, my good fellow," says he, "tell us a few stories about your priests and friars. Never fear, there's no one here to betray you." If by chance a rosary should drop out of our pockets, the whole company starts as if a red-hot coal had flown from the fire. They touch it—that is, those who are courageous enough to touch it at all—as one would handle a hedgehog, or a letter which had come from a place where the plague was raging. As for a crucifix, it is supposed that it possesses a species of magical influence, allied to the fascinating power of the rattle-snake; and that if a Protestant should be so incautious as to keep one in his house, or even to look at it in order to be reminded of the love of Him who died for man, he would wake up some fine morning and find himself a full-blown Papist, enslaved to a Jesuit confessor, and preparing to make a pilgrimage on his hands and knees to kiss the Pope's toe.

Honestly speaking, is this much of an exaggeration? Is it not a fact, that by about every second Englishman and Englishwoman a Catholic is regarded as a

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum?*"

Do they think it worth while to treat us as they would treat a Protestant in a similar station in life? Are we not all ignorant, cruel, deceitful, priest-ridden, superstitious, disloyal, impure, barbarous, and every thing else that is disagreeable, worthless, or wicked? Is it not a matter of duty to discourage us, to avoid us, to show us the cold shoulder, to warn the young and the ignorant against us, to propagate scandalous reports against us, to impute our most fair-seeming actions to disgraceful motives? Are we not, at the same time, the most stupid and the most crafty of beings; the most uncivilised and the most luxurious; the most laborious and the most lazy; the most insolent and the most slavish; the most wealthy and the most beggarly? Is it not an historical fact, that while French Catholics are Frenchmen, and Belgian Catholics Belgians, and German Catholics Germans, an English Catholic is not an Englishman, but an Italian; and that whereas *Magna Charta* was won by Catholics, and Alfred the Great was a Catholic, and Roger Bacon was a Catholic, and the greatest works of ancient English art were the productions of Catholics, and are still unrivalled by Protestant builders; nevertheless, the only chance *now* for England's greatness,

civilisation, and liberty, is to be found in crushing the incipient growth of Popery, and excluding all English Catholics from the privileges of Englishmen?

Of course this is by no means a satisfactory state of things. It is not at all what is wished for by those whose desire it is to jog on peaceably from day to day, on as good terms as it is possible to be with every one about them. Even the most gladiatorial and pugnacious are not at every hour disposed for a stand-up fight. As we are not in the habit of regarding every Protestant we meet with as a hard-hearted, bloody-minded, double-faced votary of ignorance and infidelity, we are not inclined to be incessantly called on to act on the defensive against their assaults on ourselves. *We* don't expect that a decent, respectable Anglican, whether Puseyite, Evangelical, or Broad-Church, will infallibly take us in, if we are not on our guard against his wiles. We give him credit for being what he claims to be, till his personal conduct is clearly irreconcilable with his professions. We buy our beef of Protestant butchers, and our bread of Protestant bakers, and place our property in the hands of Protestant lawyers, and trust our health to Protestant doctors, and swallow the physic they prescribe, though supplied by Protestant chemists, with the most unruffled equanimity. Perhaps our shoes were made by a Methodist, our stockings wove by an Anti-pædobaptist, our linen made up by a supra-lapsarian Calvinist, while our tailor "sits under" Dr. Cumming, our hatter is an Independent, our gloves were purchased of a Mormonite hosier, and our umbrella was sold to us by an individual who believes in Joanna Southcott. Nay, we can even repose with an amiable unsuspectingness in a bed prepared by a housemaid who accounts the Pope to be Antichrist; and eat our dinners with a good appetite, though cooked by a person who has her pockets stuffed with "Evangelical" tracts. Of course, there are individuals amongst us, as in every class of men, who are (to speak paradoxically) never at peace but when they are at war; snarling, growling, or ill-tempered bull-dogs, who snap at every passenger they meet, and are in the highest state of bliss when engaged in seizing an adversary by the throat, and drawing his blood in streams. But the vast majority amongst us have a strong predilection for going quietly our own ways, for keeping all things for their proper season, and for being on the best terms that may be practicable even with the most obstinate of Protestants. And accordingly we entertain the keenest sense of the injustice which prompts so many of the most respectable of our fellow-countrymen to look upon a Catholic as a species of wolf in sheep's clothing,

to be hunted down and exterminated by warfare night and day.

Of the various means by which we are thus annoyed and irritated, the most disagreeable is the tone of a certain large portion of the miscellaneous literature of this country. It may not do us so much positive personal injury as other instruments of persecution occasionally set in motion against us; but it is a serious drawback to the daily enjoyment of English and Irish Catholics, and it tends, in no slight degree, to the keeping up those feelings of soreness and bitterness with which we are sometimes so unreasonably reproached. Of course, we are not complaining of the existence of writings directed against our faith and ourselves, when such subjects are professedly taken up by those who think themselves called to attack us. The very life of Protestantism, as its name implies, consists in assaulting the Catholic Church. It is essentially a hostile creed in all its variations. It would be preposterous, therefore, for us to complain of Protestants, because so large a portion of their theological literature consists of anti-Catholic controversy in some shape or other.

Nor do we claim for ourselves the merit of any remarkable forbearance, because anti-Protestant treatises form so extremely small a part of our religious books. Our creed is positive, distinct, and universally agreed upon by its adherents; and we consider that its controversial strength is found in a clear and careful exposition of *what it is*. Protestantism, however, starts from another point. Its first office is to disprove our assertions, or to fasten upon us accusations of the most damning guilt. And when (as our opponents consider) this preliminary work is satisfactorily accomplished, they yet have not made a step towards setting up a uniform and complete creed for practical acceptance in the place of the creed they have overthrown. Hence Protestant divinity, whether dogmatic, moral, or spiritual, consists mainly of attacks on Catholicism and of internal discussions.

We are not, therefore, so unreasonable as to cry out because Protestant divines are so incessantly warlike in their attitude. When a University Professor draws up a formal treatise, we know what to expect, and are not disappointed at finding that one-half of it is directed against Catholicism, and five-sixths of the remainder against various Protestant adversaries. When a naval captain, or an Irvingite M.P., or a lady-writer for magazines, undertakes to interpret the Apocalypse, we are perfectly prepared to see it made clear to the meanest capacity that the number of the Beast is to be found in Golden Square. We never think of going for amusement

or general information to the Religious-Tract Society, or to the bench of bishops, or to the *Record* newspaper. Our complaint is this: that the *miscellaneous* literature of the country is so infected with this anti-Popish mania, that a Catholic is never safe from some offensive or insulting insinuation or accusation, whatever be the kind of book he takes up. Go into a railway carriage, and ensconcing yourself snugly in a well-cushioned corner, prepare to wile away an hour or two with a cheap edition of a novel: before you have passed the next station, the author is flinging a handful of mud in your face, and suggesting crimes against your clergy and laity, *as a body*, which revolt the commonest sense of decency. Or you look up from your book, and your eye catches the title of the publication which the dignified-looking individual on the opposite seat is gravely devouring, with undoubting belief depicted on his countenance. It is "The Confessor, a Jesuit Tale of the Times;" or, "The Jesuit, a Tale, showing the Character and Policy of the Order," or some other veracious production, enough to set on end the hair of every man, woman, and child who credits one-half of its accusations. Order a volume of travels from your bookseller, thinking it will be a good, harmless, and entertaining work, to lie on your table and furnish recreation to your children. Before you are half through the first volume, you light upon some shallow sneer at priestcraft, mummery, ignorant superstition, the vices of nuns, and the crimes of friars. If what was thus stated pretended to be a visible fact, which the traveller had seen with his own eyes; or if he gave the result of careful and honest investigations, however unfavourable to Catholicism, the case would be different. But when all he can do is to misinterpret, to impute motives, to magnify individual misdeeds into national crimes, who can wonder that Catholic readers are shy of putting Protestant books into indiscriminate circulation, or that they so repeatedly complain that the river of English literature is a poisoned stream? For what we have said of fiction and travels applies to every species of literary work. In the strictest sense, it is not safe to put *any* book into the hands of the young without first examining its contents. We have heard even of an elementary book on arithmetic, which was made a vehicle for these infamous insinuations. In the section on multiplication some such question as the following was given: "If it takes twelve masses to get a layman out of purgatory, and one priest is equal to two laymen, and one bishop equal to two priests, and one cardinal equal to four bishops, and one pope equal to twenty cardinals, how many masses are necessary to get a pope out of purgatory?"

And the circulation of books among the young is very far

from being the only thing that is affected by this multiplication of insult. Very many grown-up readers will not read books where they are not safe from these offensive slanders. When we read for amusement or general information, it is peculiarly irritating to find ourselves suddenly let in for a personal attack. We do not expect to have history doctored for our benefit, or to have every Catholic subject painted bright rose-colour, out of regard to the delicate sensitiveness of our feelings. But we do want to have things painted *as they are*; to be treated with the same fairness with which those who are not Catholics are treated; and to be freed from calumnies against ourselves as a body, or against our religion as a creed, drawn from those exceptional cases of abuse and guilt which we ourselves neither deny, nor defend, nor palliate, nor conceal. And we consider ourselves entitled to be let alone altogether, in a vast number of instances in which we are dragged by the shoulders into publications where religious controversy ought to find no place. There is a story told of a certain notorious "Evangelical" preacher at Cheltenham, who was on the platform at a "meeting" of the Church Missionary Society when the whole affair was proving terribly flat and tedious, and a prominent speaker was at his wit's end for something jocose or horrible to stimulate the attention of his drowsy audience. "Kill a New-Zealand boy!" whispered Mr. C—— to the puzzled orator; who forthwith manufactured a bloody story about savage cannibalism, which threw the listening ladies into ecstasies of distress, and sent them to their homes with a comfortable conviction that they had heard a "Gospel-minister" indeed. Just so it is with a numerous class of caterers for public amusement; when all else fails, there are the Jesuits. A diabolical story of Papistical wickedness is sure to *tell*, though it may remind the discriminating reader of Dr. Johnson's opinion of a certain tragedy, that *it had more blood than brains in it*. We Catholics, indeed, even the dullest amongst us, may challenge the honour which Horace claimed:

" Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum vult, exsors ipsa secandi."

In stating these complaints, we admit, at the same time, that there undoubtedly exist occasional striking exceptions to the rule. We trust that we shall not be understood as urging any universal accusation. There are many Protestant writers who have too much good taste and good feeling, or who are too well informed as to facts, to condescend to cater to the vulgar appetite; or who see the mischievous absurdity of irritating an immense section of their fellow-countrymen by these

petty affronts. Novels, poems, travels, sketches, essays, and histories, may be named, in which, though there is no mistake as to the writer's Protestantism, there is an entire absence of all needless introduction of controversial topics, and the same treatment is accorded to Catholics which the author would expect for himself at Catholic hands.

Nor, again, do we for a moment ask any man to conceal his own opinions, or to treat us as a childish, thin-skinned race, who take offence if we are not puffed on all hands, or if the shameful conduct of individual Catholics is exposed. Of course, we have our abuses, our faults, and occasionally, our crimes; and whether in history, travels, or fiction, we make no claim to have our failings whitewashed, or look for a defence of Catholicism from Protestant pens. By all means tell the truth concerning us; but let us have done with imputations of hidden motives, with slanders against a whole community founded on the delinquencies of the few, and especially with the introduction of anti-Catholic feeling where the introduction of religious questions is altogether out of place. After all, too, it is frequently nothing more than the omission of a few sentences, or perhaps a single phrase, which is required to render a book perfectly acceptable to the Catholic reader. The merit of the book is not in the smallest degree affected by the objectionable passages, which are frequently dragged in by the head and shoulders, in a manner perfectly gratuitous. Their introduction does not insure to the publication the sale of a single additional copy, while, being pointed out to the Catholic reader, they may diminish its sale by hundreds.

And surely we are justified in making such an appeal, not only to the world of authors, but to that powerful class without whom authorship could scarcely exist,—the publishers of miscellaneous literature. Have we not a right to call their attention, not merely to the commercial view of the subject, but to its bearings on the general welfare of the country? They are at the head of that vast class of occupations which go by the name of "trades." In fact, practically, they stand mid-way between "trades" and "professions," and are many of them personally far more entitled to the position of gentlemen and men of high education and intelligence, than crowds of those whose pursuits, though mercantile, are never classed under the denomination of "trades." It is natural that it should be so; and being so, we think we are entitled to call upon them to discourage, as far as in them lies (and their power is very considerable), this abominable traffic in uncharitableness, falsehood, and absurdity.

For, after all, an English publisher is not like a dealer in sugars or bottled porter. He has a certain control over the quality and production of the goods he brings into the market. No respectable publisher, even though his system be the very reverse of exclusive, will consent to publish every thing. Who among the potentates of "The Trade" would put his name to a book directly attacking the truth of the Christian religion, or advocating Atheism, or professedly denouncing the observance of the Ten Commandments? We are, of course, no advocates for any system which would confound the offices of publishers and authors; yet surely there *are* points in which a publisher is entitled, and in which in some sense he is bound, to interfere. Such, we conceive, are the cases in which he has reason to believe that the grossest blunders are perpetrated as to the religion of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen. And that such blunders exist in a surprising profusion, any Catholic could inform him. Even in the professedly theological works this ignorance appears in full bloom. For instance, some years ago the well-known Dr. Hook, of Leeds, published a *Church Dictionary*, in which that veracious author informed his readers that in the Catholic Church "Compline" was the same thing as "Post Communion!"*

In novels and tales such needless errors are as thick as mustard. In one, lately issued, a priest is represented as performing a marriage ceremony at a moment's notice, owing to his habit of carrying his *Breviary* in his pocket. A malefactor, again, has a *Missal* handed to him on his way to the scaffold, to enable him to say the prayers for the dying. Surely a publisher might require of authors that they should take the trouble to inform themselves of details in which a Catholic child could set them right. And still more so, when it comes to questions involving matters of practice of the utmost delicacy and importance. The other day a Protestant publisher, by no means an unintelligent or ignorant man, insisted upon it, in conversation with a Catholic friend, that when Catholics go to confession they invariably pay the priest a certain sum for the privilege; and it was with the greatest

* Not long ago, a worthy head of a college at Oxford, and a dignitary of the Establishment, happened to meet at dinner the superior of a Catholic religious house; and being a good-tempered little man, he wished to be patronisingly polite to his "brother ecclesiastic," and accordingly thus addressed him: "Mr. —, I have lately met with a copy of a work which I think must be interesting to gentlemen of your communion. There is something about *Completorium* in it!!!" Those who would wish to fathom the depths of learning which this remark revealed, have only to picture to themselves the gratified delight of an Anglican clergyman on being told by a Nonconformist divine that he had in his possession a rare volume, doubtless interesting to members of the Church of England, containing something about "Collects, Epistles, and Gospels" in it.

difficulty he was got to believe his friend's word that the notion was simply "moonshine." Now surely no well-disposed person would aid in propagating such a calumny against the Catholic priesthood and laity, when he had once learnt that it was purely fictitious.*

Viewing, again, the question solely in a commercial light, there is no doubt that it is quite worth their while to render the average class of miscellaneous publications more acceptable to the general Catholic reader. The Catholic reading public is not only a numerous and intelligent one, but it is increasing numerically at an extraordinarily rapid rate. We shall briefly mention a few facts bearing on the subject, which we think will tend to open the eyes of those who have hitherto paid us but little regard.

In the first place, it is imagined that a Catholic would no more look into a Protestant religious book, than he would study the blasphemies of Tom Paine and Voltaire. Protestants rarely read *our* books, they are aware; and being little inclined to intercourse with us, they conclude that a sort of *cordon sanitaire* is set up around every Catholic library, through which no "heretical" treatise can cut its way. Now, we should like to contrast any tolerable collection of books belonging to a Catholic individual or institution, with a similar collection in Protestant hands. We venture to say, that for one recent Catholic work found on the Protestant shelves, ten Protestant works would be found on the Catholic.

In the collection of theological works now publishing by Migne, we find the writings of no fewer than five-and-twenty Protestant divines, which we here copy for the information of those who may be curious to see them. They are, Boyle, Locke, Bacon, Burnet, Leslie, Clarke, Stanhope, Tillotson, Sherlock, Leland, Derham, Warburton, Bentley, Littleton, Addison, West, Thomas, Jenyns, Butler, Blair, Porteus, Paley, Buckland, Keith, and Chalmers. We have ourselves seen lying on the table of a theological student the writings of more than one Anglican divine, recommended to his use by his instructor, an Italian Jesuit. Further than this, we could name the works of more than one Protestant theological writer which are in occasional use in colleges in Rome itself. Will Oxford and Cambridge venture on any thing parallel to this?

The literary importance of every community must be estimated, not so much by its numbers, as by its intellectual

* About a year ago, a gentleman and lady came to inspect the works of a monastery in Gloucestershire, then nearly completed; and informed the person who showed them the place, that they had come *forty miles* on purpose to see the *dungeon* which they had heard was in process of construction.

activity, and the general spirit which animates it at any particular period. As to the latter, no person who has the smallest acquaintance with the upper ranks of English and Irish Catholicism, can be blind to the fact, that not only is their general cultivation very much greater than at a former day, but that there exists amongst us a spirit of intellectual enterprise which must carry us throughout the whole field of literature and science, to an extent utterly impossible when the iron hand of persecution bound us down to ignorance, or drove us to foreign countries. So far as numbers go, we are the only community besides the Established Church which commands the allegiance of the nobility of the kingdom. It is, perhaps, scarcely true to say that there is no such thing as a dissenting peer or peeress, and a Nonconformist baronet or so sheds an aristocratic radiance on the dulness of Separatism; but, practically speaking, the aristocracy of the empire is either Anglican, Catholic, or "unattached." Of the peerage and baronetage of the United Kingdom we count about a hundred members, all heads of families, including persons whose fathers are Protestant, and the like. Besides these, we have a very far larger list of gentry and landowners, of the highest connection and most ancient family. Add to these our members of the learned professions, mercantile men, and the long lists of converts from the professional and intellectual ranks of Protestantism who are *annually* added to our body, many of them bringing the highest attainments and cultivation, and all desirous of contributing their share to the general culture of the community which they have joined. These are the laity only: add then the clergy, and it is evident that as a body we are quite worth conciliating; and that ere long our influence on the mind of the country must be powerfully felt.

We may introduce a further illustration from the history of this journal itself. In the first place, it has a larger circulation than any quarterly or monthly connected directly with any party in the Establishment; and in the next place, we are certain that, could the houses of the Catholic clergy and laity be examined, and compared with those of the Protestant clergy and laity of similar rank, it would be found that a far larger proportion of our clergy and laity are subscribers to the *Rambler*, than of the Protestant clergy and laity to *any* Protestant review or magazine, whether secular or religious. Surely this is at least an indication that, as a body, we are by no means asleep on those points which concern the cultivation of the intellect in all its divisions.

In contradiction, again, to the common idea, that the Catholic priesthood are so jealous of the advance of the laity

that they discountenance every thing which does not more or less emanate from themselves, it should be mentioned that this journal is edited by a layman, its writers are mostly laymen, and its proprietor is a layman. Undoubtedly, due care is taken that nothing shall be published which is not in harmony with the authoritative teaching of the Church, by reference to a trustworthy judgment on all questions of morals and doctrine; but so far as the general conduct and character of the review is concerned, it is solely the work of the individuals employed in its actual production. Yet who objects to it on this ground, or places the less confidence in its conductors because of their independence of all control, except such as must influence every sincere Catholic, whether priest or layman?

As one more indication of the tastes and wishes of Catholics, we should add, that our readers generally have welcomed with the utmost satisfaction a change made not long ago in our plans, by the introduction of a much more extended criticism on the miscellaneous publications of the day. There can be no doubt that a monthly periodical possesses peculiar advantages for exercising the functions of literary criticism in comparison with quarterly or weekly journals. A quarterly appears at such long intervals that it cannot keep up with the rapid stream of new publications, while if it attempted to notice all those of any pretensions, it would overwhelm its readers with a flood of criticism. Quarterlies, accordingly, are periodical collections of essays, rather than reviews of current literature. As to weekly criticism, able and brilliant as much of it unquestionably is, no one who is acquainted with its character will deny that it bears the marks of the breathless haste with which it is prepared, and that a very considerable proportion of it is altogether shallow and untrustworthy. A monthly journal steers clear of both of these disadvantages. It can notice books before the gloss of novelty is worn off; it can offer a very fair *resumé* of the books of the day without overloading the digestion of the reader; and it can do its work with such an amount of leisure and reflection as may permit a *bonâ fide* examination of the books that are criticised. The result will be still further trustworthy when, as in the case of the *Rambler*, a review is not the property of any individual publisher, and, therefore, is in no way hampered by private interests.

In pursuance of this plan, we have presented our readers, during the first six months of the present year, with reviews and notices of not less than 143 publications in miscellaneous English literature, exclusive of theological and philosophical

and continental publications; and we think we are justified in saying, that a more fair, candid, and trustworthy picture of the current books of the time could not be found in any section of the periodical press.

During the time mentioned, we have given the characteristics of eleven books of Murray's publication, five of Longman's, thirteen of Bentley's, seven of Blackwood's, three of Hurst and Blackett's, three of Smith and Elder's, eight of J. W. Parker's, five of Bohn's, two of Moxon's, ten of Routledge's, two of Simpkin and Marshall's, two of Bradbury and Evans', nine of Addey's, nine of Cooke's, two of Chapman and Hall's, four of Chambers', one of Rivington's, one of Bosworth's, three of Mozley's, two of Saunders and Ottley's, three of Dean's, three of Black's, three of Grant and Griffith's, one of Hope's, two of Dolman's, two of Reeve's, one of Walton and Maberley's, one of Hogg's, one of Waterlow's, one of Gilbert's, one of Constable's, six of Bryce's, one of Nisbett's, one of Low's, one of Hatchard's, one of Hall and Virtue's, three of Bogue's, one of Allen's, one of Mortimer's, one of Nichols', one of Washbourne's, one of Johnstone and Hunter's, two of Newby's, one of Hogarth's, and one of Masters'.

Many persons, again, are not aware of the large and rapidly-growing demand for the various books used in the education of different ranks on the part of Catholics resident in the colonies. The same also is true with respect to books of light literature. In the colonies Catholics hold a very different social position from that to which they have been too long accustomed in the old country, and their influence on the sale of books is proportionately great. It is needless to insist on the fact, that in such circumstances those books which throw no needless insults on Catholics and their faith will find their sale materially increased. And such, indeed, is the case already with certain publications, school-books, and others, for which a continued demand does actually exist on the part of Catholics at home and abroad. From these works, though the productions of Protestant authors, there has been excluded, through the good sense of their publishers, every thing which was uncalled-for and offensive to Catholics. Catholic parents, teachers, and readers, have found this out; and they are only too glad to avail themselves of the advantage thus put within their reach.

For *we* are not afraid of books written by those who are not Catholics, as the English public generally is afraid of our writings. We are not everlastingly suspicious of some hidden plot against morality, liberty, and patriotism. We are perfectly willing to be pleased and instructed by the most devoted

of Protestants, however loudly they may praise their own creed, or whatever pictures they may draw of their own perfections, provided only they are content to do this without throwing dirt at us, or falsifying the facts of history and the present day. Really we do not think we are over-stating the truth, when we say that we *never* heard it objected to a book of any kind that it was written by a Protestant, without reference to its actual contents. Rather, if any thing, we generally regard a Protestant author who treats us with ordinary decency as so singular and delightful a phenomenon, that we are disposed to exaggerate his other merits, and to overlook his deficiencies out of regard to his good intentions. All we say is, Treat us as you would wish us to treat you. When you laugh at us, laugh with good humour, and not with savage spite. When you show up our faults or shortcomings, to which we do not make the very slightest objection, do not use the infirmities or delinquencies of individuals as a ground for wholesale tirades against all we hold most dear. Give us credit for being what we profess to be, until *facts* prove us to be the contrary.

On the whole, then, we think that, on the highest and on the most simply-commercial grounds, the thousands of Catholic readers are worth the consideration of the literary and publishing world of this country. We do not attempt to conceal the fact, that we ourselves should unquestionably be gainers by the purification of popular literature from those offensive blots to which we have alluded; for where we now have one book fitted for indiscriminate circulation among Catholics, we should then have a dozen or a score; and in proportion would be the advantage to us, both in the way of recreation and instruction. But setting us aside, we recommend the subject to the powerful class whom we are addressing, simply on the *argumentum ad crumenam*, holding out a *quid pro quo* as well deserving their attention. At the same time, we take leave to urge upon those,—a numerous class, we fain would hope,—who judge the question on far higher than mere pecuniary grounds, that no possible benefit can accrue to all that is dearest to our common humanity by this perpetual worrying of an immense section of the people of the empire. It will not convert us into Protestants; but it *must* tend to nourish ill-blood against those who have so little regard for all we hold most sacred and most dear.

SUPPRESSION OF THE ENGLISH SECULAR COLLEGE AT DOUAY DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE decline of the English secular college at Douay began in the year 1791. Although since the year 1789 France had been convulsed with anarchy, yet the English subjects in Douay felt themselves comparatively safe, so long as the treaty of commerce and the presence of an English ambassador in Paris maintained friendly relations between England and France. Moreover, Douay was one of the last of the cities in the northern provinces to join in the revolution, and the loyal principles of its inhabitants were a further guarantee for the security of the English college. Nevertheless, the community was subjected to frequent and alarming annoyances, especially from the lawless conduct of the troops in garrison. The bloody contests that occasionally broke out between regiments of opposite political parties filled the city with consternation. Besides its share in the general fears, the college had its own particular causes of alarm. The military band, escorted by intoxicated soldiers, repeatedly forced its entrance into the court-yard to play republican airs. In the night-time the repose of the students was frequently disturbed by the soldiers violently knocking at the doors with their muskets, and demanding replies to their *vivas*, as they paraded the streets in triumphal procession; and by day they were molested by parties of soldiers asking for beer, which they were obliged to have always in readiness. On more than one occasion the soldiers came into the college itself, demanding that "the prisons should be opened," and the students be let out to join their processions. As one of the professors, Dr. Poynter, was remonstrating with these men, one of them who was drunk furiously drew his sword upon him, and was in the act of aiming a deadly blow, when four of the students rushed forward, and taking each a soldier by the arm, cried "*Vive la Nation*," and led them into the street. On another occasion the college was in their possession for a night and a day; and the superiors were under the painful necessity of entertaining the drunken soldiers; to prevent them from committing any outrage, or forcing their way to the upper part of the house, to which the students were then confined.

These and the like causes of alarm, although they did not cause any considerable flight of the students, were such as to prevent the accession of new subjects. Hence, during the years 1791 and 1792 the number of the community diminished,

by the departure of those who had finished their studies, and of some few others who withdrew through the feeling of insecurity. Thus, on the 1st of October, 1790, the community numbered 140; in 1791 it was reduced to 126; and at the same period of 1792, it was further reduced to 102 members.

At this time the Republic had been declared; the king with his family were prisoners in the Temple; the National Assembly had decreed his trial, and multitudes of the friends of order were daily falling victims to their loyalty beneath the guillotine. Douay had joined in the revolution, and England had begun to assume an attitude of hostility. The community in the college had become an especial object of jealous suspicion to the republican authorities in Douay,—not less for their refusal to take the oath of the *civil constitution of the clergy*, and their denial of all communion with the intruded clergy, than for their well-known loyalty and warm attachment to the honour and interests of their country. Difficulties also began now to be thrown in the way of obtaining passports. Thus, whilst the students felt their position to be extremely perilous, and all sighed for the security of their native land, yet they were most unwilling to abandon their beloved Alma Mater, now almost the only hope for the support of religion in their own unfortunate country.

On the 11th of February, 1793, war was declared with England by the French Republic. On the 18th, a band of armed townsmen, one hundred strong, entered the college. Their leader, without showing any warrant of his authority, placed the republican seals upon the two libraries, the philosophical room, the president's closet, and on whatever drawers and bureaux he thought proper, both in the president's and procurator's apartments; and three men of ferocious aspect and character were left to guard the sequestered property, and to prohibit the removal of any thing. These men were quartered in the rhetoricians' school, the door of which they kept constantly open, and thus commanded a view of the entrance and principal passages of the college. Their fidelity to their trust all the time, till the college was finally seized by the Republic, would have done honour to a better cause.

Three students, on the day on which this outrage was committed, and on the 21st of February four others, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Lingard, in company with the late Lord Stourton, with difficulty found means to retire. Thus, before the month of March 1793, the community was reduced to sixty-eight members.

By the declaration of war all postal communications with England had been stopped, and passports were refused. The

only means of escape now left was to fly without passports over the frontiers of Flanders, where war was raging between the French and the allies of the Austrians. One student in March, two others towards the end of April, and six others on the 4th and 5th of August, succeeded in this hazardous enterprise; at the same time four others were removed to the English secular college at St. Omer. The successes of the allies had brought the seat of war into the neighbourhood of Douay. On the 8th of August the authorities of the town, in expectation of a siege, issued an edict for the expulsion within twenty-four hours of all British subjects. This was carried into effect with true republican severity. The order was peremptory, imprisonment being the penalty of staying beyond the prescribed time; and yet the greatest obstacles were thrown in the way of obtaining passports, without which they were not allowed to withdraw. The community of the English secular college, now numbering fifty-five, retired to their own country-house at Esquerchin, a village about three miles to the north-west of the city. The president, however, was permitted to remain in charge of two of the students who were too ill to be removed. One of these, the Right Rev. Robert Gradwell, subsequently recovered, and with the president, was allowed to join the rest at Esquerchin. During his stay behind the rest, Dr. Gradwell found means to secrete one of the diaries of the college, of which he kept close possession through all his adventures, until he placed it, as in its proper place, in the hands of the Rev. T. Eyre, the president of Crook Hall and Ushaw; and this diary is the chief authority which we have used for determining the order of events in the present abstract. The other student, Thomas Bray, was left under the care of some French religious; but he died on the 30th of October.

In their own house at Esquerchin the students found themselves close prisoners, under the strict *surveillance* of the republican officers. Many meditated plans of escape. Those who made the attempt were arrested with their guide by the patrols on the frontier; and after being exposed to considerable insult and imminent danger of their lives, they were confined with much suffering first in Lille and then in the Convent of the Annunciades, in Douay, from which they were afterwards removed to join their friends, when they were conveyed as prisoners to the citadel of Douvens. Five, however, after making an unsuccessful attempt on the 10th of October, succeeded in crossing the frontier on the night of the 11th. They were received into the camp of the allies, and presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of York; who, after obtaining

from them much information respecting the defence and garrison of Douay, furnished them with money and a royal passport for prosecuting their journey to England.

On the 12th October, the community was ordered to return to their college at Douay. The superiors and main part of the students were ordered to return immediately in the early part of the day; the rest were desired to follow them with all their movable furniture at a later hour. Soon after the arrival of the superiors in Douay, an edict was published ordering the imprisonment of all British subjects. The Rev. T. Gillow, after reading this edict in the placards that were posted by the republican government, succeeded in effecting his escape from the city; and making the announcement to those who were following, he proposed that they should make an attempt to fly, but prevailed only on the Right Rev. Thomas Penswick. The rest were deterred by the edict that had just issued from the convention, condemning to instant death without trial all emigrants caught in the act of attempting to escape. In the night of the 12th, the two more venturesome students heard that the guides who had on the previous night conducted their five friends through the woods on the frontier had now returned. They immediately placed themselves under their guidance, and after encountering many dangers, succeeded in reaching the Austrian outposts on the morning of the 14th. When their companions entered Douay, they found the college converted into a military corn warehouse. They had scarcely time to express their feelings of grief and indignation, when they were ordered to remove as prisoners to the Scotch College. Here they remained two days. On the 15th they were escorted towards the citadel of Douvens, the place assigned by the convention for their imprisonment. On parting from Douay, one managed to escape from the guards; and three others (among whom was the late Rev. Dr. Coombes, of Shepton-Mallett) effected the same on the way, near Arras. All these by the Divine protection reached in safety their own country, where they were afterwards ordained. Two Frenchmen also, Henry and Alban Boichamon, were allowed to retire to Paris. The forty-one who remained, after passing a night of sorrow and suffering at Arras, were lodged in the citadel of Douvens on the 16th October, 1793.

Here they suffered most severe hardships: confined in two apartments so small that they were oppressed with heat even in the coldest months of winter; supplied with unsavoury and unwholesome food, and in quantity insufficient to afford

one full meal in the day; still they never allowed their spirits to despond. They had brought with them a few books, and with these and the assistance of their superiors they observed, as far as circumstances would permit, their accustomed hours of study. In the hours of recreation, they chased away the thoughts of melancholy by singing *God save the King* and *Rule Britannia*, and other similar songs, till an interdict was placed upon this manifestation of patriotism by "Oliver Cromwell," as they used to call their coarse and cruel keeper. Two things gave them great distress: one was the loss of the Holy Sacrifice, and the other that of sacramental jurisdiction, by their removal from the Diocese of Cambray into that of Arras. The former was removed by their being joined by six of the late Benedictine community at Douay. The circumstance of the imprisonment of these confessors had permitted them to bring with them the requisites for saying Mass; and with a window-shutter for the table of the altar, supported upon their college bread-basket, they offered the Holy Sacrifice on all Sundays and holidays of obligation, at an hour too early to be interfered with by the republican officers. To obtain sacramental jurisdiction, they devised the means of letting four of their number down the walls by a rope. This was done on the 24th of November. One of these in descending lost his hold of the rope, and fell about twenty-five feet. He received a contusion in the thigh, which rendered him unable to proceed; nevertheless, he met with sympathy and a hospitable shelter in a farm-house, where he remained till he was able to go on by short nocturnal stages to Esquerchin, from which he safely crossed into Flanders. The others reached Arras during the same night. Wearied with their journey, they determined to intrust their lives to the hospitality of strangers. With this view they approached a small house in the faubourg, at which at the very same moment a female with a candle in her hand opened the door. She was the wife of a labouring man, who had risen in the night for her private devotions; and, instigated by some impulse of which she could give no definite account, she opened the door, and found the three strangers standing before her. She called her husband, who gave them refreshments, concealed them the following day, and at night directed their course through the difficult passes that surround Arras, at this time filled with soldiers and guarded with the utmost vigilance. They reached Esquerchin the same night. Thence they crossed the frontier; repaired to the Bishop of Arras, then a refugee in Flanders, and he found means of sending back a paper, containing the

cyphers that had been agreed on, as denoting that he granted the required faculties: the words were "*Mademoiselle Canning se porte bien!*"

On the 15th of January, 1794, two other students escaped by the same means; and on the following evening nine others. Though dispersed into three parties, yet in one night these nine all reached the village of Esquerchin, by a route that could not be less than forty miles. Here they found their two companions, who had escaped on the evening before; and the eleven, under trusty guides, in one body crossed the frontier on the night of the 17th.

The twenty-six who remained behind were now severely questioned as to the flight of their companions, and narrowly escaped the guillotine, to which the betrayal of complicity would certainly have subjected them; and yet both the prefect-general and all the others had really been active accomplices in their escape. After this a much more vigilant watch was placed over the English prisoners; their liberty was considerably restrained, and the hardships of their confinement consequently increased. Every morning "*Oliver Cromwell*" came to summon before him the "*trente-deux*;"* each had to answer to his name, and they were told that the whole body would be made answerable for the absence of a single individual.

On the 15th of May, 1794, an accession of one hundred prisoners arrived in the citadel of Douvens. Among these were the sixty-four members of the English secular college at St. Omer. The president, Dr. Gregory Stapleton, with eleven professors and fifty-two students, formed the party. This was a great relief to the sufferings of the members of the college at Douay; for Dr. Stapleton supplied them with money, for the want of which they were at this time reduced to the last extremity. The college at St. Omer had been seized at the same time as that of Douay, and its members, of whom few had effected their escape, had till now been confined in three different places in Arras. Their sufferings had been more severe even than those of their friends from Douay.

After the fall of Robespierre, on the 28th July, 1794, the severity of their confinement became gradually mitigated; they no longer felt that their lives depended upon the humour and caprice of the petty officials of that bloodthirsty tyrant. On the 27th of November they were brought back to Douay, where they were confined (but with more liberty) in the Irish College: their friends in like manner returned to confinement

* The twenty-six students of the secular college of Douay, and the six Benedictines.

in St. Omer. In their new prison they resumed their regular hours of study, till they received, on the 24th of February, 1795, an order permitting them to return to their own country. On the following day they parted for St. Omer, where they were again joined by their friends and fellow-sufferers; and all proceeded together for England, where they landed on the 2d of March, 1795.*

Of the twenty-six members of Douay College who were thus liberated from prison, were six senior professors, viz. the Rev. John Daniel, Pres.; the Rev. Jos. Hodgson, V.P. and S.T.P.; the Rev. Wm. Poynter, Prof. Stud. and S.T.P.; Rev. Thomas Smith, Prof. Nat. Phil.; Rev. Jos. Beaumont, Proc., and the Rev. Thomas Stout, Pref.-Gen.; also the Rev. Wm. Wilds, Prof. Poes. Among the nineteen students were the Revs. Wm. Croskell, Thomas Berry, James Delaney, Richard Broderick, Lewis Havard, Jos. Swinburn, John Penswick, and Robert Gradwell, who were afterwards ordained. Three of the above were subsequently raised to the mitre. The Rev. Wm. Poynter was consecrated Bishop of Halia, and V.A.L.D., in 1803; the Rev. Thomas Smith was consecrated Bishop of Bolina, and V.A.N.D., in 1810; and the Rev. Robt. Gradwell was consecrated Bishop of Lydda, and V.A.L.D. in 1828.

A considerable number of the Douay refugees were collected at Crook Hall, in the county of Durham, on the 15th October 1794, under the care of the Rev. P. Eyre, where a new college was formed upon the exact constitutions of the old one. Of this college the Rev. John Daniel, the last president of Douay, was installed as president on the 29th of June, 1795, an office, however, which he soon resigned to the Rev. P. Eyre; and Crook Hall, as we need hardly inform our readers, was subsequently removed to Ushaw, where the old traditions and constitutions of Douay are still faithfully followed. Another smaller portion of the Douay refugees received hospitable shelter from the Rev. Mr. Potier, at Old Hall Green, in Hertfordshire; and on the arrival of Dr. Gregory Stapleton, the last President of St. Omer, together with the students who had been committed to his charge, Old Hall was formed into a college on the 15th of August, 1795, under Dr. Stapleton as its first president. Thus the two colleges of Douay and St. Omer may be said still to survive among us in St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, and St. Edmund's, Old Hall Green, *par nobile fratrum*; may they both continue to flourish more

* See the full and very interesting particulars of this imprisonment by one of the sufferers, the Reverend Joseph Hodgson, Vice-President, in the *Catholic Magazine*, printed at Birmingham, 1831. Vol. I.

and more, sending out an increasing number of learned and zealous missionaries proportioned to our increasing wants.

The other students were Messrs. John Dowling, James Harrison, Chas. Sims, Arthur Clifford, Richard Davis, Lewis Clifford, Matthew Forster, John Bulbeck, Thomas Brennen, James Arkwright, and Joseph Fountain. Of the priests of Douay there still survive: (1.) The Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, who had left the college in 1791, before it was seized by the revolutionists, and who resides at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, to which he has been a noble benefactor. He is in full possession of every faculty both of body and mind, and altogether free from those infirmities which usually belong to a nonagenarian. He is in his 91st or 92d year. (2.) The Rev. Thomas Gillow, of North Shields, in his 84th year, whose escape has been mentioned in the course of our narrative. In the year 1816 he founded the mission at North Shields, where there were then six Easter communicants. The mission now numbers above 4000 souls; and the venerable missionary enjoys excellent health, and his mind is as active and vigorous as ever. He has lost his sight, but still continues to say Mass with the help of another priest. (3.) The Rev. Thomas Cock, now at Burn Hall, in Durham, in his 81st year, whose frequent walks to Ushaw, over six miles of hilly country, sufficiently attest that he still retains much of that constitutional vigour which carried him through the nocturnal adventure recorded in these pages. (4.) The Rev. John Penswick, still a missionary priest at New Hall, Warrington, and one of those who suffered during the thirteen months' imprisonment at Douvens. (5.) Rev. Lewis Havard, living, we believe, at Carmarthen, and (6.) Rev. Francis Bowland, at Midhurst, Sussex.

Reviews.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

1. *History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Present Time.* By Charles Weiss, Professor of History at the Lycée Buonaparte. Translated, with the assistance of the author, by Frederick Hardman. Blackwood.
2. *Histoire de Louis Quatorze.* Par Amédée Gabourd. Tours : Mame et Cie.

WE have no intention, on the present occasion of discussing the general question of religious persecution. We are not

about to examine the problem whether, under any circumstances, it is acceptable to Almighty God that religious error shall be repressed by the sword, by chains, or social disabilities. The most ardent upholders of the lawfulness of persecution, whether they are Catholics or Protestants, concede that its practical expediency is a very different question from its abstract lawfulness. We speak, of course, of men of calm and large minds, who can see beyond the next four-and-twenty hours, and who believe that mankind are swayed by other motives besides those of fear.

With those of another class we have nothing to do : what profit can there be in reasoning with certain members of the English legislature, who conceive that a blind onslaught on every thing Catholic is the first duty of every Christian ; and that, whatever else may be doubtful, it is irrefragably certain that the only way to benefit mankind is to crush Popery with the iron heel of power ? And the Spooners and the Newdegates may have their counterparts in Catholic countries ;—we will suppose, for the sake of argument, that Naples, Tuscany, and, in fact, the whole Catholic world, can supply intellectual kinsfolk to these worthy gentlemen as blind and as cowardly as any Scotch preacher or Warwickshire squire. To inquire whether persecution does harm or good to the interests of religion is beyond the capacity of persons of this stamp, whether Catholics or Protestants. It is *always right* to persecute, is their motto ; and he who would tolerate error, under any circumstances, commits an unpardonable sin against the truth.

Nor, again, are we about to discuss the question whether persecution on behalf of the true religion is right, and on behalf of a false religion wrong. We shall allow to the members of every communion the full benefit of the hypothesis, that it is quite lawful for *him* to persecute, but quite wrong that he should be persecuted. We are ready to grant that each man should hug himself in the comfortable conviction that his private personal view of religion is infallibly correct, that nobody but himself is right, and that he has received a sort of divine commission to treat every body else as a delinquent, and punish him accordingly. We only ask him to pause a moment before he strikes, and consider whether he will most benefit the cause he advocates by striking or by withholding the blow.

Once more, it is necessary to premise that we are not criticising the conduct of past ages, when the modern condition of religious opinion was totally unknown to the world. It is simply absurd to try the actions of the middle ages by a rigid application of a nineteenth-century test. You may as rationally find fault with the bowmen of Cressy and Poitiers

because they did not discharge their bolts while yet a mile distant from their adversaries, like a Minié rifleman of 1854. Our question is, what is desirable for the advancement of religion in this later era? Since the introduction of the new elements of ideas which distinguished the sixteenth century from every preceding period, what is the teaching of the past as to the results of persecution? The field of history abounds with evidence which no wise man can overlook. Every nation, every sect, has persecuted until within the last few years; and at this moment complete religious toleration exists only in two countries in Europe,—Catholic France and Catholic Belgium,—and is most perfectly carried out in the most Catholic of the two, namely Belgium. For three hundred years persecution has been tried in every possible variety of form. Heretics have been burnt, priests disembowelled and pressed to death, women have been scourged, gentlemen robbed of their estates, exiled, imprisoned and hanged, with every conceivable variation of torment, from the “scavenger’s daughter,” the “boot,” and the “thumbscrew,” down to the petty persecution of servant-maids and street-sweepers, to such an astonishing extent, that at last we are in a position to estimate the real gain to religion, or to one’s own opinions, which is likely to accrue from a reapplication of any of these means for forcible conversion. In whatever circumstances we find ourselves placed, we have the experience of others to guide us; and we may reckon pretty confidently as to what human nature will do, in the event of our resorting to violence for the repression of error, real or supposed.

Perhaps no better illustration of the general effects of persecution can be found than those which are detailed in M. Weiss’s recently published history of the Protestant refugees who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We prefer this picture of the results of persecution to any other for two reasons. First, it is a history of the persecution of Protestants by Catholics, and consequently, it cannot be imputed to us that we are attempting to conceal the enormities of Catholic cruelty, and to throw all the guilt upon our opponents; and in the second place, the circumstances of the case were not of that peculiar and exceptional kind from which it is of little practical profit to draw any general conclusions. For we are not discussing what is the duty, or what may be reasonably expected, of a state into which new religious opinions are for the first time introduced, and which it is really possible to extinguish completely without creating any reaction in their favour, and without causing any great suffering to large bodies of men;—in such instances as these, we suspect

it would avail little to ask for lenient measures, much less for entire toleration, from *any* government on the face of the earth. Whatever may be the truth as to the abstract question of toleration, we do not believe that, *in practice*, any nation or authority, whether Catholic or Protestant, would hesitate to repress and crush the introduction of religious novelties into the bosom of a people heretofore entirely united in their belief. If we wish to make any impression on the acts of our own time, we must be content to argue the question in immediate connection with the facts of human life, as they ordinarily present themselves in that phase of human society in which our lot is cast.

Setting aside, then, those rare cases in which it would be practically useless to attempt to argue the question, and which in the present condition of the world can scarcely occur, we think that all history shows that, if our object is the present and ultimate advancement of religion, the employment of persecution in any shape is far more likely to defeat our end than to accomplish it. That we *may* succeed in suppressing the obnoxious opinions for the time being, so far as their outward profession goes, we admit; though we maintain that even this measure of success will very seldom be attained. No doubt such an instrument as the Spanish Inquisition may burn out heresy for a time; that is, so far as to make the whole nation nominally Catholic, and voluntarily Catholic in professed creed; and for some short period the re-introduction of the banished opinions may be practically impossible. In Spain the system was tried, and so far succeeded. So it did elsewhere. So also it was tried, with varying success, on the Protestant side; and we must confess that, considering that the Protestant persecutors had not the advantage of the Catholics, who possessed all the power and prestige of long possession, they carried out the system with a success unequalled by their Catholic rivals. England, Holland, and Sweden have essayed and succeeded in the extermination or repression of Catholicism, with a success which might make the most relentless of Spanish Inquisitors envious and sad. For skill, relentlessness, craft, and perseverance, these Protestant states bear the palm from any Catholic government. Considering the frightful injury they have done to Catholicism by these means, we can hardly wonder at the rigour with which the penal laws of Sweden are still enforced, and at the headlong rage with which an immense party in this country are still panting for the exile and the blood of their Catholic fellow-subjects.

When, however, we proceed to inquire how far the *religious* condition of the people thus protected against Popery or

heresy has advanced, the question assumes an entirely different aspect. Take this country itself, for instance. When Catholicism was crushed and Puritanism was silenced, what was the religion and morality of England? We put the query to the most vehement of Papist-haters and the most ultra of Protestants, provided only he believes that men have souls and there is a judgment to come. Was human nature ever more degraded, was modern society ever more disgusting, than in England in the days of Charles the Second, and onwards, until Methodism began to awaken the people to a suspicion that Christianity was a reality, and a thing to be obeyed? Take Sweden at this day. *What* has persecution substituted for Catholicism? The morals of the people may be summed up in two words—drunkenness and unchastity. What has persecution done for the faith of those German countries where Lutheranism was upheld by the strong arm of the law? As soon as all fear of Popery was banished, the German Protestant mind set itself to work to undermine the foundations of revelation itself; and the descendants of Luther and Calvin lost no time in placing the Bible on a level with the mythology of Greece and Rome.

In Spain, to turn to the Catholic side, the royal power thought fit to disregard the remonstrances of the Pope, and to set up a bloody tribunal which should use religion as a political engine, and sweep heresy from the face of the kingdom. What was the real ultimate gain to the Catholic faith? Protestantism was banished, but a species of Catholicism introduced which did the work of Protestantism with a right royal hand, exterminating the religious orders, seizing every species of Church possession, and laying open the governing power of the country to all those sham-liberal ideas, which are as hateful as heresy itself to the devout and honest Catholic. We grant, and joyfully, the fact that no little true piety and orthodoxy still burns in the hearts of the mass of the Spanish people and clergy; but there is no denying the fact, that the spiritual prosperity of the nation has been on the wane, ever since the persecutions of the Inquisition rendered Spain notorious in the annals of religious cruelty.

At this moment, the petty state of Tuscany is the object of especial objurgation among Protestants, because the Grand Duke will not permit his people to turn Calvinists or Anglicans. The world, no doubt, imagines that Tuscany is a land where Catholicism flourishes, and that the whole country is eaten up with monks and nuns. But what is the fact? The lukewarmness, and generally unsatisfactory religious condition of Tuscany, is notorious to every person who knows the real

state of affairs ; and the Grand Duke cannot endure monks, friars, and Jesuits, any more than Lord Shaftesbury and the Madiari. It would be preposterous to imagine that because Tuscany excludes heresy, it therefore and by that means makes its people better Catholics. Were the Catholicism of Tuscany a true, pure, devout Catholicism, there would be no need of penal laws to keep out Protestant Bibles, and heresy would no more live in the country than a candle could burn under a stream of water.

But, further, it is almost always in a high degree problematical, whether a government which commences the work of persecution will succeed even so far as to crush the object of its dislike. There is a sense in which the saying that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church" applies to every form of heresy and error. The moment you chastise a man for religious opinions, you awaken sympathy for him somewhere. Whether justly or unjustly, a suspicion is aroused that you are actuated by personal hatred, or by fear that your victim is in the right. You may contrive to keep down the sympathy thus created, but you cannot entirely eradicate it ; and the chances are, that before many years have passed, it will have germinated and grown into positive admiration for those very opinions for which the sufferer was punished.

Moreover, the Church is never so free from scandals, but that the looker-on will attribute the error of the persecuted party to the misdeeds of those who persecute him. As soon as blood is shed, or property confiscated, or a disability imposed, people begin to search keenly into the purity of those who employed these means in their own defence. From fair criticism they proceed to harsh and unjust imprecations ; and if events take an unexpected turn, the whole country swarms with fiery reformers and revolutionists.

We may go further, and allege without fear of contradiction, that the scandals caused by those in authority, or their neglect of their duties to those beneath them, have almost invariably given their vitality to those religious errors which have been met by persecution. So long as apostolic sanctity is maintained, there will be little need of other than apostolic weapons for the defence of the truth. Had there been no grievous scandals in Christendom, Luther might have preached to the winds, and a Catholic would at this day have sat on the throne of England. The true bulwark against heresy is the reform of the faults of individuals. The more closely history is examined, and the less we suffer ourselves to be deluded by words, names, phrases, and professions, the more distinctly shall we see, that almost every instance of the severe persecu-

tion of heresy by Catholics has been preceded by the toleration of scandals in the bosom of that country which has persecuted. We do not say, of course, that some enlightened, orthodox, and holy men have not persecuted, and that severely; but we do say, that, taking the history of a people as a whole, their own declension has usually preceded their adoption of violent measures in defence of their creed. Granting exceptions, we think it undeniable that the better a man is himself, the more unwilling he is to employ a harsh treatment for the repression of error. It is not the attribute of a saint to employ coercive measures until all others have failed. And the nearer we come to the standard of saints, the more unwilling are we to resort to severity, under any provocation; the stronger is our conviction that truth and grace *will* prevail, if only we do not mar their work by our own misconduct. And what is true of us all individually, is true of every nation as a collective body.

A more striking case, in illustration of this truth, cannot be named than the history of Catholic France immediately prior to the persecution of the French Protestants, whose history is recorded by M. Weiss in the elaborate volume before us. What may be the personal opinions of M. Weiss himself we cannot say. Certainly he is not a Catholic, in any adequate sense of the word. He appears to be of that unattached school who pride themselves on their imperturbable impartiality towards both "parties," as they term the two great divisions of Western Christianity. He abhors persecution, so far as can be judged, on either side; and his leanings are undoubtedly in favour of the Protestants, whose sufferings he has with very great pains here chronicled.

A very well written and satisfactory account of the state of affairs which preceded the persecution of French Calvinism, is to be found in the other work whose title we have subjoined to that of M. Weiss. M. Gabourd's *Histoire de Louis XIV.* is imbued with a thoroughly Catholic spirit; and he sketches with a lively hand, not only the abominable vices and corruptions of the higher classes of French society under the *grand Monarque*; but he reviews, with a candid though uncompromising justice, those *anti-Catholic* doctrines which had obtained so grievous a power over the clergy and people of France at the time when, with one accord, they rose up and applauded the sovereign in his persecution of their Protestant fellow-subjects. While Mazarin and Richelieu, *both of them cardinals*, were successively in power, the French Protestants were tolerated and protected; and M. Weiss bears testimony to the impartiality and vigour with which Mazarin

frequently interfered, and compelled the observance of those laws which insured the safety and privileges of the Calvinist party. In the early times of French Protestantism, the Protestant party formed a distinct political section in the state. They possessed their own districts,—their towns, their fortresses, their military and civil chieftains; and they were perpetually embroiling themselves with the government of the country, which was essentially Catholic. Such a state of things as this could not, of course, continue long. The government could not tolerate this actual identification of sectarianism with disaffection. Even had the Huguenots been peaceable, considerate, and judicious in the highest degree, they must have been the objects of suspicion and apprehension even with the most gentle of sovereigns. But as they were neither peaceable, nor considerate, nor judicious, but hot-headed, violent, and intriguing, the quarrels between the two divisions were as intolerable as they were frequent.

During the administration of Cardinal Richelieu, the natural results of the political organisation of the Huguenots appeared in their fullest force; they flew to arms, and fought the government, intriguing with foreign governments for armed support. They were beaten by the cardinal: but at the moment that he destroyed their existence as a political power in the state, Richelieu recognised their existence as a religious body, and guaranteed them such freedom and religious organisation as had never before been permitted in *any* kingdom to the adherents of the creed of the minority of the people. M. Weiss, with all his Protestant predilections, puts prominently forward this great fact in the history of toleration, that in the very hour of conquest over a rebellious and irritating section, instead of employing their fiery disloyalty as a pretext for proscribing their religion, Richelieu introduced a new doctrine into the creed of statesmanship, and insured the amplest freedom of worship and spiritual organisation to the very men who denounced his creed as antichristian and abominable. It was then, as it is now, that the Catholic portion of Europe led the way in the progress of toleration. It was a Roman Cardinal, in the hour of victory, who first practised that indulgence which is now carried out in two of the most Catholic European nations alone.

Another cardinal, during a considerable part of the reign of Louis XIV., continued the gentle policy which Richelieu had inaugurated. Under Cardinal Mazarin, the French Protestants betook themselves to the ordinary life of French subjects, and devoted themselves to the development of their personal resources, and to the service of the state in public employ-

ments. In the cardinal they found a firm friend, and a courageous upholder of their equality in the eye of the law and in the judgment of society. They enjoyed perfect religious freedom and organisation; they had their colleges, churches, assemblies, and special governors; and their ablest men were called by Mazarin into some of the highest offices of the state. During that period, it is undeniable that, while they lost their disloyalty and their furious bigotry, they became not only more religious personally, but they added immensely to the trade, manufactures, agriculture, and even the literature of their country. During the wars of the Fronde nothing could shake their fidelity to the king:

“When the Prince of Condé,” says M. Weiss, “after accepting the command of a Spanish army, proposed to Cromwell to transport the civil war into Guienne, and to call the Huguenots to arms, the Protector, who still wavered between the alliance of Mazarin and that of Philip IV., secretly sent agents to France to study the real temper of the Protestants; and when he knew that they were satisfied and obedient, he treated the prince’s offer as a mere folly, and united his forces to those of the minister of Louis XIV., whom he powerfully supported against the King of Spain. A new word, adopted at that time, testified to their loyalty. In those days of internal divisions, when two men could hardly meet without challenging with a ‘Who goes there?’ the Huguenots, whom they wished to compel to cry, ‘*Vive la Princesse!*’ or ‘*Vive la Fronde!*’ usually replied, ‘*Tant s’en faut*’ (on the contrary, or, very far from that), ‘*Vive le Roi!*’ When it was desired to know the opinion of some one, the question was, ‘Is he of ours?’ and the frequent reply, ‘*Tant s’en faut*, he is a Huguenot.’ Little by little, for brevity’s sake, people took the habit of designating by the name *Tant s’en faut* every man who was of the king’s party. Mazarin did not ignore the service rendered him by the calm and loyal attitude of the Protestants. ‘I have not,’ he said, ‘to complain of the little flock; if it feeds upon ill weeds, at any rate it does not stray.’ In 1658, he replied to the delegates of the reformed churches, that neither his cardinal’s hat nor his character had prevented his remarking their fidelity; and addressing himself to de Langle, minister of Rouen and deputy to the Norman Synod: ‘The king,’ he said, ‘will make known by deeds the goodwill he bears you; be assured that I speak to you in sincerity of heart.’ These were not idle words. Mazarin named commissioners, chosen in equal numbers from the two religions, to visit all the provinces, and remedy the infractions of the edict of Nantes by the unintelligent zeal of the local authorities. He did more,—he renewed the frequent violated decisions which exempted Protestant ministers from the *tailles* and other taxes, thus putting them on the same footing as the Catholic clergy. Notwith-

standing the remonstrances of the bishops, he conferred the office of Comptroller-general of the Finances upon the Protestant banker, Bartholomew Herwart, a Swabian by birth, who had formerly placed his fortune at the disposal of Richelieu, to aid that minister in retaining a body of ten thousand Swedes, who, their pay being arrear, were about to abandon him at the very moment of the invasion of Alsatia. But for the obstacle of his religion, he would not have hesitated to elevate him to the dignity of Superintendent. The financial department then became the chief refuge of the Protestants, who had difficulty in making their way into other departments. They were employed in the collection of the taxes, and rendered themselves so necessary, that Fouquet and Colbert never ceased to defend and support them, as equally capable and trustworthy. Another nomination proved Mazarin's solicitude for Protestant interests. After the death of the Marquis of Arzilliers, the king, who had already assumed the right of naming the deputies-general without the participation of the reformed churches, which were consulted merely for decency's sake, gave that post, upon his prime minister's recommendation, to the Marquis of Ruvigny, a friend of Turenne's, and singularly esteemed by both parties. 'Ruvigny,' says the Marquis of St. Simon, whose portraits are not suspected of flattery, 'was a good but plain gentleman, full of sense, wisdom, honour, and probity, a great Huguenot, but of excellent conduct and dexterity. These qualities, which had gained him great reputation amongst those of his religion, had procured him many important friends and much consideration in the world. The ministers and the principal nobles reckoned him as their friend, and were not indifferent to its being known that they were his; and the most influential magistrates were eager to be so also. Under very plain externals, he was a man who knew how to ally straightforwardness with finesse in his views and resources, but whose fidelity was so well known, that he held secrets and deposits from the most distinguished persons. For a great number of years he was deputy of his religion at the court, and the king often availed himself of the connections his religious creed gave him in Holland, Switzerland, England, and Germany, for secret negotiations in those countries, where he served him very usefully.' Ruvigny was French ambassador in England under the reign of Charles II., and his friendship and family connection with several of the most illustrious English families, particularly with the Bedfords, contributed not a little to maintain the alliance between the two kings during the Dutch war. His son, Henry de Ruvigny, who succeeded him in his functions as deputy-general of the reformed Church, an office which he held until the revocation, fulfilled them with equal distinction. Louis XIV. had unbounded confidence in him. In 1679 he sent him as negociator to Charles II. (whose alliance he wished to retain), considering him an agent the more agreeable by reason of his relationship to Lady Vaughan, and of his intimacy with the powerful family of the Russells.

“One other fact may be mentioned, as enabling us to appreciate Mazarin’s moderate policy. In 1655 he had sent troops into Savoy, to help Duke Charles-Emanuel to subdue the Vaudois. But soon, doing justice to Cromwell’s remonstrances, he recalled his soldiers, reprimanded their commanders, and even permitted the Protestants of France to make collections for their brethren in the valleys. Then, uniting his remonstrances with those of the Protector, he put a stop to the persecutions ordered by the Duke of Savoy, and, by the treaty of Pignerol, rendered the condition of the unfortunate Vaudois more tolerable. When, after Mazarin’s death, Louis XIV. took the supreme authority into his own hands, the Protestant religion was not only tolerated, but permitted and authorised in all parts of the kingdom. If Catholics or Protestants complained of infraction of treaties, the redress of their wrongs was for the government a mere matter of police. As to the Huguenot faction, once so restless, it was completely destroyed. The royal authority, on the other hand, had acquired such great power and prestige, and the general state of the nation had undergone so complete a transformation, that the king, in the exercise of his supreme power, no longer met with obstacles, and it seemed impossible that he should henceforward encounter any. The new constitution of the army, its superiority over troops hastily got together, the constant and formidable use of artillery, the progress of the art of fortification,—no longer permitted party insurrection; besides, the nobility of both religions had lost sight of their castles, and coveted but the favours of the court. The middle class was satisfied and happy at the preservation of peace and public order. The triumph of royalty was complete.”

After the death of Mazarin, the king introduced another system. In justice to Louis, indeed, it is not to be forgotten that he was supported by the great voice of popular opinion. The policy of religious toleration had made but little progress in the views of the nation; and in adopting a severe line of conduct towards the Huguenot minority (they formed about a twentieth of the people), he did but act on the principles which were recognised by every kingdom in Europe, Protestant as well as Catholic. During many years he put in practice every instrument of annoyance, irritation, and social penalty, increasing in harshness and severity as he found his schemes for forcible conversions fail, and as the lust of power and conquest grew in his domineering mind.

Meanwhile also, the anti-Papal spirit which lurked in many quarters in the French Catholic body, both lay and clerical, was gradually advancing, systematising itself, and preparing to avow opinions irreconcilable with the real supremacy of the See of Rome. King, parliament, and people, including a large number of prelates and inferior clergy, were infected

with a passion for national independence of the Pope, not only in temporal, but in purely spiritual matters. Not that the king and the parliament cared a straw for the purely spiritual aspect of the question. With Louis, the anti-Papal tendencies of bishops and clergy supplied a convenient instrument, by which he might rivet the chains of his own power upon his subjects, and indulge his passion for defying every mortal being who came across his path or refused to acquiesce in his insolent claims. As for the parliament, they hated the control of religion itself; and as they were forced by Louis to submit to *him* in all secular matters, they indemnified themselves for the loss of their temporal freedom by setting up a revolution in spiritual things. If they must obey the king, at any rate they would not obey the Pope. As for the clergy, they were possessed with the insane and stupid idea, that the glory of a Catholic is found, not in the entire unity of the Church, but in the reduction of that unity to the lowest practicable point short of an actual separation from the Holy See. So it was that all parties worked together for the erection of a National Church, within the bosom of the Universal Church itself. The king was a tyrant, the parliament was a slave, the court was demoralised, the clergy were rebellious and proud; and thus it came to pass, that when Louis sought to follow in the steps of the English Henry VIII. in all things save positive schism, he was supported by the mass of the clergy and people, and found even a Bossuet ready to lend himself to the dishonourable work. In the year 1682, the celebrated declaration of the French clergy was brought about by the dictation of Louis and the management of Bossuet; and what, in their inordinate self-delusion, they called "*the liberties of the Gallican Church,*" were promulgated in four articles.

While thus, with one hand, the French monarch strove to beat back the influence of Rome from the people whom he chose to rule alone, with the other he forged chains and sharpened swords for those Protestant Frenchmen who refused to submit to his religious dictation. The spirit which produced the "*Gallican liberties*" was identical with that which revoked the edict of Nantes, and let loose the dragoons upon the peaceful homes of the inoffensive Huguenots. Louis was resolved to reign absolute over the bodies and souls of his subjects; he would tolerate neither Pope nor Protestant; and unhappily both for the cause of Catholicism and for that of common justice and humanity, nobles, clergy, and people were ready to support him alike in his anti-Papal rebellion and his

anti-Protestant cruelties. M. Weiss, with all his non-Catholicism, recognises the truth of this view of the persecution.

“Strange to say, Louis XIV. did not hate the Protestants. He was deeply incensed against the Ultramontane party, and he provoked that celebrated *Declaration of the clergy* against them, which was the basis of the liberties of the Gallican Church. He detested the Jansenists, and revenged himself for their opposition by the destruction of the Port-Royal. He entertained a lively repugnance to the Quietists. The Protestants inspired him with none of those sentiments, and nevertheless they were the objects of his greatest rigour. Doubtless their resistance to his will appeared to him an act of rebellion. The absolute and haughty monarch showed himself so much the more severe, that it was the first time he encountered disobedience. He thought that by surrounding them with dangers, incessantly recurring under new forms, by entangling them in a net of obstacles, of obscure privations, of daily injustice, he should succeed in wearying their patience and taming their obstinacy. The ruin of heresy, which his predecessors had been impotent to uproot from the French soil, seemed to him the most glorious triumph Providence had reserved for him.”

Scarcely was the assembly dispersed which promulgated the declaration of the clergy, when the land re-echoed with the final persecution of the unhappy Huguenots. It cannot be pretended that no individuals in the Protestant party had in any way committed themselves by acts of folly or disloyalty, or given pretence to Louis and his ministers to treat them with severity; but it is undeniable that, as a body, they gave no provocation whatever. The policy of Mazarin and Richelieu had been accepted by them in the spirit in which those two statesmen had offered it; and when Louis commenced the work of persecution, he scarcely troubled himself to find excuses for his plans. For about twenty years he carried on, with gradually increasing harshness, precisely that system which England adopted towards the Catholics of Ireland; except that, on the whole, the English persecution was more monstrous, more bloody, more revolting to the commonest feelings of humanity.

M. Weiss gives a tolerably detailed account of the schemes which Louis adopted; but his history is inferior both in fullness, vivacity, and breadth to the picture drawn by M. Gabourd in his *Histoire de Louis XIV.* The Protestant reader will find the cruelties practised by the Catholic monarch depicted with even more force by the Catholic than by the non-Catholic historian. We quote, however, M. Weiss' description of the notorious *dragonnades*:

“A new word, that of *convertisseur* (converter), first applied to

Péllisson, then enriched the French language. Following the example of Madame de Maintenon, the celebrated academician spared no pains to win over those whose religion he had abandoned. But both were outstripped by the harsh Louvois. Jealous of the growing influence of Madame de Maintenon, and after having long combined his efforts with those of Madame de Montespan against the new favourite, he resolved, after her example, to employ all his credit to effect the conversion of the Protestants. He would have feared to sink in the king's opinion by remaining alien to the great project that engrossed the thoughts of the court; and he conceived the idea, according to the expression of Madame de Caylus, *d'y mêler du militaire*—to mix up the army with it—and claimed for the war department, which he directed, the principal share in the annihilation of heresy.

"It was in Poitou that he first essayed the terrible means of conversion afterwards known by the name of *dragonnades*, or dragoonings. Troops of all arms were employed in this military mission; but owing to their more fiery zeal, or perhaps to their more brilliant uniform, the dragoons had the honour of giving it their name. This province, full of Protestants, had for its intendant Marillac, grandson of Michael de Marillac, keeper of the seals under Louis XIII., and who had had the misfortune to incur the hatred of Richelieu. He was the only member of that family who was in a position to repair its fortune, ruined for half a century by the disgrace of the former minister, and by the execution of his brother the marshal. Up to this date he had shown in all his acts a prudence and a moderation which had endeared him both to Catholics and to Protestants; but when he saw all the king's efforts directed to the conversion of his subjects, he changed his conduct, and exhibited a zeal whose ardour was in proportion to its tardiness. Louvois judged him a fit instrument to carry out his designs. On the 18th March, 1681, he advised him that, by the king's commands, he sent him a regiment of cavalry. 'His majesty will find it good,' he wrote, 'that the greater number of the officers and troopers be lodged in Protestant houses, but is not of opinion that they should all be so lodged. . . . If, according to a just distribution, the Protestants would have to receive ten, you may give them twenty.' The month afterwards he got an ordinance signed by the king, granting to all those who should become converts, *exemption for the space of two years from lodging men-at-arms*. This measure sufficed to transfer the affairs of the reformed religion to the department of the minister-at-war, and consequently to give their direction to Louvois.

"Marillac sent the dragoons to those towns in Poitou which contained most Huguenots. He lodged them exclusively in their houses, and even in those of the poorest, and of widows previously exempt from that onerous charge. In many towns and villages the priests followed them in the streets, crying out—'Courage, gentlemen! It is the king's intention that these dogs of Huguenots should be pillaged and sacked.' The soldiers entered the houses with uplifted swords, sometimes crying, 'Kill! kill!' to frighten the women and

children. As long as the inhabitants had wherewithal to satisfy them, they were but pillaged ; but when their means were exhausted, when the price of their furniture was spent, and the clothes and ornaments of their women were sold, the dragoons seized them by the hair to drag them to church ; or, if they left them in their houses, they employed threats, outrage, and even tortures, to oblige them to become converts. Of some they burned the feet and hands at a slow fire ; they broke the ribs and limbs of others with blows of sticks. Several had their lips burned with red-hot irons ; and others were thrown into damp dungeons, with threats that they should be left there to rot. The soldiers said that they were allowed every licence, except murder and rape.

"The *dragonnades* began again in 1684. A body of troops assembled on the Pyrenean frontier became disposable by the accession of Spain to the truce of Ratisbon. The Marquis of Boufflers, who commanded them, received orders to enter Béarn, and to second the intendant Foucault in his efforts to convert that province. The soldiery, excited by this fanatic, showed themselves much more cruel than those in Poitou. They were marched from town to town, from village to village ; and Foucault himself pointed out to them the houses delivered up to their apostolate, and taught them new devices for overcoming the most resolute fortitude. 'Amongst the secrets he taught them, to subdue their hosts,' says a writer of that day, 'he ordered them to deprive of rest those who would not yield to other torments. The soldiers relieved each other, in order not themselves to sink under the torture they made others suffer. The noise of drums, the blasphemies, the shouts, the crash of the furniture which they threw about, the agitation in which they kept those poor people in order to force them to remain up and with their eyes open, were the means employed to deprive them of repose. To pinch and prick them, to drag them about, suspend them by ropes, blow tobacco-smoke into their nostrils, and a hundred other cruelties, were the sports of these executioners, who thereby reduced them to such a state, that they no longer knew what they did, and promised all that was required in order to escape from such barbarous treatment.

"As there were often in one house several persons who were thus to be kept awake, whole companies of soldiers were quartered there, that there might be sufficient executioners to suffice for so many tortures. . . . The soldiers offered to the women indignities which decency will not permit me to describe. . . . The officers were no better than the soldiers : they spat in the women's faces ; they made them lie down in their presence on hot embers ; they forced them to put their heads into ovens whose vapour was hot enough to suffocate them. All their study was to devise torments which should be painful without being mortal."

Two years after the French Church had proclaimed its semi-independence of the Roman See, the final blow was struck at the French Protestants. The edict of Nantes was formally

revoked, the profession of Protestantism became practically impossible; and notwithstanding the most stringent regulations, nearly 300,000 Protestants fled from their country for ever. They carried with them their industry, their arts, their manufactures, and their learning, to every country that would receive them; and with these gifts to the nations who adopted them, they carried an inextinguishable hatred to the country which had persecuted them, and a more confirmed determination to uphold the opinions for which they had suffered so bitterly. Prussia, Saxony, Brunswick, the Free Cities, England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, America, received the refugees with more or less cordiality, and turned to their own advantage, and to the injury of France, the resources and the indignation they brought with them. Even in Russia they found a home, and more than a home. Peter the Great, in 1688, opened all the provinces of Russia to the fugitive Protestants, guaranteed to military men employment in his army, with leave to quit it whenever they wished to return to France. One-third of a model body of troops, then forming by the czar, was composed of these French emigrants.

Every where the emigrants devoted themselves to the service of the nation that received them, bearing in their breasts a hatred to the nation that had violently cast them from its soil. From that day forth France had not a foe that was not strengthened for its conflict against her by the aid of her expatriated children.

And what was the religious gain to the cause of Catholicism, such as it was in France, when it banished the Huguenots? The gain was the Revolution, with all its preceding infidelity, immorality, and tyranny, and its accompanying horrors, unequalled in the history of Christian nations. The Gallicanism which tortured the unhappy Protestants, issued in atheism and the guillotine. The crimes and lust of power of Louis XIV. were expiated by one far worthier than himself; and when the horrible round of blood and sin had been run through, religion began to revive under a hierarchy whose establishment cut up Gallicanism by the roots, and which has prospered beyond precedent under a political system of which free toleration of all creeds is a fundamental principle. If any man doubts the comparative assistance given to Catholicism by the persecution and by the toleration of Protestantism, let him contrast the era of Louis XIV. with that of Napoleon III. M. Gabourd calls attention to one fact, which alone is sufficient to condemn the system of persecution. Where the *dragonnades* "converted" the Calvinists with fire and sword,

a race of men grew up who were distinguished by a frightful pre-eminence in the crimes of the Revolution. Where Fénelon preached, and the gentle influence of truth effected innumerable real conversions, a Catholic population was formed, whose descendants in the wars of La Vendée presented a spectacle of orthodoxy, innocence, and heroism such as the world has rarely seen. Such was the result of the zeal and self-sacrifice of the ultramontane Fénelon; and such the result of that subserviency to kings which Bossuet dishonoured himself by upholding. And at the present day it is to be remarked, that the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in France is just what it was before Louis revoked the edict of Nantes. The Protestants then formed about one-twentieth part of the population, and they form, as nearly as may be, the same part of it now. Thus Protestantism has lost nothing, while France has gained two Revolutions, and a state of things in which all that we hold most dear depends, humanly speaking, on the life of one man.

We cannot conclude without remarking, that England and Ireland teach precisely the same moral. The nationalism of Mary, or rather of her advisers, and the blood they spilt, ended in the entire proscription of Catholicism in Great Britain and Ireland; while the persecution of Catholicism in Ireland by Protestantism, when dominant, issued in the creation of a race of spendthrift, demoralised, bankrupt lords and landholders, whose misconduct first reduced the mass of the people to beggary, and then drove them from their country, to carry to America all they could call their own, with a hatred of English rule, of which this country will one day feel the bitter effects. Such are the modern results of religious persecution.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY: THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher, and the Hope of the Christian. By Sir David Brewster. London: Murray.

SOME person having put forth an essay entitled "On the Plurality of Worlds," in which he undertakes to show that our globe is the only one inhabited or habitable by reasonable animal creatures, Sir David Brewster has devoted a volume to the refutation of this opinion, maintaining that there are my-

riads of inhabited worlds; and this doctrine he affirms to be "consecrated both by reason and revelation."

With regard to the teaching of the Church, there is nothing *de fide* in one opinion or the other. It is true that in early lists of heresies, such as those of St. Philastrius of Brixen and of St. Augustine, we find the affirmation of the plurality of worlds set down among heretical dogmas; but then we find many other opinions so classed, which notoriously have nothing to do with the faith of the Church. The opinion of the plurality of worlds is found in St. Clement of Rome (1 Ep. ad Cor. c. 20), in Clement of Alexandria (Strom. l. v. §12, p. 693), who quotes the passage of the Roman Clement—as also does St. Irenæus (ii. c. 28)—as if it were a classical text; Origen and St. Jerome may also be cited as holding the same opinion. If it came afterwards into disrepute, it was rather as being opposed to the philosophy than to the theology of the Church. Nothing was known on the subject by direct revelation; but the admission of the fact of the plurality of worlds necessarily led, in the then received philosophy, to principles which were opposed to the known dogmas of the faith; or at least it led to the overthrow of the philosophical system which the Church had adopted for the arrangement of its theological doctrines. For besides the bare dogmas of the faith, there is in the Church (considered in its complex character, both as a teaching and as a believing body) a general sentiment, a mind, which takes up and assimilates the received philosophies of the day. In process of time these philosophies are formed into one organic whole with theology; and it is this whole which is Christian, as distinguished from non-Christian, philosophy, and the groundwork of a liberal Christian education. To attack this Christian philosophy, as Galileo did by his planetary theory, as before him the "heretics" who offended St. Philastrius and St. Augustine, or as St. Virgilius, who asserted the existence of antipodes, to the great scandal of St. Boniface, our own English Apostle of Germany, naturally must excite the opposition of Christian teachers. For it cannot be denied that it is scandalous in any private person, on the ground of a theory which is probably at present undemonstrated, to break up this whole, and to attempt a general re-distribution of its parts; and especially is it scandalous at any period of great intellectual and moral revolution, such as that of the Protestant schism. It was in reference to the scandal which Galileo was giving, to the harm his teaching was doing to the faithful, not in reference to the intrinsic merits of the question, that the Congregations of the Index and Inquisition were called upon to interfere.

If, then, in grave writings, such as the decisions of these congregations or the works of the fathers, we find certain opinions defined to be heretical which are manifestly out of the sphere of the dogmas of the faith, we must suppose that these definitions are taken, not from theology as a pure science, but from that whole which is composed of philosophy and theology combined. But then, the truth of this whole depends on that of its two constituent elements; and these are, 1st, theology, which is infallibly true; and 2d, philosophy, which may very easily be false. Thus, if (as was the case) the system of Aristotle was mixed up with theology, the result must have been a system not wholly true, but which was nevertheless the ground of Christian education, and of the received mode of thinking; and the destruction of this might have been equivalent to the destruction of the faith itself in the minds of the generality of believers. Thus Aristotle's physics might to some extent have become practically identified with the popular acceptance of the Christian faith, and therefore it might sometimes be the duty of the guardians of the faith to defend his philosophy as an outwork of dogma, and to denounce its impugnors, as putting forth opinions contrary both to sound philosophy and to the Christian faith.

For ourselves, we own at the outset, that as we consider the Copernican theory of the planets demonstrated, so do we consider the theory of their being seats of animal life in the highest degree probable, and in no way contradictory to revelation and to the Church. But this is a very different thing from agreeing with Sir David Brewster, that the opinion of "more worlds than one" is in any sense the hope of the Christian. On the contrary, we think that if we admitted Sir David's principles, we should feel inclined to abandon Christianity, and to embrace Buddhism or Brahmanism, or the Pythagorean philosophy. His arguments are so curious, that we feel quite uncertain in what category of heretics we are to place him.

1. "This earth is not to be the future residence of the numerous family which it has reared" (p. 20); it would not have space for the myriads of millions that have occupied it. "Reason compels us to believe, that the material body which is to be raised must be subject to material laws, and reside in a material home. . . . It is impossible to doubt for a moment that on the celestial spheres his future is to be spent" (p. 257). This then is the Christian's hope; his paradise is to be in the planetary spheres, material dwellings like our earth, where he is to be subject to the laws of matter. "Man in his future state is to consist, as at present, of a spiritual nature residing in a corporal frame. He must live, therefore, upon a material

planet *subject to all the laws of matter*, and performing functions for which a material body is indispensable" (p. 18). One of the laws of material bodies is doubtless change, decay, and death, to which our author in one place which we noticed, but which we cannot now lay our hands upon, owns that man in his future planetary existence is to be subject. So we will pass by this consideration, and proceed to record the author's speculations (or reminiscences of Sir H. Davy's speculations) on the form and the occupation of man in his future state. After leaving his skeleton to become fossil in the rocks of our planet,* his spirit is to migrate to other spheres, and to invest itself with new forms, probably dissimilar to the present. As to the form, it may be any thing from the elephant to the eagle. The soul may reside in a Polyphemus with one eye, or in an Argus with a hundred; our author will not undertake to decide what it will be, only that it may be almost any thing.

"No less varied may be the functions which the citizens of the spheres have to discharge; no less diversified their modes of life; and no less singular the localities in which they dwell." . . . "On a planet more magnificent than ours, may there not be a type of reason of which the intellect of Newton is the lowest degree?—a telescope more penetrating, a microscope more powerful, induction more subtle, analysis more searching, combination more profound? May not the problem of three bodies be solved there, &c. . . . who can doubt that it will be one of their objects to study and develop the material laws which are in operation around them?" . . .

Next, for their dwellings, they are not to live in cities, or houses, or temples, but "the being of another mould may have his home in subterraneous cities warmed by central fires, or in crystal caves cooled by ocean tides; or he may float with the Nereids upon the deep, or mount upon wings as eagles, or rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away and be at rest."

Of course a life in fire and water is not to be expected to be without its disagreeables; in fact, men in those new spheres are to be subject to the same evils, both moral and physical, as on this earth (p. 137), and will require a Saviour as much as they do here; and to meet the difficulty that Christians would feel about this, the author suggests (though he does not

* The author thinks that geologists may possibly hereafter find the remains of intellectual races even beneath the primitive *azoic* formation of the earth (the granite, &c.), p. 51. By what material quality of the fossil will it be possible to infer the intelligence of the animal whose *exuvia* it is? Sir David tells us, "The mortal coils of beings more lovely, more pure, more divine than man, may yet read to us the unexpected lesson that we have not been the first, and may not be the last, of the intellectual race" (p. 52). Lovely, pure, and divine fossils!

believe his own suggestion): "May not the Divine nature, which can neither suffer nor die, and which in our planet *once only* clothed itself in humanity, resume elsewhere a physical form, and expiate the guilt of unnumbered worlds?" Here *once only* evidently means that the economy of the Incarnation was only a passing cloud, that enveloped for a time the Son of God and then disappeared for ever, to leave Him free to enact the same part in other spheres over and over again. What monstrous Gnosticism! We are quite willing to concede to our philosophers that they will very probably have to inhabit some such *limbo* as they describe; we will even go so far as to allow them as much line as Dante gives them, when he puts all his non-Christian celebrities into a green place in the first circle of hell, and makes them talk philosophy for ever and ever. Sir David Brewster may perhaps find himself with Averroës and Democritus, Diogenes and Saladin, Galen and Electra; and we hope he will reap amusement from their conversation. We will also concede that probably he will not be quite exempt from evil, moral or physical; this may be "the creed of a philosopher," but that it is "the hope of the Christian" we did not know till this new David had revealed it unto us.

2. Sir David's great argument for the stars being inhabited worlds is, that unless they were so they would have been created in vain. Astronomy demonstrates their magnitude; philosophy cannot help assigning their use. "In peopling such worlds with life and intelligence, *we assign the cause of their existence*; and when the mind is once alive to this great truth, it cannot fail to realise the grand combination of *infinity of life with infinity of matter*" (p. 179—the italics are the author's). And he is not content with the lower degrees of life, that of the plant, the zoophyte, the fish, the reptile, or the mammal; he must have intelligent life, spirit as well as soul; what is the use of these beautiful worlds, unless there are philosophers in them to understand their beauties? God never expends labour in vain. "Nothing is made in vain, nothing by a complex process which can be made by a simple one" (p. 185). There is nothing beautiful, which is not destined to meet the sight of some being that can appreciate beauty; no flower is born to blush unseen, none to waste its sweetness on the desert air; nothing is allowed to miscarry; all created things fulfil the end for which they are adapted; not a fruit but ripens, not a seed but springs up. When the great Sower goes forth to sow His seed, none falls by the way-side, none falls among thorns; nothing is trodden down, nothing is plucked up, nothing withers away; but every thing falls into its best place, and

produces all the good effect that it is naturally capable of producing. Now is this the course of nature? Is it the course of Providence in one single department of nature? Is it a general truth, from which we can argue to particular instances? Is it certain that when the Creator sowed the expanse of heaven with stars, he intended them all to germinate as our earth has developed?

The author of the essay which Sir David refutes brings forward a very good argument against philosophers. Geologists assert that an infinite series of ages has elapsed in bringing the earth to its present condition; after almost an eternity, in which it was empty and desolate, myriads of ages elapsed in which it was only the home of the lowest forms of organised beings; race succeeded race at intervals in comparison to which the historic period is as nothing; and at last, as the crowning point of this infinite series, appears the age of man; in comparison to what went before a mere point, but still the culminating point, the perfection to which all previous members of the series were tending. So, on the other hand, astronomers will have it that space is infinite, and peopled with an infinity of worlds; why may not our earth, though in comparison with all these orbs merely an atom, be their culminating point, the crowning atom of all, the one mystic drop distilled from the caldron of the universe, the one perfect orb which has resulted from the great world-creation;—as the age of man is a single atom at the end of an infinite series of ages, so his place is a single atom in the infinite series of places. The argument is an analogy taking and poetical, not mathematical, but certainly intelligible enough; seizing the imagination rather than the reason, but not without some deep hold even on the intellect. Sir David, however, owns that he cannot lay any claim to sufficient acuteness even to see its sense (p. 206).

Our readers must not suppose that we use the terms infinite and eternal in any theological sense; whatever Sir David may mean, we intend only that immensity of God's creation which exceeds all possible imagination of His creatures. We don't think a stone infinite because it is divisible (in idea) into an infinite number of parts, nor should we own a universe to be really infinite, though it were proved to consist of an infinite number of any definable portions; the metaphysical infinity of God is quite different from the merely physical infinities of time and space.

To return, however, to our royal prophet. It follows, of course, from his principles, that the bigger, or the more beautiful a body is, the more certainly it must be inhabited. "The probability of the sun being inhabited is doubtless increased

by its enormous size" (p. 100). "Life is virtually almost a property of matter, and therefore, to conceive huge masses of matter that are warmed and heated destitute of life, is to do violence to our strongest convictions." "The size of Jupiter is 1200 times greater than that of the earth, and this alone is a proof that it must have been made for some *grand* and *useful* purpose." "On a planet *more magnificent* than ours, may there not be a type of reason of which the intelligence of Newton is the lowest degree?" Now is there not in all this the very essence of materialism? What in the world has matter to do with spiritual life? Matter used to be considered, in the words of St. Augustine, "next door to nothing;" now it is next door to every thing: much matter, much life, "much width, much wisdom;" but little bodies, little minds. Is Sir David then a Laplander in stature? or has he the body and the intellect of a Patagonian?

But seriously, can a naturalist like Sir David mean that vast size is the property which adapts a place for living beings? That the steppes of Tartary are better fields than the plains of Lombardy? the sides of Mont Blanc a better site for a city than the seven hills of Rome? the Bay of Biscay a better port than the Cove of Cork? the forests of the Amazon more agreeable gardens than the shrubberies of Kew? We had always thought that there was something unmanageable and unwieldy in size, and that one of the first conditions of all attributes of practical utility was limitation.

What an idea, too, must that man have of God's power, who thinks that a thing is valued by Him in proportion to its mass! We see the same defect of mind in our author's unwillingness to concede the possibility of the long geological periods of the preparation of our planet, as if time was a thing that God could not afford to lose; as if time and space and matter were not all absolutely nothing to Him, in the same sense that the creations of our imagination are nothing to us: unsubstantial phantoms, that only require an act of will to annihilate. Much more wisely did the old heathens think of matter than our modern philosophers. *They* considered it to be so unsettled, as to be dependent on the mere word or will of the man who was versed in the occult science of its government: they erred certainly, but they had grounds; for it *is* dependent on the word and will of Him of whom man is an image. But our moderns think matter is a self-subsistent being, over which God has plastic power to form, but not substantial power to create or annihilate. The *datum* and the *quantum* of matter are as requisite and as valuable to Him as

to the meanest *demiurge* of the forge or the manufactory; and if He is wise, He knows too well what He is doing to allow Him to waste such magnificent nuggets as Jupiter or the sun. How could the good workman omit to turn such splendid opportunities to the best account? Such is our modern materialism, which is worse than the old heathenism; more degrading, more pernicious to the mind. It substitutes mathematics for metaphysics, physics for morals; and what wonder if, after such a course of study, when the man of science makes his first essay in transcendental philosophy, his words are (to use a studiously mild expression) not oracular in their wisdom?

On the whole, we do not think that the interests either of philosophy or religion have been at all advanced by Sir David's book. On the contrary, we see in it evidences of a stupidity and narrowness of mind which would have surprised us in a philosopher, unless we had seen ample proof that the material and mathematical philosophy of the present day is not inconsistent with the grossest obtuseness on all subjects relating to mind and spirit, instead of to the measurement of space and the valuation of forces. It is another example of the justice of the remarks of a distinguished French writer on the learned classes of the present day. The learned professions, says M. Louis Peisse, have scarcely any of that high intellectual culture which is given by the study of the classical languages and of general literature and philosophy; in this respect the learned classes of our day are much inferior to those of the seventeenth and even of the eighteenth centuries, when education was more literary, more wide, more encyclopædic, and in all respects more liberal. Metaphysical philosophy, which (so far as relates to logic) was once the first nurse of the intellect in every branch of a liberal education, is now, in the opinion of the great majority of our learned men, merely a special study, just as their law, or their physic, or their astronomy, but very inferior, if duly appreciated. Hence the disdain, or at any rate the indifference, which they generally show to metaphysical speculations; hence, especially, the really remarkable ignorance which they exhibit when they come to meddle with such topics. The learned classes of two centuries ago had not so vast a field before them,—a field which now no mind can examine in any detail. Knowledge must be split up into zones and countries; but still the foundation of all knowledge should begin at the centre, though the circumference is too vast to be contemplated by any single mind. Metaphysical science is conversant with the centre, where all the rays meet, physical science with the surface,

where all are separate; human knowledge, in proportion as it is exclusively physical, is superficial: in proportion as any knowledge is superficial, is it absolutely powerless when it applies itself to things which do not lie on its own surface.

TALBOT GWYNNE'S NOVELS.

1. *The School for Fathers.* By Talbot Gwynne.
2. *The School for Dreamers.* By the same.
3. *The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke.* By the same.
4. *Nanette and her Lovers.* By the same.

(Smith and Elder.)

NOVELS are like the sweets which conclude and the dessert which follows a good dinner. Puddings, pine-apples, and preserves, do not go very far towards supplying the substantial nutriment of the body; but they exercise a material influence on one's digestion. In fact, a person's health is often far more dependent upon these little luxurious dainties than upon the more homely solids from which he draws the chief substance of his bones and his muscles.

So it is with books of fiction. The world does not exactly gather its precise opinions, or deliberately shape its conduct, from the product of the circulating library; but there can be no doubt that there is not a novel-reader in the kingdom whose views of life and feelings towards his fellow-creatures are not more or less coloured by the novels he peruses. With many, indeed, it is surprising how much of their actual—or imagined—knowledge of history and religion is derived from the romance and the drama. There are thousands of most respectable individuals, whose whole ideas of British history, save the lists of kings and battles they learnt by heart at school, are derived from Walter Scott. From the *Talisman* they learnt all about Richard I. and the Crusades; from *Ivanhoe* all about the feudal system; from *Kenilworth* all about Queen Elizabeth (minus the scandal); from the *Fortunes of Nigel* all about James I.; from *Woodstock* all about Oliver Cromwell, the Cavaliers, and Charles II.; from *Waverley* all about the Scotch clans and the Pretender. And so, again, with writers of humbler fame and no historical pretensions, but whose aim is to paint phases and types of social life and character. Mrs. Trollope, a coarse but clever satirist, once wrote a novel showing up Mr. Cunningham, the puritanical Vicar of Harrow, and hundreds of people took her caricature for a true picture of the evangelicals. Mr. Sewell wrote a novel called

Hawkestone, for the purpose of showing up the Jesuits, and numerous simple folk imagined the raw-head and bloody-bones monster he drew to be a true portrait. Some people fancy that Manchester and other manufacturing towns abound with scenes and characters like those depicted in *Mary Barton*; or that Belgian schools in general are like Madame Beck's *pension* in *Villette*. When we add the innumerable young ladies and young gentlemen who form their ideas of courtship, love, and matrimony, and the chances and duties of every-day life both to the married and the single, from the novels they devour,—we may safely conclude that the influence of the writers of fiction on the destinies and conduct of any age can scarcely be overrated.

It is true enough, that the proper aim of a novelist ought to be to amuse and not to instruct. But human life is such, and human nature is such, that it is practically impossible to amuse and entertain a man, without more or less instructing and influencing him; and those novels are practically the most powerful in their effect upon those who read them, which are the least obtrusively didactic and instructive. The great art of the novelist consists in embodying his knowledge of humanity in individual men and women. An historical summary and a controversial or philosophical disquisition are equally out of place in a story, and are as a universal rule more or less *bore*s. Almost every body skips them, and nobody is touched by them, unless it be with *ennui*. In actual life, our lives are moulded by the example and conversation of people who bring out their principles incidentally, and show us what they think by what they do; and not by those who philosophise over the breakfast-table, and expound or moralise during a morning-call. Just so in novels; people's opinions of their fellow-creatures are the result of the force with which the novelist draws his characters as types of classes in living action, and not of his formal statement of his own views and feelings.

Such being the case, the pleasure with which we read some few of the novels of the present time is equal to the indignation with which we read a vast proportion of their companions. It is with genuine gratification that we sometimes light upon a story which, though undoubtedly written by a person with whose opinions on many points we cannot at all sympathise, is nevertheless to be recommended as a fair picture of human life as it really is, and as animated by a spirit which is likely to further all the best interests of humanity. Let a writer be ever so widely removed from our own ideas, if only his spirit is good, his heart charitable, his

statements correct, and he puts forth nothing false or immoral, we are only too glad to welcome him into the republic of letters, and to count his books among those which may exercise a positive benefit on our age.

The writer whose books we have placed at the head of these remarks is a very fair sample of the class of novelists who have this claim at our hands. Mr. Gwynne has not been long before the world, his first production being as yet not three years old; and to many of our readers his name is probably quite unknown. We feel sure, however, that if they care for novel-reading at all, they will be obliged to us for introducing them to one who is distinguished by merits unfortunately still rare in this book-producing day.

None of these books have much to recommend them in the way of plot, or of stirring scenes, or of that kind of writing which is technically termed "powerful." Their outlines are simple, almost to meagreness, and their author makes no attempt at fine writing. Their merit consists in the freshness of their subjects, in the quiet truth of their delineations, in the genial, honest, hearty, and religious tone which pervades them throughout, and in the unquestionable charitableness of view with which Mr. Gwynne regards his fellow-creatures in general. And these things are the more remarkable, because he is given to introduce precisely those personages who are usually provocative of the most absurd displays of ignorance, or the most angry bursts of ill-feeling, viz. Catholic priests and Protestant parsons. Yet we may fairly say that we do not know any other set of novels in which both of these classes are painted with equal cordiality, or appear in more amiable lights. There is nothing in the least controversial in any of the series, so far as religion is concerned; nor is there any thing *outré* or exceptional in the specimens of the Catholic and the Protestant ecclesiastics to whom Mr. Gwynne introduces us. Nor is Mr. Gwynne a shallow latitudinarian, with whom doctrine goes for nothing, and whose *beau idéal* of a priest is a semi-Protestant simpleton, and of a parson, one who is neither priest, parson, nor dissenting minister. The secret of his success lies in the fact, that he knows more of Catholic life and principles than nine writers out of ten, and that he loves to dwell on what is loveable and honourable, wherever it is found, rather than to set his fellow-creatures by the ears by fastening on a class the crimes or shortcomings of individuals.

His first publication, *The School for Fathers*, is in some respects the most original in idea and treatment of the four stories that he has as yet published. It tells the history of

a Town Father and a Country Fox-hunting Son of the early part of the eighteenth century, and a period of which scarcely a memorial exists now remaining in English life and manners; though perhaps the changes in fox-hunting and fox-hunters are less than in any other part of the social fabric. Mr. Gwynne has sketched the habits and feelings of our forefathers, both in town and country, with spirit and accuracy. It is easy enough, indeed, to reproduce cant phrases of speech long since extinct, and to dress up the conventional personages of the common-place novel in all the extravagances of a costume which was as expensive and as uncomfortable to wear as it is tedious to read of. The novelist's skill consists in a resuscitation of men and women, as well as of swords, wigs, patches, and furbelows. In *The School for Fathers* we have quite enough of millinery and tailoring; here and there even a trifle too much. Still, on the whole, they are the accessories to the living beings who figure on Mr. Gwynne's canvas, and serve to strengthen the contrast between the present day and that of the first Georges.

The moral of *The School for Fathers* is, the absurdity and wickedness of forcing a son into a mode of life for which he is totally unfitted by nature, in order to gratify the caprice and vanity of a father who really cares nothing whatever for his son's happiness. Jack Warren, the victim of this paternal cruelty, has been consigned by his father, a foppish baronet, after his mother's early death, to the care of his uncle, a jolly, fox-hunting squire of good fortune, and respectability too, as respectability went in those days. Poor Jack grows up a man after his uncle's own heart, guiltless alike of foppery, literature, and vice, save an occasional drinking-bout in a "gentlemanly" way after a hard run; amiable and constant in his affections; and the most unpromising subject that can be conceived for converting into a court beau of the eighteenth century. The story opens with a *finale* to a good day's sport:

"Squire Warren and his guests proceeded to the dining-room. Here was a sight for tired fox-hunters! A huge blazing wood fire shining on the dark oak wainscoat and floor. A large round table, decked with whitest, finest damask cloth, with shining plate and glass, eight high-backed chairs placed around it; a sideboard covered with tankards and other plate, large home-made loaves, cold meat and pickles, a goodly array of many bottles; and a fat butler appearing through an open door bearing a huge dish and cover, which he solemnly placed at the head of the table, whilst two footmen handed in turn three other large dishes, which he duly placed, besides several minor ones.

"The butler having announced that the dinner was ready, the

company took their seats ; the Squire hospitably saying, in the language of his day :

“ ‘Gentlemen ! I hope you have a stomach !’

“ There was boiled beef at the top, there was roast veal at the bottom ; there was a roast leg of mutton on one side, and a boiled turkey on the other ; there was a large ham in the centre, there were dishes of vegetables at the corners. For ten minutes silence reigned around the board, as far as human voices were concerned ; but there was a busy sound of knives and forks tattooing on many plates, and by degrees, as the *bien-être* produced by a good dinner on the weary frame began to be felt, so voice after voice made itself heard, first in short sentences :

“ ‘Capital beef !’

“ ‘Very good ham !’

“ ‘Squire, your beer’s better than ever !’

“ ‘This is a good ending to a good beginning !’

“ ‘I’ll thank you, Sir, for some more pudding to my beef,’ &c. &c. &c. &c.

“ Then anon ‘*the run*’ was brought on the *tapis* ; and by the time the plum-puddings, apple-pies, custards, and cheese, were in process of demolition, the renovated hunters were full-cry over every step of ground they had gone over, and every incident that had occurred during the morning’s sport.

“ Fox-hunters in those days *were* fox-hunters : fox-hunting was their life, and they were a race apart. Lawyers and doctors were not seen in the field ; feeble boys did not run down by railway, have a run, smoke a few doubtful cigars, and return home to astonish the family with their splashed tops, spattered pinks, and woe-begone countenances—and so to bed. Hunters were hunters, and fox-hunters were fox-hunters, and hunting was hunting in those times ; and there were no mongrel riders and extraordinary looking horses seen among them. A fine gentleman also was a fine gentleman, and meddled not with hunting : he looked on it as a coarse and barbarous amusement, ‘*dem’mé*,’ and passed his winters in town, and *la belle saison* in the country. And so the fox-hunters were, as I said, a race apart, with their own modes and language. And a hunting-breakfast was a hunting-breakfast in that day, and took place oft-times by candlelight. Our modern fox-hunters could not digest such food as our sporting ancestors partook of so early : the beef, the ale, the stalwart pies, the spiced wines, the hot bread. Fine gentlemen took tea and chocolate ; but fox-hunters—Oh, no !

“ To return to Squire Warren and his party. Dinner being concluded, they one and all drew round the well-replenished fire. The footmen placed a small round table between every two guests, on which were set glasses, port, claret, pipes, and a silver tobacco-box. Before the Squire a large table was placed, supporting, in addition to the above enumerated objects, a lordly bowl of smoking punch.

“ It was about three o’clock—daylight gently failing added to the red glow of the merry firelight. Stiff limbs of aged hunters

were stretched full length to catch the genial heat; younger men, more drowsy, half closed their eyes, and so conversed. Pipes were filled and lighted, the fragrant smoke curled around, the hot punch circulated, port and claret vanished, faces grew scarlet, long loud laughter resounded, with here and there a long-drawn snore. Merry tales, all more or less connected with the chase, went round; guests dropt off one by one, sooner or later, according to the length of road that lay between Denham Park and their homes; and six o'clock found Squire Warren and his nephew *tête-à-tête*: the Squire fast asleep in his great chair, his trim periwig hanging on one of the *nobs* thereof, and his handkerchief shading his head and face; his nephew Jack eating nuts, intently musing, nodding from time to time, waking up to sigh, to crack more nuts, take a glass of port, and pat the three superannuated old hounds that basked before the fire."

Supper follows dinner, with a consultation over a letter just received from the Baronet, announcing his determination to come and take his son to London and commence his education as a fine gentleman. In due time the Baronet arrives, takes Jack for a footman, and confirms his intense disgust at the thought of leaving his uncle and his hounds, and the pretty daughter of the parson of the parish, to whom he had engaged himself. Here is the first meeting between the long-parted relatives:

"Jack reached the hall just as a loud peal was rung at the hall-door. Opening it, he perceived a huge travelling coach drawn by post horses; and running down the stone steps, he stood breathless at the coach door. A thin yellow face, decked with a white satin nightcap embroidered in gold and colours, and surmounted by a gold-laced hat, peered forth; a thin white hand holding a cambric handkerchief over the mouth and nose, was also visible; and after a pair of cold grey eyes had surveyed Jack from head to foot, from beneath their thick black brows, a thin and muffled voice proceeding from the folds of the cambric handkerchief, exclaimed—

" 'Is your master at home?'

" Jack started, but answered not.

" 'Art deaf, sirrah!' resumed the voice pettishly: 'is your master, Squire Warren, at home?'

" 'Yes!' faltered poor Jack with a blush.

" 'Open the door then! Zounds, don't keep me in the rain and mist, you booby!'

" 'Here's a nice beginning!' thought Jack.

" Just then Squire Warren appeared from the hall, followed by the butler and attendant footmen.

" 'Tom, my dear fellow,' he shouted, 'how art thou? Come in, come in! You're heartily welcome to Denham, brother; and we'll do our best to entertain 'ee.'

" 'Your rascally knave there gave me but a scurvy welcome, Ned. The lad seems half-saved.'

" 'That! he!' cried the Squire, laying his hand on Jack's shoulder, 'why Tom, that's Jack. Help your father out, you rogue, and embrace him. What the devil did you take him for, Tom?'

" 'A footman,' said Sir Thomas. 'Larrazée, donnez-moi le bras.'

" A sprightly Frenchman stretched forth his arm, "on which the Baronet, heavily leaning, entered the hall; and having there embraced his brother and son, they proceeded to the room the two squires had just left, whilst Larrazée and the servants carried Sir Thomas's many packages to the room set apart for him.

" Sir Thomas was as tall as the other Warrens, thin as a skeleton; his skin yellow, delicate, fine, and soft as wax, was lined by little wrinkles. His eyes were sunk and cold, his nose and lips finely chiselled, his chin was small and pointed, his expression self-satisfied, yet peevish. He had once had a splendid hand, leg, and foot. The hand was white as snow, but thin and shrunk; the long leg still well-shaped and fine, but withered and attenuated: a very *roué* looking old leg; the foot small but bony, with evidences of gout having been there. He wore a dark violet velvet coat, waistcoat, and breeches, quite plain, for travelling; laced and ruffled linen, fringed gloves, red-heeled shoes, with plain gold buckles, and over all a well-furred green velvet wrapper. He carried a light gold-headed cane with gold and violet tassel; his sword he had left in the sword-case of his coach.

" 'Ah!' he sighed, as he sank into a chair by the fireside, 'this climate of yours is a rascally climate, Ned; a *very* rascally climate: it will be the death of me. You look much as you did ten years ago:' and the Baronet took a pinch of snuff from a small French gold box, embellished with pastoral gallantries of the finest jeweller's work, in various coloured gold.

" Squire Warren, rubbing his hands, replied:

" 'Why, Tom, plenty of fresh air, up early, out rain or shine, a good run with the hounds, plenty of work for the body, very little for the head, roast beef, home-brewed strong and good, and a cheerful mind, the deuce is in it if a man don't wear well with all that!'

" 'Ah!' again sighed Sir Thomas; and leaning back in his chair, he half closed his eyes, and steadily surveyed Jack through his half-opened wrinkled lids.

" Poor Jack, who was standing before the fire observing his parent with curiosity and astonishment, felt for the first time in his life, as the Baronet's gaze remained fixed upon him, the uncomfortable sensation of not knowing what to do with his arms and legs, or which way to look, whether to the front, right, left, up, or down. Very different at that moment was the abashed awkward young squire, from the same person in the morning proposing for Lydia, and feeling no difficulty in any thing. He shuffled first on one foot,

then on the other ; shifted his hands about, blushed, coughed, and hung his head.

" 'How the deuce shall I ever tell him about Lydia ? Hang it !' thought Jack.

" 'My dear child,' said Sir Thomas, speaking slowly and deliberately, 'no wonder I took you for a footman. A more unformed, awkward young fellow I never beheld : *never !* I shall give you every advantage, and superintend your education myself. I see you have not the least notion of presenting yourself ; your *tournure* is stiff, ungainly, and more that of a boxer than of a gentleman. You must endeavour to acquire *l'air noble* : but I shall put you immediately into the hands of Dupuis and Coudere, who will instruct you in dancing and fencing, and supple you ; and the *manège* will soon give you a proper seat on horseback. I shall employ Lord Langley's tailor for you, as well as his hairdresser : indeed, I shall propound his lordship to you as a model to form yourself on. You must acquire a knowledge of the mathematics, history, and polite literature in general, with a thorough knowledge of French, *la langue universelle*. The French ambassador's chaplain, l'Abbé Potelle, will be your instructor in that and mathematics ; and I do hope you will endeavour to second my efforts, and be an ornament to society and your family.'

" 'Yes,' said Jack, in the hoarsest and gruffest of all shy voices, wishing himself and his father a hundred miles apart.

" 'Good gods ! what a voice !' cried Sir Thomas, shutting his eyes, and covering his ears with his hands.

" Squire Warren came to the rescue.

" 'You're too hard on the boy, Tom : 'gad you are. You should see him with the hounds, hear him give the view hallo ! he'd wake the dead ! He's afraid of nothing ! he'd ride the devil, and tame him too ; and the lad's as modest as a lamb : you'd never find out his qualities from his own showing. All the dogs love him, and the horses too, and there's not a man in the county for miles round that doesn't like and admire young Jack Warren ! They all say he's following in my steps, every one of 'em : don't they Jack ?'

" 'Ay !' in smothered tone from the object addressed.

" Sir Thomas smiled superciliously, and tapped his gold snuff-box, crossing his long thin legs, and clearing his voice to recommence his observations.

" 'Toc, Toc,' at the door stopped him, and to Jack's infinite relief, in steept Larrazée, who, bowing at the door, slid up to his master, saying in a low voice :

" 'M. le *Baronette*, veut-il passer à son appartement ?'

" The Baronet nodded, rose, put out his hand for his valet's arm, and retired, saying :

" 'Good night, gentlemen, I shall not see you again to-night. Larrazée will take care of my supper ; and pray follow your own occupations and amusements without regard to me. Larrazée is accustomed to my modes, and will attend to me. Good night !'

Jack, however, submits, and follows his father to London. His reception under the parental roof is amusingly drawn. The only person who shows him the slightest cordiality is Sir Thomas's French valet, Larrazée :

" 'What would monsieur *préfère* for supper? A little *potage*, one or two *pree-ty* little *entrées*, a cream, some pastry, and then the dessert? A bottle of Champagne to take away fatigue, cup of coffee and a *chasse*? Voilà un joli petit menu, tout-à-fait gentil!' and Larrazée stood in a bowing attitude awaiting the young gentleman's approbation.

" 'Much obliged to you,' replied Jack; 'but I'd rather have some cold beef and pickles, and a tankard of strong ale.'

" 'Ah! bien, it will be as monsieur desire,' said the valet bowing, but looking disappointed. 'Up here, or in the dining-room will monsieur be serve?'

" 'Up here, thank you, *Lazarus*,' replied Jack meekly. 'I suppose it will be late before my father comes home?'

" 'Sire Varenne will return at eight, to make his toilette to go to Lady Ilsley, Monseigneur's mamma-in-law: they play very much at cards, and your papa perhaps remain till the morning.'

" Larrazée disappeared, and anon appeared a couple of footmen with Jack's supper, to which he did ample justice. Having dismissed it, but retained the tankard, he drew a large arm-chair to the fire, and proceeded to solace himself, as country squires of that epoch were wont to do, with a long unbroken clay pipe slightly curved (none of the black *dhudeens* of this age), filled with fragrant tobacco, the smoke from which tranquilly curled about the apartment in a light grey cloud; and the smoker dwelling intently on his past life and pleasures, thanks to the composing ale and soothing tobacco, began entirely to lose sight of his present situation.

" In the midst of his happy reverie, the door was gently opened unknown to Jack, and his father, softly stepping to the fire, stood before him, like a pale ghost emerging from a mist, *i.e.* the tobacco-smoke.

" Jack took his long clay pipe from his lips, arose, gazed an instant at Sir Thomas, who kept his much dreaded grey eyes coldly bent upon him, and then in the very voice which so shook his father's nerves, he muttered, 'How are you, sir?' and extended his hand.

" Sir Thomas took it not.

" 'I must beg, sir!' he said severely, 'that for the future you do not turn *my* house into a tavern! Smoking may pass with fox-hunting squires and country parsons, but no gentleman ever dreams of such a thing. The staircase smells like a tap. What will my people think, and what character will get abroad of you through them? Remember that servants have eyes and ears, and like some secret society confer among themselves of the upper class; that valets and ladies'-maids know more of your friends than you know

yourself ; and that at the toilet they enliven their master or mistress with sprightly gossip gathered from their own coteries. Pray let me see you throw that long vulgar pipe from your window. And never again let me behold you sitting over a tankard, like a country bumpkin. I have plenty of wine in my cellars, which is quite at your service. Ale thickens the understanding and stupifies the brain, and I cannot allow a son of mine to brutify himself with it. Now *obleege* me by throwing away your pipe !

" Having witnessed the execution of the offending pipe, and heard it break on a roof beneath, Sir Thomas wished his son good night, recommending him not to startle the mansion by getting up next morning at cock-crow, and so stalked pompously from the apartment.

" Poor Jack finished his tankard and retired to rest, greatly astonished at the luxurious ease and softness of his bed, where he soon sank into a sound and renovating sleep.

" So much for Jack's first evening beneath his father's lordly roof.

" The next morning his troubles began. The room was so darkened he did not awake till Larrazée stood by his bedside with a tiny cup of chocolate on a silver salver.

" ' What's that ? ' asked Jack in a sleepy voice, and rubbing his eyes, ' physic ? '

" ' No, monsieur, it is your chocolate ! '

" ' Oh ! well, I may as well take it. Gad, it's very nice : only next time, Lazarus, I should like a bowl-full. '

" ' Monsieur shall be obey ! '

" Larrazée proffered his services to assist at Jack's toilet, which he refused, with the assurance that he should be up ' *in a jiffy*. '

" A knock at his door shortly after was followed by a voice announcing that Sir Thomas waited breakfast for him in his study. Jack opened his door, and stared with amazement at the staircase and ceiling painted in the Louis XIV. style with gods, and demi-gods, and Cupid, and the goddesses all arrayed *à la romaine*, not *à la grèque*, and every one with the unmistakable Louis-le-Grand stamp on them, from Jupiter to Cupid. Mars appeared making a leg to Venus ; the warlike god being arrayed in a long Roman cuirass with a Gorgon's head on the breast, a scarlet mantle looped about him like a curtain, a helmet surmounted by a scroll-like dragon, with a very large open mouth and clutching paws ; knee-breeches, rather wrinkled, descending to the swell of the calf, *cothurnæ* nearly meeting them, decorated with a Gorgon's head at the top, and a drapery proceeding from the said head as a finish to the *chaussure*, much as a top-boot is finished by its top. I omitted to mention that the dragon on the helmet was shaded by a large plume of scarlet ostrich feathers, and Mars wore his hair long and curling, like the ' grand monarque's ' periwig. Cupid looking roguishly from behind the god's oval shield ; and as for his mamma, she wore her hair dressed like a court beauty's. Yet, with all this, the whole painting wore an air of majesty and grandeur peculiar to

'*le siècle*' in which it was painted. It made unsophisticated Jack Warren quite giddy to look at all these divinities, depicted in the dome which rose above him, and the servant turned on one side to indulge in a grin at his amazement."

The educational process begins without delay. Jack is placed in the hands of tailors, French-masters, fencing-masters, dancing-masters, hairdressers, jewellers; and tormented accordingly. Here is one of the operations to which he had to submit:

"The tailor was followed by Lord Langley's hairdresser, M. Hippolyte. Jack was made to sit down, and the Frenchman proceeded to untie and examine his hair, talking French with Sir Thomas all the while. Presently several boxes were brought in, from which many wigs in various styles were extracted, and one after the other placed on Jack's head; the hairdresser and Sir Thomas falling back and viewing him, as a painter does to view his picture.

"M. Hippolyte next proceeded to the rear, and taking the young man's hair in his left hand, Jack felt a cold pair of scissors against his poll, and in one instant his tresses were for ever gone!

"'Hang it! what the devil are you doing?' shouted Jack, quite forgetting himself, and jumping up.

"'M. Hippolyte finds your hair much too coarse and strong ever to dress properly; you must therefore wear a periwig, like most other young fellows of your age.'

"So spake Sir Thomas, and laying his thin hand on Jack's arm, he reseated him.

"Larrazée was summoned to assist, and before M. Hippolyte had left the house, Jack's head was shaved as smooth as a pawn's, and decked with a most becoming powdered wig and bag, over which the Baronet, valet, and *perruquier*, all ecstasised, whilst their martyr steadily averted his eyes from the glass, and felt no spirit for any thing."

We must quote the first dancing lesson also. Following his father into the dining room—

"He beheld a very little man surveying the family portraits and humming a minuet. He was delicately rouged, and wore a black velvet patch, in the shape of a half-moon, at the corner of his left eye. His toes were so much turned out, that a spectator standing in front of him would behold the inside of his calf instead of his shin. His neck was long and thin, his shoulders sloping and narrow, his head well poised, his back well drawn in; he carried his arms *en guirlande*, but just then he held his violin behind his back and tapped his right toe with the bow. His wig was irreproachable, with a high tuft in front to add to his stature. He was dressed in pea-green satin and silver, with very high red heels to his shoes, and paste buckles. His nose was of the Roxalane school; a pleased smile ever dwelt on his lips. With the exception of his calves, which were

immense, as most dancers' are, M. Dupuis was very thin, and as light as a feather.

"Sir Thomas spoke to him a long time in French very emphatically, Jack standing by, at whom M. Dupuis looked from top to toe, with his head thrown back rather on one side, and his eyes half-closed.

" 'Bien, bien ! ah ! je comprends—au fait—mais c'est juste—il est bien guindé—oui, oui, soyez tranquille—remettez-vous-en à moi—j'en ai vu de pires—il n'est pas souple—mais que voulez-vous ?—je le rendrai méconnaissable—ah ! il fera des progrès il faut espérer—au reste, nous verrons—c'est un Hercule—mais tout-à-fait,'—these and such like observations accompanied Sir Thomas's speech, and little M. Dupuis' survey.

"As the Frenchman could not speak English, the Baronet was obliged to interpret all he said to Jack.

" 'Stand in the middle of the room !'

"Jack obeyed.

"After a little preliminary drilling, during which M. Dupuis forced back Jack's gigantic and stiff shoulders and arms at the risk of dislocating his own, he uttered : 'C'est fatigant,' and stood before his pupil, heels together, toes in a line, chest out, back in ; then collecting the fingers of each hand in a bunch, he brought their tips together with well-rounded arms, raised them united slowly above his head, turning his chin over the right shoulder, and spreading them slowly out, brought them by degrees to his sides, and his face to the front ; and so on, alternately looking over each shoulder.

" 'Comme ça,—allons !'

" 'You're to do as M. *Doopnee* has just shown you.'

"Jack with crimsoned face put his hands together, and precipitately went through the evolution, without looking over his shoulder, and with feet wide apart.

" 'Non, non—voyez—regardez-moi donc—comme ça—cambez-vous—voyons !'

"Sir Thomas explained, and Jack did as before.

" 'Et les pieds !' cried Dupuis, pushing them together with his toe ; 'ah ! tournez-les au moins, allez, allez !' and, finding he could not turn Jack's feet out with his fiddle-stick, he stooped down and pushed them out with his hand. Jack tottered ; and spread out his arms.

" 'I shall tumble down, sir. 'Pon my soul I shall, if he goes on !'

" 'Nonsense, sir ; pay attention !' and Jack stood *tant bien que mal* with his toes turned out and his heels together, whilst every now and then little M. Dupuis pushed his knees back to straighten them. Next came '*les pliers*.'

"The dancing-master placed a chair before Jack, which he, in the innocence of his heart, imagined he should have to jump over.

"M. Dupuis stood before him curtseying up and down, his heels close together, and his knees at his lowest bend forced back in line

with his shoulders. He allowed Jack, as a beginner, the indulgence of holding the back of the chair ; but Jack, being long-legged and tall, could descend but a very little way ; his knees, not being forced back, coming in contact with the back of the chair.

"M. Dupuis curtseyed and talked, and rapped Jack with his bow, and sang, clapping his hands to make him bend in time ; he even played his violin, raising it up and down, and marking the notes and stamping his foot with the same view ; but Jack had no idea of time, and went up and down anyhow, hurting his knees against the chair, feeling very red, very hot, very hungry, very melancholy. Sir Thomas fretted and fumed and took snuff, and began curtseying himself to show Jack how, and beat time with M. Dupuis ; but all without effect. Jack thought it abominable nonsense, and was too shy even to try and do better ; had he been of modern days he would have said, '*humbug*;' but the word was not then invented.

"After half an hour's torture, M. Dupuis declared that that was enough for the first time, and took his departure, very much tired by '*ce colosse*,' as he inwardly called Jack, and retained to resume the lesson every other day."

The result is, of course, what might be expected. Jack's good humour, and notions of filial obedience, carry him through his sufferings, and he meets with a kind friend in a young peer, whom his father wishes him to imitate. But his heart remains with his Lydia in her vicarage, and he resolves to fly to her and his uncle, the moment his father is convinced that he is an incurable bumpkin. But no such end is in store for him. His father's follies involve the unfortunate youth in a duel ; and poor Jack is run through the body, begging with his last breath to be buried in the country, with all the honours of a fox-hunter.

Lydia, meanwhile, who never loved Jack except as a sister, has been finding out that she has fallen in love with somebody else. However, she remains constant to Jack until his untimely end. Her father, Dr. Freeman, is one of Mr. Gwynne's happiest personages. The cosy vicarage, and still cosier party who inhabit it, and with thin, shy, and ugly Roger Brown, the curate, who is hopelessly in love with the pretty Lydia, are among the pleasantest people we ever met with in novel life.

The *School for Dreamers* is far from equal to the *School for Fathers*. The characters are commonplace and exaggerated, in comparison with Jack Warren and his friends and kinsfolk ; and the story, though not impossible, is too improbable to point the moral its author intends. In it also Mr. Gwynne carries his taste for a redundancy of paragraphs to a preposterous extent, and seems to imagine that every

fresh sentence ought to start with a fresh line. Nevertheless there are good parts in the book, and it is much above the average of circulating-library novels. The tone also is sound and healthy. The "Dreamers" whom Mr. Gwynne proposes to enlighten are those who imagine the world is to be regenerated by Chartism and Atheism, or by philanthropy in the abstract, as contrasted with the performance of daily duties in that particular. The book altogether betrays a tendency to hastiness of production, which, we think, is somewhat of a besetting snare to Mr. Gwynne, and against which we beg to caution him. Few men can write a novel per annum, and write well. Books of fiction cannot be produced to order, or with the regularity of newspapers or almanacs. If Mr Gwynne will be content to *wait* for his inspirations, he will do remarkably well, and his future works will excel his first. If not, he will write himself out in a wonderfully short space of time.

A little reflection, we think, would have made him pause before he sent forth his third story in its present shape, with its whole interest depending on the story of the money-getting wretch whose name it bears. In other respects *Silas Barnstarke* is a clever and almost tragic tale. With a little more relief, and a more cheerful termination, the quiet sadness which is its characteristic would have been heightened rather than diminished, and the general impression of the book as a story would have been more agreeable. The scene is laid in the times of Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Gwynne's feelings are all against the Puritans; and among the victims of their fanatical cruelty he introduces a Catholic family, a concealed priest, and a country parson of the anti-puritanical stamp,—the brother, in fact, of Silas Barnstarke himself, and a model of piety, as Silas is a model of villany. It is in sketches like these that Mr. Gwynne's kind and cordial spirit shows itself. He makes the priest and the parson such affectionate friends, that in the hour of his greatest need the priest confides his secret to the parson, and intrusts him with a message of life and death. We must find room for the attack of the Puritan soldiers upon the "recusant" house, and the flight of the priest:

"It was a beautiful morning in August. A light mist, indicating a hot day, shrouded the sun when the detachment left the gray old town.

"As the morning grew older, the gauzy mist dispersed; the larks sang with merry note aloft, and the sun shone unclouded to ripen the waving rustling corn.

"The soldiers sang a psalm now and then, as they marched

along ; but the lieutenant would allow of no talking, or marching at ease, when he was in command.

"Sir Peter Markeham and his household, little wotting that an enemy was at hand, had met together in the chapel at eight o'clock for early Mass.

"Father Humphries, in laced alb and richly-embroidered chasuble, stood before the altar ; and, in a voice somewhat tremulous with age, was going through the service.

"A few bright rays of the morning sun shone through a narrow side-window, and descending on the old priest's silver locks, caused them to shine with supernatural light amidst the soft twilight of the chapel.

"Mass was nearly over, when a servant crept gently up to Sir Peter, touched his arm, and whispered : 'Sir, there be a body of soldiers coming over the downs.'

"Sir Peter left the chapel, placed himself at a window, and looked forth. During Mass, a servant was always posted to keep a look-out from that window, as it commanded the road for miles.

"Sir Peter Markeham turning his eyes towards the downs beheld Higgons' party descending by the little bridle-road that wound up them.

"The sun-rays were vividly reflected from the musquet-barrels, as well as from the soldiers' steel caps and light corslets.

"'The vile rebellious curs !' cried Sir Peter. 'It will take a good half-hour before they get here. Mass will be over in less than ten minutes. Get thee to the stables and harness Father Humphries' horse ; take him into the lane at the back of the stable-yard, and there bide with him till we come out.'

"Having given this order, and cast another look at Lieut. Hew-them-down's advancing party, Sir Peter returned to the chapel, and knelt down in the place he had just left.

"'Who can tell how long it may be before we hear another Mass in this chapel,' he thought to himself, and sighed as he looked on Father Humphries' venerable white head, and listened to his gentle voice.

"Anon the old priest turning from the altar pronounced the '*Ite, missa est,*' and presently every one left the chapel.

"Sir Peter, again looking out, and perceiving the soldiers at the foot of the downs, pointed them out to Lady Markeham and to his household.

"Lady Markeham grew pale ; the men talked of fighting the Puritans.

"'Nay, my friends, not so ;' cried Sir Peter, raising his hand to still them. 'We are but few, and our arms are few. The soldiers are well armed, having good store of powder and ball ; and they are far more than we are in numbers. Besides, such men have ever a greater force to back them. Fighting would be of no use but to provoke the rebels to murder us. Go you each man to his daily

work ; offer no resistance ; utter no abuse. Better days will come ; when the villains will go to the wall.'

"Just then Father Humphries left the chapel, his benevolent face beaming with kindness ; but he looked perplexed and down-cast on hearing that the soldiers were at hand.

"Before he could collect his ideas, Sir Peter hurried him to his horse ; put a handful of coin into his pocket ; reverently kissed his hand, and bade him ride for the 'fisherman's cot.'

"Sail for France directly, Sir, if the wind holdeth good : your life will be in peril here if you should be discovered. Write to us as soon as you have crossed the water ; we will find means to do so to you ; and now fare-you-well, and Heaven guard you !"

"So spake Sir Peter. Father Humphries could say nothing. The tears stood in his eyes ; he wrung the Baronet's hand warmly, and proceeded down the lane.

"Father Humphries was a gentle-hearted old man, and his gentle heart ached as he journeyed along. He felt that he had left his friends Sir Peter and Lady Markeham for ever ; and that he was bidding an eternal adieu to every well-known spot, so dear to him for rustic beauty and old associations.

"Tracy, the water-spaniel, who had always seemed to look on himself as the old priest's property, ran frolicking after him.

"Father Humphries drew bridle, and, in broken tones, told him to 'go home !'

"Tracy, dropping his tail, wagged it in deprecating style, fixing his eyes fondly and imploringly on those of his old friend.

"This was not to be resisted.

"Father Humphries trotted off with swelling throat, and Tracy gaily went with him.

"At the end of the long, narrow, winding lane he had been following, the priest entered the high-road.

"He heard voices singing a psalm to a triumphant tune, and perceived the advancing soldiers, whom he must needs pass.

"The lieutenant, drawing near, laid his hand on the bridle of Father Humphries' stout black horse.

"The old man felt a chill run over him.

"The psalm had stopped ; the soldiers halted ; Tracy sniffed their heels.

"'Who art thou ?' inquired Higgons, peering on Father Humphries from beneath his white eyelashes.

"'A traveller,' was the reply.

"'What calling ?'

"'That of a bailiff.'

"'Whither art thou bound ?'

"'For a far distant city.'

"'What is thy creed ?'

"'That of a Christian.'

"'Art thou not a recusant ?'

"'No!' cried the old man, flashing with indignation, and rejecting the offensive epithet in his soul.

"'Canst thou tell where dwelleth one Markeham, a popish dog and foul idolater?'

"'No, indeed, Sir, I cannot tell you *that*!'

"Hew-them-down Higgons looked sharply into Father Humphries' meek blue eyes. The meek blue eyes steadily returned the gaze, and the lieutenant removed his hand from the bridle.

"The priest seized this opportunity and put spurs to his horse, who trotted off, whilst his rider bowed most courteously to the rude Puritan officer.

"Higgons looked after him, as, following the curve of the road, he turned from his sight.

"'My mind doth misgive me that he is not an honest man,' grumbled Higgons; then gave the word to the men, and tramped on to the scrolled gate that opened on Sir Peter's avenue.

"Father Humphries drew a deep breath of satisfaction on looking back and perceiving that he was out of sight of the soldiers.

"As he trotted through the village he stopped at the vicarage.

"'Good morrow, Master Humphries,' cried Walter, as he stepped forth with a pen in his hand. 'You are out on your morning ramble this fine summer's day, I see. Let me tie your horse to a tree, Sir, and I pray you step in and taste some of Joanna's mead, with some of her butter and home-made bread!'

"'Alack! my friend,' cried the priest, rubbing his eyes hastily with the back of his hand, 'I am come to bid you an eternal farewell. We shall never meet again in this world, Walter!'

"'How so, Master Humphries?'

"'The rebels are down upon us, young man! They are even now at Sir Peter's; and I am flying, as it were, for my life!'

"'For your life, Sir?'

"Father Humphries, leaning on Walter's shoulder, stooped down his head, and said in a whisper,—

"'I can trust you, Walter; you are loyal and true. I am a priest!'

"'A priest!' cried Walter, starting.

"'Yes, a priest! I am riding for the coast, there to embark. Sir Peter would be trebly harassed if accident let out that he harboured a priest. Now, get you to Sir John Lovell's; tell him the Puritans are at my dear old friend's; and bid his lady, from me, hide all signs of our faith, lest the rebels should visit *their* dwelling likewise. Fare-thee-well, Walter. I have known thee from a child, and ever loved thee.' The old man could trust himself to say no more, his heart was too full.

"He grasped Walter's hand, called in faltering tones to Tracy, and once more pursued his journey.

"The parson lost no time in going to Sir John Lovell's. Great was the consternation which he there spread in relating the evil tidings concerning Sir Peter.

"The large black crucifix, which had so awed Walter in his infancy, was buried in the garden, with other things of a like nature; so that every token of the presence of a Roman Catholic disappeared from the house."

Nanette and her Lovers takes us to a country village in Normandy during the first French Revolution. Nanette is a good-hearted, good-tempered, and pious country girl, who is engaged to be married to the companion of her childhood, Antoine Charpentier, whom she loves above all things in this world, but not above God. When the reign of terror sets in, the *curé* of the village is massacred, and a civil compact set up for Christian marriage; Antoine, who has been a decent fellow only through circumstances, wants her to marry him after the new fashion. This, in spite of his fury, she steadily refuses; and Antoine submits to wait. Meanwhile a Parisian scoundrel, who has got possession of the estate of the murdered *seigneur du village*, insults Nanette; and gets tossed in a blanket by the young men of the place for his pains. In his wrath, he contrives to have them all compulsorily enlisted in the army, including Antoine and another youth, Arsène Potier, a worthy miller, who nourishes a secret but hopeless passion for Nanette. In the campaigns that follow under Napoleon, Antoine rises to be a colonel, and develops into a scoundrel, while Arsène loses two of his fingers, and returns invalided to his quiet home. There by degrees Nanette learns the faithlessness and scoundrelism of Antoine, and at last rewards the faithful Arsène with her heart and hand. The whole is told with great feeling and genuineness, though at times Mr. Gwynne grows a little prosy and didactic. Still, the absence of exaggeration, the author's sympathy, without mawkishness, with every thing that is most pure and noble, the delicacy of touch with which he indicates the grosser portions of the conduct of Antoine and his comrades, and his real knowledge of the times he recals, combine to make *Nanette and her Lovers* one of the most pleasant tales we have read for many a day. We hope, ere long, *but not too soon*, to meet Mr Gwynne again in some other of the many fields for fiction hitherto untrodden, or only trampled on by the hoof of ignorance, coarseness, and bigotry.

MR. RUSKIN'S ART-PHILOSOPHY.

Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered in Edinburgh in November 1853. By John Ruskin. Smith, Elder and Co., 1854.

No man now-a-days is forced to hide his light under a bushel. If hard-hearted publishers refuse to print, the lecture-room is open. From my Lord Carlisle to Friend Sturge and J. B. Gough, "the temperance orator," all find audiences and applause enough to satisfy the cravings even of a prima-donna. Mr. Ruskin follows the fashion, and has burnt his taper in modern Athens with great success; for he has not only been listened to, but enjoys the satisfaction of being read afterwards—a happiness not often accorded to orators out of parliament. On the whole, the distinction is not unmerited; though we are not of those who accept Mr. Ruskin as the art-hero he proclaims himself to a fair following of open-mouthed clients. Nature has dealt liberally with him; she has given him a quick eye and a ready hand, in addition to powers of reflection and comparison of no common order. An Oxford education has probably fostered rather than disciplined a more than fitting share of self-reliance, and circumstances have permitted an easy and ample indulgence in all matters of taste. As a writer, practice has enabled him to express himself with extreme facility, and with, at all events, an appearance of depth and a fertility of illustration which insure popularity with the large class of readers, who, finding that art is in fashion, want to acquire its jargon with the least amount of trouble to their own brains.

We are certainly puzzled to know why Mr. Ruskin selected so sterile and unpromising a field as Edinburgh for the scene of Gothic cultivation. Perhaps from the same kind of ambition which induces some farmers of the new school to show their skill in reducing flints and mountain-ridges beneath the dominion of the plough; perhaps, and this is more probable, to escape from the soul-destroying clank of the hammers at the Sydenham Palace, as rivet by rivet the ribs of that monster of ill-omen assumed strength and permanence. Be this as it may, to Scotland our lecturer betook himself; and judging by the furious raving of an injured Gael in *Blackwood*, must have astonished the natives to some purpose. The lectures delivered were four in number, two on architecture and two on painting. They are printed much as delivered, with a separate chapter of addenda to the two former.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Ruskin's previous writings will find little that is new. After counting all the square windows in Queen Street, which he says are absolutely similar, altogether devoid of any relief by decoration, and six hundred and seventy-eight in number (which he cannot say is entertaining), he proceeds to inform his readers that "far less trouble than is necessary to learn how to play chess, or whist, or goff, tolerably," would acquaint them "with all the main principles of the construction of a Gothic cathedral." He then commences the first two lessons. These consist of his well-known theory, thrown into a popular shape, and spiced to suit the palate of his Presbyterian audience, with quotations from the Bible and flings at Rome. The whole scope of his architectural creed (for such it is to him) may be given in a very few words. There are three modes only of covering or roofing a space, viz. a horizontal beam, a round arch, and a pointed one. The first is characteristic of Egyptian and Greek architecture, the second of Romanesque, the third of Gothic; and of these the second is more noble than the first, and the third than the second. In fact, in Gothic the culminating point of construction and ornament was attained; and architecture in general toppled hastily over into that diabolical chaos which is known by the name of *Renaissance*, but which Mr. Ruskin asserts is simply "accursed." This theory he enforces with the most uncompromising and unscrupulous energy. Whatever else is wanting, there is no lack (to use his own words) of *savageness*. Any contumacious fact is at once dovetailed by the Procrustean mode of operation, performed on the obnoxious member with a decision worthy of Astley Cooper or Lawrence. Criticism is defied. As to architects of established reputation, "you might as well, had you lived in the 16th century, have asked a Roman Catholic Archbishop his opinion of the first reformer. I deny his jurisdiction; I refuse his decision. I call upon you to be Bereans* in architecture as you are in religion, and to search into these things for yourselves."

Now, though we certainly do not quite understand what Bereans in architecture may be, we do claim and exercise a right to search into these things for ourselves; and the result is, that we very often come to a diametrically opposite conclusion from Mr. Ruskin. Little as he is aware of it, he differs from a whole cloud of modern art-critics in no essential manner, but in degree only. More skilled than the majority

* "Now these" (the Jews of Berea) "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, who received the word with all eagerness, daily searching the Scriptures, whether these things were so." *Acts xvii. 11.*

of them in the use of his weapons, his challenge is louder and more arrogant. In good round terms he declares that for three hundred years the world has been wrong in its way of carving stones and setting up pillars, that *nearly* every existing architect (he does not name the excepted) must declare all he has learned to be false, and all he has done worthless, before he admits the truth of the new teaching. He warns us that his opinions will be attacked with all the virulence of established interest, made the subject of every species of satire and invective; but that one kind of opposition to them we shall never hear,—we shall never hear them met by quiet, steady, rational argument; for that is the one way in which they *cannot* be met. The italics are Mr. Ruskin's own. Now these are big words and somewhat overpowering. If Mr. Ruskin's "opinions" (for which read *faith*) cannot be met, it is no use trying; we must submit, or die in our unbelief. Yet it strikes us that there is something of the bully in all this. Instead of a champion, standing forth nobly to do battle for the realm of art, we find a gladiator, stripped to fight for the pre-eminence of a province. In place of Sir Henry Dymoke, the hereditary champion of England, we see Paddy Gill, the king of the "light weights."

In sad and sober truth, one fatal error lies at the root of all Mr. Ruskin's teaching; and we are bound to add, that the same canker is more or less to be discovered in most of the art-instruction which is now being poured out in boundless profusion, as the fashion and temper of the day demands. This error, one in its result, but many in its outward forms, is a total misapprehension of the relative positions of art and religion. Whatever a man's own fancy, opinion, or faith may be, in dealing with the history of art, and especially architectural art, he finds the history of religion inseparably connected with it. The philosopher who from his pinnacle of pure reason looks down upon Christianity in practice as an amiable weakness, lectures on "peoples, and the mutual influence of their civilisations, religions, and arts," with a placidity which is the reward of conscious superiority to the superstitions of times past and present. He talks in precisely the same tone of Osiris and Abou-Simbel, of St. Peter's and Christ. The enthusiastic art-worshipper, who does not trouble himself with reason, seeing the sublimity of the Egyptian, the chaste purity and manly vigour of the Greek and Roman, and the graceful proportions and elaborate traceries of the builders of the middle ages, and knowing that these things were but the expression of a living and active faith, groans in spirit at the hardness of belief in these latter days, so poor in all but gold.

"Believe, that you may build," is the moral of his lamentation. Let us do Mr. Ruskin justice: he is like neither of these, as far as religious conviction is concerned; but his system, notwithstanding, is essentially the same. He is fully alive to the influence which in all ages has been exercised by religion on art; it is a theme on which he loves to dilate. In dealing with the architecture of the past, he traces the massive temple to the mighty superstition which inspired it, and so rejects the paganism and its material expression together. In proceeding down the stream of time, one after another he tries all schools of art, but finds no resting-place in any. At last Jupiter has fallen, Pan is dead; and the new faith seeks an utterance in novel forms; the pediment and low-pitched roof give place to the pointed arch and lofty spire. His longings are appeased, his taste is satisfied; he delivers up his affections, and so far all is well. But now a cloud appears in this Paradise. The art which Mr. Ruskin loves so dearly that he can spend hours in gazing on the turn of a moulding, the meaning of a leaf, the intention of a colour, is *Catholic* art; it is an expression, not of religious ideas, but of the Catholic faith, and Mr. Ruskin is a Protestant, and a bitter one. The difficulty is very trying; he will not give up the art, but he cannot endure Rome. And so he falls into a struggle, which dazzles his eyes and obscures his judgment, until he is unable to discern between art and religion,—they become convertible terms; and at last, as in the case of the art-philosopher and the art-enthusiast, the handmaiden is made to usurp the throne of the queen, and receives the homage of an idolatrous worship. A necessary consequence of the adoption of this art-religion, this substitution of sentiment for duty, is the proclamation of its dogmas in a creed. And from this Mr. Ruskin does not shrink. Having raised his goddess to her pedestal, his one divinity (for he is no architectural Pantheist), he summons all to celebrate her rites; and woe to those who hesitate or doubt. He overwhelms them with the bitterest reproaches, refuses to listen to one word of self-defence, and condemns them to all kinds of savage punishments, with an energy worthy of a Roman emperor. This is no exaggeration; with Mr. Ruskin art has truly and literally become a religion. He speaks of this or that as good or evil morally, not as good or bad artistically; he speaks of this or that style of building or ornamentation as if it were bound up in some mysterious and awful manner with the souls of the masons and the sculptors; he sees the decline of virtue in the decay of Gothic gables, and the death-warrant of a king in the building of a Renaissance palace.

For these reasons we consider Mr. Ruskin a most unsafe

guide for those who are in search of a little sound and wholesome teaching on the subject of art. Cultivated as his taste has undoubtedly been, acute as his power of criticism has proved itself in many able writings, accurate as his knowledge of his subject has become by patient and laborious investigation,—with all this, the adoption of an art-faith, and the unyielding standard which properly and naturally belongs to it, has of necessity narrowed his mind and warped his judgment. We have no intention at the present time to enter at length into Mr. Ruskin's theory, though we do not think that he has supported it with any great success in his Edinburgh lectures; but argument is certainly not our author's forte. Whenever he gives a detailed criticism of a particular building, whether we agree with him or not, we always find him pleasant and suggestive; but the scope of a couple of popular lectures did not afford him much margin, and therefore he devotes nearly the whole to the illustration and proof of his assertion that Gothic architecture is the only architecture which should now be built. In his anxiety to make all facts fit this pet theory, he sometimes falls into an amusing oversight. Against horizontal beams, particularly if of iron, he has a most especial spite. At page 15 he says:

"Did you read the account of the proceedings at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham the other day? Some dozen of men crushed up among the splinters of the scaffolding in an instant, nobody knew why. All the engineers declare the scaffolding to have been erected on the best principles—that the fall of it is as much a mystery as if it had fallen from heaven, and were all meteoric stones. The jury go to Sydenham, and look at the heap of shattered bolts and girders, and come back as wise as they went. Accidental death! Yes, verily; the lives of all those dozen men had been hanging for months at the mercy of a flaw in an inch or two of cast iron. Very accidental indeed! Not the less pitiable."

Very pitiable, we admit; but we have a shrewd guess that it is not in modern beams and modern scaffoldings alone that this insane determination to tumble down without why or wherefore has been developed. Let us hear our lecturer a few pages further on, when the progress of his subject has driven the Crystal Palace out of his recollection:

"Thus, when the good people of Beauvais were building their cathedral, that of Amiens, then just completed, had excited the admiration of all France; and the people of Beauvais, in their jealousy and determination to beat the people of Amiens, set to work to build a tower to their own cathedral as high as they possibly could. They built it so high that it tumbled down, and they were never able to finish their cathedral at all;—it stands a wreck to this day."

This is ingenuous, at all events. We wonder if there was any inquest held, and what was the verdict. We are not told that all the builders were able to get out of the way; and probably some accident to limb or life *may* have occurred. In its estimate of the value of both, we are inclined to think that the nineteenth century is higher than the thirteenth. With equal fairness, when Mr. Ruskin wishes to show that Gothic architecture is natural, while Greek architecture is not, he takes a branch of ash, and draws its terminal bunch of leaves in a graceful and artist-like manner. He then calls attention to the fact, that every leaf is fashioned more or less in the form of the pointed arch, and to that form owes its grace and character. This done, he asks triumphantly:

“Now, do you think you would have liked your ash-trees as well if nature had taught them Greek, and shown them how to grow according to the received Attic architectural rule of right? I will try you.”

And thereupon, with the observation that he has played them no trick, “it is perfectly fair in all respects,” he displays a drawing, in which a two-pronged toasting-fork has each spike tipped with a parallelogram and flanked with squares, three of a side; and this he gravely asserts is the identical ash-sprig done on Greek principles. In our school-boy days we used to be fond of drawing figures of men made up entirely of squares,—square heads, bodies, limbs, and features; according to Mr. Ruskin these must have been so many Apollos done on Greek principles, innocent as we then were of them. Surely, when talking such arrant nonsense, he must have presumed on the innocence of the Edinburghers to a somewhat rash extent; but we suppose with success notwithstanding, as he ventures to repeat the absurdity with all due gravity in print. We always suspect a cause to be weak, when its supporters are reduced to appeal exclusively to the ignorance of their hearers; and skilfully as the case “Gothic *versus* Greek” is here put, when looked upon as the address of a cunning Queen’s Counsel to a country jury, carefully as the prejudices of the audience are played into,—we doubt much whether the verdict satisfied the advocate. The examples we have given do not stand alone; on the contrary, the lectures, short as they are, abound with such. As a specimen of the mode in which Mr. Ruskin affects a Protestant zeal, with the aim of gaining suffrages (we say *affects*, advisedly, for we remember, Protestant as he is, how, in the *Stones of Venice*, he kindly allows a little idolatry, provided only it be in good taste), let us take the following passage:

"It is not by a Scottish audience—not by the descendants of the Reformers and the Covenanters—that I expected to be met with a refusal to believe that the world might possibly have been wrong for *three* hundred years in their way of carving stones and setting up pillars, when they knew that they were wrong for *twelve* hundred years in their marking how the roads divided that led to heaven and hell."

This, however, is mild to what follows (p. 137)—a passage which Mr. Ruskin prints unaltered, "as being in sober earnest; but too weak to characterise the tendencies of the accursed architecture of which it speaks:"

"Accursed I call it with deliberate purpose. It needed but the gathering up of a Babylonish garment to trouble Israel;—these marble garments of the ancient idols of the Gentiles, how many have *they* troubled! Gathered out of their ruins by the second Babylon—gathered by the Papal Church in the extremity of her sin;—raised up by her, not when she was sending forth her champions to preach in the highway, and pine in the desert, and perish in the fire, but in the very scarlet fruitage and fulness of her guilt, when her priests vested themselves not with purple only but with blood, and bade the cups of their feasting foam not with wine only but with hemlock; raised by the hands of the Leos and the Borgias, raised first into that mighty temple where the seven hills slope to the Tiber, that marks by its massy dome the central spot, where Rome has reversed the words of Christ, and, as He vivified the stone to the apostleship, she petrifies the apostleship into the stumbling-stone;—exalted there first as if to mark what work it had to do, it went forth to paralyse or to pollute; and wherever it came, the lustre faded from the streets of our cities, the grey towers and glorious arches of our abbeys fell by the river sides, the love of nature was uprooted from the hearts of men, base luxuries and cruel formalisms were festered and frozen into them from their youth; and at last, where, from his fair Gothic Chapel beside the Seine, the King St. Louis had gone forth, followed by his thousands in the cause of Christ, another king was dragged forth from the gates of his Renaissance palace, to die, by the hands of the thousands of his people gathered in another crusade—or what shall that be called, whose sign was not the cross but the guillotine?"

We have quoted this passage at length, not with any purpose of refuting it—for its virulence is rendered impotent by its folly; but for two reasons—first, because it is right that the casual reader should be aware what a very contracted and one-sided view he is likely to obtain of art in general from a critic who dispenses anathemas with so liberal a hand; and secondly, in order that those who require such a warning, may be led to consider whether they do not fall in some degree into the very error which Mr. Ruskin carries to its gravest

excess. It is his habit to employ unfit words ; to call stones carved in one way holy, and in another, as we have just seen, accursed. But we need hardly add, that he does not stand alone in telling us that only one kind of architecture is fit for the service of God ; yet it is clear how little a most hearty and intelligent appreciation and adoption of this very style has to do with Catholic Faith.

The altar is not holy because its stones are carved in this way or in that, but because our Lord is upon it. Religion is one ; art is many. The heavens and the earth are filled with the beauties of God's creation, and he sees best who looks on all with a generous, loving heart ; and so it is with the works of men's hands, which after their kind reflect the glories of the works of nature. The gift of taste, the knowledge of proportion, the appreciation of colour, belong to no age as its exclusive right or heritage ; again and again has each successive wave of civilisation (as the saying goes) left unmistakable proofs on the strand it has left for ever that it possessed them all. We do not mean that they were held by each in an equal degree ; though probably each era in art has possessed some quality of greatness which has been wanting in others. As times have passed away these monuments have accumulated, for the pleasure and instruction of those who in their turn will occupy themselves in reproducing them, modified according to the tastes and necessities of the days in which they live. But it is simple folly to claim for any mode of construction, any style of form or colour, an exclusive right to minister to the service of the Church : she needs *none*, but accepts all.

As an indifferent matter, by all means let us cultivate taste, and study the principles of art ; and the more generous the spirit in which we do this, the more certain and the more sound will be our progress. Having so done, we can propose no higher end to ourselves than to offer the result with a free hand to the service of religion ; but we must not dare to call his gift impure who, having taken the same means as ourselves, with a different result, offers it as freely in like manner.

We have carefully abstained from expressing our own opinions on the subject-matter of these lectures ; at a future time we may probably do so. Our object has been to call attention to the fact, that an evil custom has arisen of treating art with the homage which is due only to religion ; that Mr. Ruskin carries this custom to its most extravagant excess ; and that his teaching is, therefore, of necessity unsound.

MRS. AUSTIN'S SKETCHES OF GERMAN LIFE.

Germany from 1760 to 1814; or, Sketches of German Life, from the Decay of the Empire to the Expulsion of the French. By Mrs. Austin. Longmans.

THERE is something peculiarly attractive in a "pleasant" book. We do not mean a witty, or a lively, or an exciting, or an imaginative, or a profound book, but something akin to all these; a book, in short, which is like the conversation of a wise, cheerful, and well-informed friend. Unfortunately, there are few books of this kind, as there are few persons whose private conversation comes even near to the ideal standard; and we are proportionately the more gratified when we light upon some new volume with fair claims to the charms we desire.

If Mrs. Austin's readers are at all of our opinion, they will hasten to enrol her *Germany from 1760 to 1814* in the list of these welcome visitors. It is pre-eminently a *pleasant* book. She is a kind-hearted, wise, liberal, and mature-minded woman; who has read many books, with a special devotion to one particular subject, but always striving to use books for the purpose of knowing more of *man*. She possesses more breadth of view than is common with women, however brilliant their liveliness or keen their power of observation. She can sympathise with the past without scorning the present; and she can value the present without being deceived by its cant. Her style is strong and vigorous, without loss of that airy delicacy which is so agreeable in the best female writers, and which it is so difficult for a man to acquire; and she possesses the rare art of mingling the entertaining and the instructive without pedantry and without affectation. We do not pretend to say there is nothing in her book from which we dissent, or that she is entirely free from the delusions of the school of which she is an ornament. Still, she has given us one of the most entertaining, informing, and sensible books we have for a long time met with.

In substance, some considerable portion of it has before appeared in the *Edinburgh* and *British and Foreign* Reviews. The whole, however, is now moulded into a continuous sketch of the life and manners of German society, during that momentous half-century when the old world of modern Europe was rapidly merging into the world of this present day; preserving, however, the shape of a review of the several autobiographical memoirs from which the authoress draws her materials. A large amount of her matter, accordingly, consists of extracts from the books she criticises. The result,

however, is by no means a mere piece of patchwork; the whole being woven together with considerable discrimination and skill, and the quotations serving the purpose of illustrations of Mrs. Austin's own reflections on the life and manners of the period before her.

A more interesting subject for observation and thought can scarcely be named. To those who would live wisely and profitably in their own generation, neither the enemy nor the slave of the age in which their lot is cast, few things are more needful than a knowledge of what their immediate forefathers really *were*, and of the characteristic merits and defects of the age that is gone, as compared with those of the day to which we ourselves belong. We have no book, however high its pretensions, which furnishes more valuable materials towards forming a just estimate of this present wildly-excited and moving time, in contrast with the era of routine to which it has succeeded, than these sketches of German life. That in some respects we have gained immeasurably on our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, is, we think, undeniable. The slightest acquaintance with the prevailing literary, courtly, and domestic history of the last century, is sufficient to show that the *morals* of Europe are improved to an extraordinary degree. Doubtless a considerable portion of this improvement is superficial, and some of it is altogether hollow and hypocritical. But where there is hypocrisy in one man, there is virtue in another; for where all are vile it is not worth while to play the hypocrite. Decency, also, is not necessarily purity, nor is honour necessarily integrity; sometimes they are, indeed, the substitutes with which the self-deceiver cheats his own degraded conscience into a conviction of its immaculate excellence. Yet, with every allowance on the score of deception, prudery, and priggishness, we are convinced that the entire tone of English and continental society is far freer from positive vice and grossness than it was a hundred years ago. We are also larger in our ideas, less narrow in our sympathies, less brutal and harsh in our exactions, less suspicious of every thing that is not familiar and our own.

The drawbacks to the true progress of human life consist in the substitution of restlessness for repose, vehemence for strength, shallowness for depth, and a commonplace uniformity for varied individuality. The prose of life has swallowed up its poetry. We are knocked against one another so unceasingly, that with the edges, points, and roughnesses of character, its distinction, varieties, and too much of its bloom and beauty, are beaten away. Our thoughts and feelings are like a stream that has been diverted from its natural course over rocks and

through woods and meadows, to the dull, monotonous course of a canal. It may have become more commercially useful, more tranquil in its surface, and more equable in its flow, but the glancing sparkle, the foaming cascade, the deep rushing torrent, the glory of the woodland and the sweetness of the plain, are passed away. The profit may be greater, but it is questionable whether the enjoyment be not often less.

In the first division of her book Mrs. Austin sketches the peculiar ties of German domestic life, as it existed before the American and French revolutions had thrown all Europe into fermentation, and ultimately into war. It was one of those times which, though not distinctly recognised as periods of transition, are yet the precursors of transitional periods,—when old things are not only old, but are beginning to decay; when the abuses to which every variety of human society is liable, are hastening to tell injuriously on all its members, and induce that sense of evil which is the precursor of change. Probably, in the middle of the last century there was no part of civilised Europe in which “old-world ways” had remained so intact as in Germany; where national customs were held in such veneration, and national character displayed itself in so many and so strongly-marked varieties. The anecdotes which Mrs. Austin quotes from the memoirs of Madame Schopenhauer and Madame Pichler bring out into strong light this mingling of the venerable, the decaying, and the picturesque. The old monarchical and feudal system survived almost in its integrity, and with its abuses retained not a few of its unquestionable blessings, both to the governors and the governed. The “Ecclesiastical States,” such as Cologne, Mrs. Austin singles out as special instances of a mild and patriarchal rule, and as preserving in its full significancy the old saying, “It is good living under the Crozier.”

“German life, as we have seen it, was inextricably bound up with the existence and character of the Germanic Empire. Danzig or Nürnberg could have been no other than free imperial cities; Gotha or Weimar than the capitals of small principalities. The Ecclesiastical States, again, had a character of their own,—and one, we may add, on which it is allowable to look back with a sort of regret, as models of mild, pacific government. Towns, insignificant as to size, wealth, and population, had a moral and intellectual importance, to which the provincial cities of France or England presented no parallel.”

A touching anecdote, which Mrs. Austin tells from her own experience, confirms this view of the affection that was felt both for the more worthy specimens of the nobles and for the clergy:

"I was walking with the late Countess T — H — near her magnificent castle in Bohemia, when we met a peasant-woman. The Countess spoke to her with her usual kindness, and passed on. Perceiving that the woman stopped, I looked round, and saw her hastily kissing the hem of Countess T — 's dress. The noble and excellent lady looked half-embarrassed that an Englishwoman should witness what might seem to her an act of degrading servility; and said something of its being 'a foolish custom.' To me, who knew her, and the ceaseless beneficence of which the people around her were the objects, no homage could appear excessive; and I was not disposed to quarrel with the form. The misfortune is, that such demonstrations are degraded by being paid to mere power.

"In my walks in and about Carlsbad with the late venerable and pious Ladislas Pyrker, Archbishop of Erlau, I frequently saw men and women come softly behind him and kiss the skirts of his coat with the most fervent reverence, often with murmured blessings. This never surprised me. All the holiness, purity, benignity, meekness, and patience of the religion he professed and exemplified, were legibly written on his pale and suffering face. The poor people also knew the works of enlightened charity and piety to which he devoted his time, his thoughts, and his princely revenues.

"I must add, that I never happened to see the same homage offered to any of the princes and potentates who resorted to Carlsbad. Pyrker's dignities, as Magnate of Hungary and Prince of the Church, were lost and forgotten in his Christian perfections."

The civic government of the towns presented sometimes a striking contrast to the freedom enjoyed under the ecclesiastical magnates. Madame Schopenhauer herself was a Dantziger when Dantzig was free; and when young, with her republican independence, she possessed a full share of republican pride and arrogance. On a visit to Pymont, the earliest established of the German baths, she saw the young reigning Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin take out a flower-girl to dance in the public walks at Pymont. "What," exclaimed she, "would the Dantzigers say, if their reigning Bürgermeister (mayor) were to demean himself so in public?"

In those days, the patriarchal relationships of primitive times were still something more than a mere exaction of outward forms of deference, such as they remained among ourselves long after their substance had passed away:

"Not more than a quarter of a century ago," says Madame Schopenhauer, "there existed in every principal family of that city a family tribunal (*Familiengericht*), to which every member was amenable, and over which the head of the family presided. When a young girl, I accompanied my mother on a visit to the city of her fathers, and was taken to be introduced to this awful assembly. We went in full

dress, and found the old man of eighty seated in the *Grossvaterstuhl** at the top of the room, and the other members arranged in a semi-circle on either side, according to age and precedence. I was presented by my mother, and welcomed as one of themselves, though a stranger. I made my obeisance, and we took our seats. Shortly after, two very young men of the family were called up by the patriarch, and, in presence of the whole company, severely reprimanded for some misdemeanour—I think it was getting into debt. They stood perfectly abashed, and pale as death. Their parents sat by, scarcely less so, but not daring to interpose a word in their behalf. The rebuke ended, they were dismissed."

There was little popular literature known among a people like this. When Richardson's novels appeared in England their fame soon spread into Germany, where they produced a vast impression, giving birth to the whole brood of morbid sentimental romances which was long the bane of German imaginative authorship.

The relations between masters and servants were naturally as little like as possible to those which now prevail. We must quote a few sentences of Mrs. Austin's remarks on this change, both on account of the rarity of such good sense in writers of the "liberal" school, and for the happiness with which she has expressed one of the characteristic and most pernicious feelings of this present time. The italics are Mrs. Austin's:

"The inquiry into the causes which unite or disunite the various classes of society, always one of the most interesting in the world, has now assumed a fearful importance. On the satisfactory solution of it rests the sole chance of stability to the social fabric. It is evident that the bonds are most relaxed, and yet are felt to be most galling, in the most advanced countries: and that impatience of all restraint and of all superiority, so far from increasing in the ratio of the severity of the restraint or the degree of the superiority, is precisely inverted. The sentiment of *belonging to another human being*, in any sense, or from any cause, seems to be becoming more and more intolerable, and personal independence to be esteemed the most indispensable of all possessions. This sentiment lies at the root of a vast proportion of modern literature. Whether it be in favour of human happiness or not, is a great and weighty question."

Returning to Dantzic and Madame Schopenhauer, we find many pretty pictures of a little world, whose enjoyments would be pains to a generation nurtured like ours:

"The main streets of Danzig," she says, "are much wider than those in any other old town. Two or even three carriages might

* Grandfather's chair,—Easy-chairs were unknown. The only sort of arm-chair was called *Grossvaterstuhl*, and was exclusively reserved for the dignity and the feebleness of age. Even now this name is commonly applied to easy-chairs, which are lamentably rare in Germany.

pass abreast between the houses, and yet leave room for a commodious footpath ; yet the actual room for passage is so small, that the most experienced coachman can hardly avoid collision, and the foot-passengers have enough to do to escape with whole limbs. The flights of steps before all the houses, of which those in Hamburg or Lubeck are but the shadow of a shade, are the cause of this strange appearance. I know not how to convey an idea of these singular *propylææ*, which give to the northern city something of a southern character, and in which, during my childhood, a great part of the household business was carried on, with an openness incredible now, almost as publicly as in the street. They are not balconies ; I might almost call them spacious terraces, paved with large stones, and extending along the front of the house, with broad easy steps to the street, from which they are separated by a stone parapet. These terraces are divided from each other by a wall four or five feet high. The most capricious of all rulers, fashion, has taken so many despised things under her protection, under the name of *rococo*,—may it please her to watch over the Danzig steps ! She will hardly find a more *grandiose* piece of *rococo*. And what an incomparable play-place ! So safe, so convenient ! close under the eye of the sewing or knitting mother, yet secure from scoldings for making a noise."

Some of Madame Schopenhauer's most curious information is that which refers to the Lutheran ecclesiastics of her native city. A favourable though singular specimen of the class officiated for some time as her tutor, and a remarkable spirit of amiable toleration seems to have pervaded her early home.

In the following extract, not the least novel feature (to us at least, to whom the notion of paying for going to confession is sufficiently amusing) is the history of the penitential proceedings of the Schopenhauer family. We fancy both the rigour of academic discipline and the fees for absolution have disappeared together from Germany, now that it has substituted the speculations of Strauss for the dogmatism of Luther :

"The dress of the candidates for holy orders was entirely black, with the exception of the bands which marked their calling. A *calotte* of black velvet about the size of a dollar, on the crown of a curled and powdered periwig, also a badge of sanctity, and a narrow cloak, half covering the back and reaching to the ground, which the wearer was bound to gather up in graceful folds when he walked along the streets,—such was the dress enjoined by the dreaded head of our church, the very reverend Dr. Heller. These young divines must have trusted to the inward glow of faith for a defence against the cold, which often reached twenty degrees of Réaumur ; for great coat or fur-mantle were not to be thought of. Woe to the unhappy candidate who was caught beyond the bounds of his own four walls, in any other habit than the one prescribed ! All hope of a living was lost to him for ever ; for Dr. Heller regarded such an

offence as equal to the most abominable heresy. Not only the candidates but the officiating preachers, and even their wives and daughters, were forbidden to go to plays, concerts, or any other public amusements. The utmost they dared venture on was a modest game of ombre, and that only among friends, and under the strictest seal of secrecy.

"We have already spoken of the intolerable yoke of a burgher aristocracy—of the *hauteur*, far exceeding that of kings and princes, which rendered the downfall of the patricians of Nürnberg a triumph to their subject fellow-citizens. There, indeed, the constitution of the city was oligarchical; but it is curious to see how the same temper manifested itself in a city where perfect equality was assumed as the basis of society; and how pride, civility, and worldliness went hand in hand with pharisaical rigour.

"‘This aristocratical spirit,’ says Madame Schopenhäuer, ‘bordered on the ludicrous. At every public, and especially at every religious ceremony, at marriages and christenings, and even at the Holy Supper, before God’s altar, it broke forth in a flagrant manner, and gave occasion to the most disgraceful scenes, especially among women.

"‘On no account could I have been confirmed in public with the other children of the town—this was esteemed proper only for the lower *bourgeoisie*; nor could the minister be invited to perform the ceremony in my father’s house, in the presence of my family and intimate friends. This was the practice in the Reformed (*i.e.* Calvinistic) Church, and in our Lutheran city we strove to keep our Lutheran usages unaltered. So willed the still dark spirit of that time; there was not the least conception of the light which has since broken in upon us, and cleared and tranquillised all minds.

"‘Among other remains of former days which were obstinately adhered to, I may mention the custom of private confession, which was very like that of the Catholic Church. Nobody who had not confessed could be admitted to the Lord’s Supper. The fees derived from this source formed a considerable part of the income of favourite preachers; for every one was at liberty to choose his confessor, without reference to the parish he inhabited. This was not much calculated to promote brotherly love among the clergy.

"‘With lively emotions of piety I followed my parents on Whit-Sunday into the *Graumünchen* church, which was decorated, according to custom, with flowers and fresh May. I was led by my mother, who was equally moved, through the church to the confession-room, commonly called the Comfort-room (*Trostkammer*). A crowd of people of the lower classes were waiting before the door. Many, it was evident, had waited longer than they could well afford, till as many as could find room could be admitted; when they were confessed, admonished, and absolved in a mass, and paid the indispensable confession-fee (*Beichtgroschen*). On our arrival, however, they were doomed to a new disappointment: they were sent back, and only we three admitted. Our spiritual guide sat enthroned in

a comfortable easy-chair in full canonicals. Kneeling before him, we made our confession. My father had condensed his into a few brief expressive words; my mother had chosen a verse of a spiritual song; and I, a very short one out of Gellert's Odes. The whole was despatched in a few minutes; we then seated ourselves opposite to his reverence, heard an admonition, and were absolved. After a little conversation about wind and weather, the last news, and, above all, polite inquiries about our health respectively, which my father, out of pity for the poor people waiting, cut short, we returned.'

"Revolted by the indecent precedence given to wealth and station, wearied by the admonition, and somewhat scandalised by the sight of a bottle of wine and glass in the room devoted to ghostly comfort, a lasting shock was given to our heroine's piety 'by the appearance of the ducats which her father secretly, but not unseen, slipped on the table near the reverend divine, and the sidelong glance with which the latter ascertained whether the usual number had received an addition of one, in consequence of her presence, together with the unctuous smile with which he nodded his thanks to her parents.'"

In the midst of this Protestantism there lingered relics of the old faith, not only tolerated, but evidently retaining some vestiges of its ancient hold on the veneration and affections of the people:

"In spite of the rigid Lutheranism of Danzig, liberty of conscience was complete. The Roman Catholic religion was not only tolerated, but the monastic orders lived as unmolested in their convents as in a Catholic country. There was also an ecclesiastic of that Church, whose presence and functions in a Protestant city presented a singular and unexplained anomaly. He bore the title of the Pope's Official, and was in fact a sort of Nuncio. Not only were Protestants who married within the forbidden degrees obliged to get a dispensation from Rome, but the official had the power of performing the ceremony of marriage for Catholics or Protestants, without the consent of parents—without license or witnesses—in a little chapel attached to his house; and a marriage so contracted was as valid as any other. This strange privilege remained unimpaired down to the time of the occupation of Danzig. The official lived in the greatest retirement, and was hardly ever seen. Madame Schopenhauer says she never knew any body who was acquainted with him, and that a sort of mystery hung over his whole existence.

"The following scene is picturesque and touching:—

"Every Christmas-day, three of the Brothers of the Order of Mercy, in the black garb of their order, bowing humbly, entered the dining-room, just as we were assembled for dinner. They brought a quaintly-formed silver plate, on which were a few coloured wafers stamped with a crucifix; and a box filled with snuff, which they prepared from herbs in their convent, and sold for the benefit of the poor.

"My father rose from table, and advanced a few steps to meet them. We children each received a wafer; he took a pinch of

snuff out of the box, and laid some money on the plate; the monks bowed again and retired, as they had entered, in silence.

“ ‘The whole transaction, during which not a word was spoken, made, probably for that reason, a solemn and at the same time melancholy impression upon me. I was almost ready to cry. I knew that these venerable men lived lives of the greatest privation, received into their convent the sick of whatever faith, even Jews, and carefully nursed them. Adam, who was himself a Catholic, and had been cured by the good fathers in a severe illness, always told us about them after their visit.’ ”

The Christmas tree, now growing so common in England, of course held a prominent place in the household pleasures of those simpler days. Mrs. Austin quotes an account of the calm course of domestic life of a quiet German city, from another of the autobiographical writers on whose narrations she has founded her book. No doubt such pictures as these must be accepted with a certain degree of modification. There were other sides to the picture, less pure and less respectable. Old age, also, so invariably forgets the discomforts and evils of the days when the world was opening in all its imagined beauty upon the young heart, that we can never accept its histories without remembering that it does not tell the *whole* truth; because youth never *knows* the whole truth, and therefore cannot record it when it has itself grown into old age:

“The life of the middle classes,” says Jacob, “was then very simple. My father’s income was precarious, and we grew up under restraints which would now appear melancholy and oppressive to children of our class. But the amusements to which the children of the present day are accustomed, were unknown to those of a former; and they missed not what they did not know. Spacious buildings, which kept asunder the members of a family, were rare; and those who had them used them only on rare occasions. Parents and children were generally together in one room; the children worked and played under the eyes of their parents, and a great part of education consisted in this companionship. Filial obedience, the source and foundation of all domestic and civil virtues, was a matter of course; and parents were the better for the constraint which the presence of their children imposed on their words and actions. The respect which parents (with few exceptions) inspired, spared them much admonition, teaching, and preaching;—the cheap but feeble substitutes for practical education. So, at least, was it in our house. Company was hardly thought of; at the utmost, families assembled after afternoon service on Sundays; the women to discuss the sermon, the men to talk of business or news, or, if they had nothing to say, to play backgammon. Family festivals were rare. On New-year’s day and birth-days, relations wished each other joy: the boys generally in a Latin or German speech, got by heart. Presents were

not thought of. Those for children were reserved for Christmas Eve, when the tree, with its sweetmeats and angels and wax-lights, gave an appearance of festal splendour to things which were in fact mere necessities. Bethlehem, with its manger and crib, was indispensable; and this sacred spot was surrounded with a blooming landscape, gardens, and ponds, which my father had for weeks employed his evening hours in decorating with his own hands. He thought his labour richly rewarded on the long-expected evening, by our delight and admiration. The narrative of St. Luke, which it had not at that time occurred to any body to regard as a myth, was always read. The joyous recollection of this pious festival caused me and my brothers to retain the same custom with our children. With this exception, our winter pleasures were confined to a not very spacious court-yard, exchanged in summer for a little garden within the walls, which my father hired. We took no walks. Only once a year, when the harvest was ripe, our parents took us out to spend an evening in the fields."

Mrs. Austin's remarks on these quiet times need no qualification. Every body who has had to do with children knows their truth, though few are wise enough to draw from them the conclusion, that excess of novelty and variety destroys rather than heightens the enjoyments of the young. It is when the heart and head are *blasé*, that this endless change is craved. May God preserve the generation of children now under our teaching from the misery that must result from an excess of stimulants of any kind!

"In all Madame Pichler's personages of the middle class, we find the contentment, with the uniform and inflexible recurrence of the same amusements, which characterises children. Children in a natural state prefer an old book, a story which they have heard a hundred times, to any thing unaccustomed. The narrator who thinks to please them by various readings and new *floriture*, finds himself completely mistaken. At the smallest departure from the authentic version, he is called to order, and brought back to the established form of the history, every deviation from which is a disappointment. So it was with the amusements of our ancestors. Each holiday had its appropriate and *obligé* diversion, its peculiar dish or confection, its fixed form of salutation. To alter these was to invert the order of nature. Surprises were unwelcome: people liked to know exactly what was coming,—what they had to see, to feel, to say, and even to eat."

Before parting with Madame Schopenhauer we must quote one more passage, as an illustration of the extravagances of pride too common among the republican people of the free cities of Germany; a pride which might have become a respectable and genuine patriotism, had it not been as intensely aristocratic and contemptuous towards all who were below the ruling class

as if it were lodged in a royal or imperial bosom. In "free" Dantzic, the most wealthy and respectable of the artisan class could not give a wedding-feast without the presence of a municipal officer in full dress, with a sword by his side, to count the guests and see that they did not exceed the number prescribed by the laws of the city, and to ascertain that the bride wore no forbidden ornaments, such as real pearls. Before Madame Schopenhauer was married, Dantzic had fallen into the hands of Frederick of Prussia, and soon after their marriage her husband went to Berlin and requested an interview with the Prussian king:

"It was immediately granted, and Frederic, struck by his frank, upright character, and his knowledge of commercial affairs, pressed him to settle in his dominions, and offered him every possible privilege and protection. M. Schopenhauer was beginning to feel the resistless influence which Frederic exercised on all around him, when the king, pointing to a heap of papers in the corner, said *Voilà les calamités de la ville de Danzig*. These few words broke the spell for ever; and though Frederic afterwards repeated his offers, the sturdy patriot never would accept the smallest obligation from him. At length, seeing that all hope of the deliverance of his native city from a foreign yoke was at an end, he determined to quit it for ever, and to seek a freer home. In this determination his young wife fully concurred, and they set out on a tour of observation through the Netherlands, France, and England. The free citizen was well matched. They stopped a short time at Pyrmont,—then, except Carlsbad, the only one of those German baths whose names have become legion;—and here the republican bride, together with a sister Hanseate from Hamburg, had a glorious opportunity of showing their disdain of courts and sovereigns. The then reigning Duchess of Brunswick very good-naturedly asked to have these young ladies presented to her. They professed their ignorance of court etiquette, but were told they had only to make an inclination, as if to kiss the hand or the garment of the Duchess. This was too much. 'We, free-born women, subject of no prince, kiss the hand of another woman, neither our mother nor our grandmother? The very thought made my republican blood boil, and, supported by my Hamburg friend, I declined the proffered honour.'"

From the free towns and domestic life of German citizens Mrs. Austin takes us to the German courts of the latter portion of the last century, when the holy Roman empire was on the verge of dissolution, through the decay of its system and the impetuous onslaught of French ideas and French conquerors. As her story advances nearer to our own times, she enters more fully into the influence of public events upon private life, and illustrates the miseries that war brings, not only in its train, but to all who are remotely influenced by it.

Some of her anecdotes are striking proofs of the ruin which official stupidity and conceited pedantry bring upon a people who are living solely upon the past, when they come into conflict with such a race as the revolutionary armies of France. She has many stories which show the wretched incapacity which prevailed among the nobles of Germany, and account for the prostration of the national power before the arms of Napoleon. There is nothing of this kind in the following sketch of a Servian noble; but we may gather from it the small progress in civilisation of no inconsiderable portion of the subjects of Austria :

“ ‘ At four in the morning,’ says the Ritter von Lang, from whom Mrs. Austin quotes, ‘ the old lord called up his lieges with a speaking-trumpet:—*Domine Pater! surgas! Domine Provisor! Domine Cancellista Frumentarie! surgas!* He did not desist till he saw through the windows the glimmering of their newly-lighted candles, or till he was greeted in return by the morning salutation—*Salve, Domine perillustris!* In half an hour they were all assembled round him to receive their orders for the day.

“ ‘ The castle stood in the midst of a swamp, where nothing vegetable was to be found but rushes and Indian corn; and nothing animal, but herds of swine and wolves. To keep off the latter, every evening as soon as it was dark a great fire was lighted in the castle-court, by which five-and-twenty Pandours kept watch all night. As a precaution against bands of robbers from the Turkish frontier, all the doors were strongly barred, and arms loaded every night.

“ ‘ The Slavonian peasant seemed to me little better than half swine, half wolf. He works little, and drinks and sleeps away most of his time. When he has nothing in the house to eat, he goes to the swamp, catches a pig, kills it, and roasts it whole. Every one who enters the house cuts off what he likes, and this goes on till it is quite putrid.’

“ At length our author quitted these barbarous regions, in company with several other travellers. ‘ We were,’ said he, ‘ all crowded into a carriage together, the *Dominus spectabilis*, the *Domini perillustris*, myself—*Dominus clarissimus*,—and several *Domini humanissimi*. Arrived at the place where they were to stop, the drivers and Pandours who escorted us dragged all the luggage out of the carriage, kissed our coats, knelt down to ask us for a trinkgeld, and, as soon as they had got it, set off back again.’

“ This was the state of things in 1790. In 1842 we happened to travel with a Mecklenburger who had lived some years in Agram, the capital of Croatia, and was returning to Mecklenburg with his Hungarian wife. We lament to say, that his description of the peasantry of that country was little more consolatory than this. He said it was no uncommon thing to see a peasant bring his whole crop into the town, sell it, take the money to a public-house, and

never move from the spot till he had drunk out the whole produce of his harvest."

In the archives belonging to the Hardenberg family, the same Ritter von Lang discovered a document containing the rules established for the conduct of the Petty Court of Hardenberg about a hundred years before, which showed what were the notions of the feudal lords of the seventeenth century on the noble science of government. It is worth quoting as it stands :

"The 'Rules for House and Court,' according to which his Excellency the Lord Statthalter commands his people to conduct themselves, given the 10th March, 1666, begin by declaring to his servants that they are all rude, unpolished, stupid, and inattentive fellows ; to whom he is now, with fatherly care, going to give the following rules for the government of their lives and manners ; at the same time telling them that he shall take care to make them remember any departure therefrom. Thus, for example, he who can give no account of the sermon shall eat his dinner like a dog, lying on the ground ; whoever swears, shall kneel for an hour on the sharp edge of a plank. Whoever neglects to take the Lord's Supper when it is notified to him, shall ride upon an ass loaded with heavy weights, or receive a flogging, as circumstances may be.

"Domestic thieves are promised the gallows. Whoever peeps into a letter, even if it lies open, shall have the bastinado three days running, and be sent out of the house as infamous.

"Before the Statthalter rises, the clothes must be brushed clean, and laid in good order on the table ; shoes and boots cleaned, and set under the bench ; fresh water and a towel must be in readiness. His Excellency must be most delicately (*subtilstermassen*) dressed, and what he lays aside be carefully put by.

"The meals are to be served in good order, without spilling, and the dishes to be taken away with a bow. If any one nibbles at things, and puts his fingers or his mouth into the dishes, he shall be made to eat scalding food to cure him of his greediness. Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a reverence, and to say grace with a clear and audible voice. He who stutters or hesitates shall receive six fillips on the nose (*spanische Nasenstüber*). If any man waits at table with dirty hands, he shall do as if he were washing them, while one pours water over them, and another dries them with two sharp rods till they bleed. In like manner, he who waits uncombed, shall be well curried in the stable with the curry-comb.

"The tablecloth is to be spread at one cast ; every plate to have a napkin, and the salt-cellars to be filled with clean salt. At the proper time candles are to be brought, and to be constantly snuffed, every time beginning at the place where the highest guest sits. Lastly, the tablecloth is to be removed in a mannerly way

(*manierlich*) ; and the servants are to retire with a reverence, under pain of six fillips on the nose.

"Whoever *mizes in the conversation*, or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired ; whoever laughs loud, shall have four raps over the fingers. Whoever fills a glass too full, *and then sups it out with his own mouth*, shall have twenty lashes with a whip. He who hands a dirty glass, may have his choice between four boxes on the ear or six fillips on the nose. After dinner a basin of water and a clean towel is to be handed (with a bow) to every guest.

"As it is a scandalous and insufferable thing for servants to be long at meals, those who are more than a quarter of an hour at dinner shall have it taken away from them. He who will not eat what is set before him shall fast twenty-four hours. If the Statthalter orders a servant to do any thing, and he neglects it, and bids another to do it instead, he shall receive four boxes on the ear from him whom he so ordered ; who, in return, shall have six.

"If any man walks in dirty or torn clothes, he shall run the gauntlet. If two go to blows, they shall fight out their quarrel with staves, in the presence of the house-steward ; and he who spares the other shall have a flogging.

"If any one goes out without leave, or murmurs against his lord, he may expect to be flogged, put in chains, or tied to a post, according to circumstances."

It is curious also to remark the effects of Frederick the Great's influence on the Prussian army, after his living influence had passed away. It produced an intolerable arrogance, and issued in the indisputed reign of pipe-clay and pig-tails. One old captain wore a pigtail which required seventy or eighty ells of ribbon to tie it up, and trailed on the ground, so that he was obliged to tuck it into his coat-pocket on parade.

At length came the battle of Jena. Certainly the absurdities of real life surpass all caricatures. In the closing sentence of the following extract the very bathos of military martinetship is surely attained :

"As the confused rout came in by the same gate through which they had marched forth, the people gathered in knots, looking on with alarm and still incredulous wonder. 'These are the first fugitives,' I heard people say : 'they are never in order ; have patience, the regular regiment will come soon.' But noon came,—afternoon came,—evening drew on, and the pell-mell had not ceased ; the disorderly mob which *had been an army* still filled the streets. At length came some troops in marching order, as exceptions to the miserable rule ; covered were now the banners which had floated so proudly in the breeze. Most of them marched in silence,—once only the music sounded, loud and clear, like the laughter of despair. It was the trumpeters of a cuirassier regiment ;—their regiment was not behind them,—they were quite alone, and blew the Dessauer march, just as if all were in the best possible order.

They looked well too, and were mounted on high-fed horses. Indeed, generally speaking the men did not look jaded, nor hungry, nor worn; and the contrast between their personal good condition with the general destruction, exhibited in the strongest light the depth of the calamity. In the evening every body knew that a Prussian army no longer existed. A helpless grief sat on men's faces. But even then, the indescribable spirit which characterised that period was not extinguished. I heard a man say to his neighbour, 'That may be as it will; things have gone badly, no doubt, but we have lost with honour; for I heard just now that the Prussians did not once lose the step through the whole battle.'

We conclude with an anecdote, betokening a spirit in the German *people* as unlike as possible to the formal stupidity of their army, as it was in those terrible days:

"After the battle of Austerlitz, the Emperor Francis, a fugitive, mounted on a sorry jade, attended by one aide-de-camp, defeated and almost dethroned, was about to make his inglorious entry into his capital: he was met by the citizens, who had of their own accord dragged out the state carriage, and now seated him in it, and drew him, as if in triumph, to his palace. 'Why, what would you have done if your Emperor had been victorious?' asked a stranger. 'Oh! then we should not have needed to do any thing,' was the answer."

Poetry.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN this half-century its course has sped,
And, like the vision of an earlier time,
The Church of God again uplifts her head
In this proud isle, confronting social crime,
Confronting death and hell, all stately, bright, sublime!

Then,—gazing back upon the years that now
Beneath us glide; and tracing how uprose
The fair-proportion'd citadel, and how
Grew in its strength of terrible repose,
Accessible to friends, impervious to foes;—

History will tell, and men amaz'd will see
Amid what vast amount of tears and pain,—
Amid what martyrdoms of misery,—
Of torn affections—friendship's ruptur'd chain—
Homes wasted—life upturn'd,—and hopes indulged in vain—

Were its high bulwarks rear'd. Ah! Jesu, say
What mystery is this, that evermore
Pure Faith should scatter thorns upon her way
Instead of roses, now as heretofore?
No wonder that the world should her approach deplore.

But we, of all things taught an estimate,
 Suspect in this some great necessity,
 Lest the soul faint hereafter with the weight
 Of that immeasurable felicity,
 Predestinated theirs who suffer here for Thee.

E. C.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

What every Christian must know (Richardson and Son), by the Rev. J. Furniss, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, is a little penny book, which we imagine will be a real boon to those of our clergy whose labours lie among the poorest and least educated of the community. It has been compiled with a view to real use by one who has had long missionary experience; and we have reason to know that it has also received a careful theological scrutiny before it was published. The short catechism at the beginning contains the *essential truths* only, and in the *simplest form*. There is in England, and still more in Ireland, an immense mass of poor children who do not go to school, but who from their earliest infancy beg or work. For children of this description the ordinary catechisms are almost useless; they are too long to be learnt by heart, and the essential truths are necessarily so separated from one another that an illiterate child could scarcely distinguish them. Then again, we do not know of any other short and cheap, yet complete popular exposition of moral duties and sins in the English language; yet such a work is greatly needed by our poor, amongst a considerable proportion of whom may be found a frightful ignorance of moral duties, not to say an utter confusion of conscience. In the present work, the part which is headed the "Ten Commandments and Duties of particular States" is intended to meet this difficulty; it is the substance or condensation of the morality and religious principles of St. Alphonsus. In some matters it has been necessary to speak very distinctly, because the author and his fellow-missionaries have found from experience that indirect expressions, which are perfectly intelligible to educated persons, are unintelligible to the poor. Lastly, the "Rule of Life" contains such asceticism as is practicable for the poor and for children. In a word, the work has been drawn as much from missionary experience as from theology; and as it is especially intended for the use of children, the style of language with which they are familiar has been adopted. We think the work is calculated to be extremely useful, and highly recommend it to the attention of our clerical readers.

We hail with extreme satisfaction every attempt on the part of our Protestant fellow-countrymen to become acquainted with the doctrines of our holy religion as they really are; and we have great pleasure, therefore, in mentioning here two works by the Rev. P. A. Buckley, viz. *The Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*, and *The Catechism of the Council of Trent* (London, G. Routledge). They have been before the world for a considerable time, having been published at the time of the "papal-aggression" excitement; though they have only just now reached our hands. The author deserves great credit for having at such a time undertaken to show (to use his own words) "what Ro-

man Catholicism really is, according to its own best-accredited testimony;" and he has fulfilled his task with singular faithfulness and ability. His admirable translation of the Catechism will probably command an extensive sale among Catholics. In his translation of the Canons and Decrees he had been anticipated by the Rev. J. Waterworth, whose elegant and accurate rendering of the original left nothing to desire. Indeed, we gather from the preface that Mr. Buckley would scarcely have undertaken another translation, but for his desire to publish it at a lower price, so as to secure a more extensive circulation; and with this view he has published the Canons, &c. separately from his *History of the Council*, whilst Mr. Waterworth has combined the two in a single volume. Mr. Buckley tells us that he puts forth these volumes in the humble hope that "a spirit of fair and temperate inquiry may be aroused in the professors of Protestantism;" a hope in which he has our warmest sympathies, and of which, if it shall be realised, we can confidently anticipate the results,—*not* exactly those which Mr. B. looks for, to wit, that "the firmness of the Protestants in their resistance to Rome will be increased."

We never had any respect for Mr. William Palmer, the well-known author of "A Treatise on the Church," "Letters to Dr. Wiseman," &c. &c.; and of late years his retirement to a wealthy benefice in a western county has caused us to lose sight of him altogether. A lecture, however, delivered some months since at Chideock by the Rev. R. G. Macmullen, but only now published (Palmer v. Palmer. *A Specimen of High-Low-Law-Church Theological Consistency*. Bridport, J. Prince), once more brings him before us: and from it we learn that he has been making most rapid progress, both in heresy and in that self-degrading style of controversy of which his letters to Dr. Wiseman furnished a sufficiently disgraceful specimen. As on the title-page of that pamphlet he described it as "A Letter to N. Wiseman, D.D., calling himself *Bishop of Melipotamus*," so in one of his most recent productions he talks of "two tracts written by *persons of the names of Crawley and Thynne*," meaning thereby two gentlemen in every way his equals, to say the least of them, who had been Protestant clergymen like himself, and now are Catholics,—the Rev. Mr. Crawley, of Leeds, and the Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, Canon of Canterbury, &c. In like manner, he begins a so-called answer to this very lecture of the Rev. R. G. Macmullen with these words: "A tract having been *privately circulated* amongst the *Romanists* of Chideock," the fact being that the book was published and sold in the booksellers' shops of the neighbouring town; and presently he continues, "I will leave you to judge whether *this Macmullen* can be trusted in a nunnery. He is an apostate minister." So much for Mr. Palmer as a gentleman; as a theologian, we observe that he confesses, "I have no hesitation in stating, that I am (thank God) a stronger and more consistent Protestant now than I was twenty years ago;" and the disgusting hand-bills and placards of which he has been so prolific in the course of this controversy with Mr. Macmullen furnish an amply commentary upon this text. It certainly should be an instructive warning to "High-Church Anglicans" to see that the religious opinions of one of their former champions—the author of "A Treatise on the Church," "A History of the Church," &c.—do not now rise above the lowest level of an *habitué* of Exeter Hall.

The Holy Mountain of La Salette, by a Pilgrim of the year 1854 (Richardson and Son). The history of the apparition of our Blessed Lady on La Salette has from the first attracted a degree of attention in

this country not usually conceded to stories of the supernatural belonging to foreign parts; and we shall be much surprised if the present publication does not give a new and very considerable impetus both to the devotion of the faithful and curiosity of Protestants, relatively to that wonderful and most interesting narrative. We believe it is no breach of confidence to say, that it is generally understood to be from the pen of one of the most distinguished members of our hierarchy, who is known to have recently returned from a visit to France; and this alone gives it a high degree of value, independently of its own intrinsic merits. For Catholic Bishops are not given to publishing works of this kind, critically examining the evidence that can be adduced in behalf of miracles that have happened beyond the limits of their own jurisdiction; and it is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with La Salette, that it should have occupied the pen of at least three prelates, besides that of its own diocesan,—the Bishop of La Rochelle, the Bishop of Orleans, and now the Bishop of Birmingham. The English work is far more complete than either of the French *brochures* to which we have referred; indeed it is, as far as we know, the most complete that has yet appeared, either in our own or in any other language. It has one considerable advantage, even over M. Rousselot's invaluable volume; namely, that it brings together and arranges under distinct heads all the accumulated evidence of the last eight years, which M. Rousselot, from the necessity of the case, could only give us piecemeal, as they were successively brought to light during the intervals which elapsed between his several publications. In a word, Dr. Ullathorne's work may be said to be a compendium of all that has preceded it upon the same subject, and leaves nothing to desire. The arrangement of the contents is peculiarly clear and methodical, a separate chapter being devoted to each branch of the history—the Examinations of the Children, the Prophecy, the Secrets, the Miracles, the Curé of Ars, &c.—thereby enabling the reader to turn at once to that particular point upon which he specially desires information; and we may add, that we have found something that was new to us in almost every chapter.

A short History of Religion from the Creation of the World to the present time, with Questions for Examination, translated from the German, with additions, edited by the Rev. T. T. Fergusson, D.D. (Burns and Lambert), is a publication which will doubtless be found very useful for those engaged in the work of education. The information which it contains is so extremely condensed (the whole work not containing more than 80 pages) that a mere general outline is given, whose details we presume the teacher is intended to supply. It scarcely appears to us to be sufficiently attractive for the use of children without some such addition; as a guide to the teacher, it is very clear, precise, and serviceable.

We have so recently entered at some length into an examination of Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce's *Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist*, that in announcing *Sermons on the Holy Communion* (London, J. and C. Mozley; J. H. Parker), by the same author, we need only say that the volume consists of some fifteen discourses intended to illustrate and enforce the same doctrine from a practical and devotional rather than a dogmatic point of view. To these are appended the charge which he has recently delivered to the clergy of his archdeaconry in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and in this he expresses an opinion in favour of the abolition of Church-rates, quotes the "*Summa Theologie*" of Aquinas (part iii. 74, 1; and 76, 2); and does many other things which Protestant arch-

deacons are not in the habit of doing. The repeated publication of these doctrines, by one holding so distinguished a position, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the present condition of the Anglican Establishment. If we could suppose so singular an institution to have any self-consciousness, its surprise must surely be unbounded at these

“*Novos frondes et non sua poma,*”

which it is thus made to bear.

Perdita and Angelina; or, the Lost One found (J. H. Parker, Oxford and London). Under this attractive and poetical title, some lady-theologian has favoured us with a very dry and unattractive “Anglo-Roman dialogue” of controversy. We must not find fault with her for the want of logic which characterises the whole composition, since this is confessed, and an attempt made to account for, if not to justify it, in a short introductory notice; but she does *not* plead guilty to faults which yet are equally patent, and which we will therefore briefly mention, viz. an ignorance of theology and of history, and a want of candour and Christian charity. We did not expect in books of this class to meet with the most ultra-Protestant fictions, about the deep dungeons of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s, and the Pope’s “celebration of this most barbarous holocaust, &c.” The book should have issued from the press of Messrs. Seeley and Burnside, and been stamped with the *imprimatur* of the Religious Tract Society, and then we should not have been beguiled into opening its pages.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Mr. Dolman’s Library of Translations from select Foreign Literature proceeds slowly but surely. They really deserve the name of translations, for they are executed with care and ability. The third volume has just appeared, *Audin’s History of the Life, Writings, and Doctrines of Luther*, translated from the last French edition, by W. B. Turnbull, Esq. (London, Dolman). It is so valuable a work that we propose to make it the subject of a lengthened notice at the earliest opportunity.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852, by Sir A. Alison (Vol. III. Edinburgh, Blackwood). We have great respect for Sir Archibald: he never sacrifices the principles of truth and honour; and though he looks at things from the “stand-point” of a John Bull and a Protestant, he does not conceive it to be his duty to cover his opponents with ridicule or abuse. As an historian he does not rank so high. He is rather an annalist and chronicler than a philosophical writer; but probably the time has not yet come when any thing more than an annalist’s account of the last period of history would be of any value; it would necessarily be theoretical and viewy. The present history is a well-digested compilation of the contemporary accounts of the events it narrates. This third volume is particularly interesting at the present time; it contains accounts of the political and social state of Turkey and of Russia in the present century, of the Greek Revolution, the war of 1829 between Russia and Turkey, the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France, and domestic history of England from 1822 to 1825.

The Church Festivals, or Scenes in many Lands, by Agnes M. Stewart (Richardson and Son), are a series of pleasing little narratives from a well-known pen, intended to illustrate a few of the principal holydays of the Church. To catch the peculiar spirit or temper (so to speak) of each Christian festival, and to embody it in an original tale, is by no means an easy task; so that the connection between the narrative and the festival it is intended to illustrate is often of a somewhat indefinite character. This remark, however, does not apply to "The Monk of Vallombrosa," for "Good Friday," or to one or two others in the present volume.

The principal feature in the new number of the *Dublin Review* (No. LXXII., Richardson and Son), is a long and brilliant article entitled *The Plague of Controversy*, and really treating of the internal history of the Anglican Establishment, both ancient and modern, more especially the twofold and contradictory principles which have been contending within it from the beginning, the difficulties which beset the "giants of the seventeenth century," and the miserable evasions to which the High-Church party are at present reduced.

Songs of the Present (London, Clarke, Beeton, and Co.) will command sympathy by the beautiful temper and spirit which pervades them, more especially by the warm and loving tone in which they treat of the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, even where they shall fail, in a literary point of view, to come up to the critic's standard of excellence. Some of them, however, especially the less ambitious ones, deserve much commendation, considered as mere poems. The half dozen pieces on "Battle Ardours," with which the volume commences, seem to us altogether out of place, and the least genuine portion of the whole. The poet is evidently *at home* in the part which follows; in the "Warning Voices," "Voices of Hope," and "Voices of Cheer," are many very pleasing verses: here he speaks from the deep feelings of his own heart, and in a way, therefore, that is calculated to touch the hearts of others. *These* poems are natural; his war-songs were conventional. We know not who the anonymous author may be; but much as we differ from him in many most important points, we could wish his "warning voices" should gain an access to every class of the community.

Romance of Travel from Brest to the Isle of Bourbon, Brazil, &c., by Dr. Yvan (London, J. Blackwood). Slight sketches of French colonial society, with much scandal. The original may be lively enough, but it is translated by a person who neither knows French nor spells English: *e.g.* an English dissenting preacher is "a minister of St. Evangile" (p. 97); troop is *troup* (p. 244); cauldrons are *chaldrons* (248). Such ignorance, added to insipidity and flatness of style, renders this translation any thing but an agreeable one.

We have here Catholic testimony to add to that of English travellers on the utter demoralisation of the clergy in Brazil, who are "for the most part European priests, who have been expelled their diocese for some misconduct, and who repair hither to be out of the way of control and observation" (p. 80). Dr. Yvan thinks that nothing can be done till ecclesiastical affairs are intrusted to some religious order, and says that all serious people in Brazil with whom he spoke agree with him. His descriptions of tropical manners are rather Mahometan than Christian.

The Old Minor Canon, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. (London, Sampson Low.) Mr. Neale takes it very much to heart that so many

objections should be popularly brought against both the principles and the persons that preside over the Establishment; so he resolves to answer them all together in a small book, which is neither more or less than a novel, every chapter being intended to answer some objection, or to explain away some abuse, which a mistaken public ascribes to that immaculate and suffering body, the clergy of the Establishment. Of course, the ready answer to his answer is, that it is simply fiction; but we have no doubt it was the best he could make. His readers will doubtless be convinced that all pluralists are in the case of his Canon de Burgh, who could not possibly have afforded to keep his two poor rectories, with all the charitable calls they obliged him to answer, unless he had also held a rich canonry; or that all parsonic dishonesties are simply the result of the sacrilege and stinginess of lay-impropriators, and are all amply atoned for at last, because he paints an unfortunate "Mr. Wharton" in such circumstances. His Churchmen are all saints; his schismatics, as he calls the Dissenters, have all become such on low and interested motives; and an Italian lady, the only Catholic in the book, is pious indeed, but disposes of four husbands by slow poison—a virtue that we had thought was rather a specialty of English burial-clubs. Towards the end of the book our author becomes still more controversial, and answers the late Lord King's question: "Where is the prelate—name him—refer to him, if he be existent, who has shown the slightest evidence of *self-denial*?" by quoting two Anglican bishops who have, or had, a real existence; but he is obliged to go far afield before he can find them: having looked all through the provinces of Canterbury and York, Dublin and Armagh, and the Isle of Man, without result, he hits upon two nuggets in Australia and New Zealand, where, no doubt, even bishops are obliged to undergo almost as much rough usage as other diggers. The book is not badly written; but we hate controversial novels, especially when we don't agree with the religion of the writer.

Constantinople of To-day, by Théophile Gautier (London, Bogue). The translator of this lively book says: "Perhaps no writer ever wrote, to whose eye every thing animate and inanimate so promptly resolved itself into colour and form, and was in that view so rapidly and skilfully transferred to paper." Certainly M. Gautier is all pigment; he lays on his colours like a sign-painter, and tries to make every thing as painfully distinct and exaggerated as the artist who painted the mediæval court at the Crystal Palace. Constantinople looks no more natural in the colours of the Boulevards of Paris, than do Gothic ornaments plastered with cobalt and vermilion. There are some good illustrations, copied from photographic pictures, of some of the most remarkable things at Constantinople; these are about the only pages in the book that are not coloured.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters, by Lamartine (2 vols. London, Bentley). The distinguished author conceives that literature has aimed too high. It has sought to conciliate the admiration of the educated and the talented, instead of the love of the masses, who have been left to fatten on the "superficial philosophy, the false heroes, and the impure literature," with which the workshop and cottage are flooded. He therefore gives us, as the last product of his literary life, a work which is intended to popularise history, by removing it from the sphere of the head to that of the heart. "Men are to be influenced by men, not by things; they will not be moved by a chart, or be excited by a chronology." History therefore becomes a series of biographies, in which he recommends principles that no Catholic can hope will become popular.

Nelson, whose last words were about his paramour, is introduced into "a glorious immortality;" Abelard is canonised at the expense of St. Bernard; the Reformation arose "from the abuses introduced by the Medici into the Catholic Church, and opened the way for liberty of thought, while still desirous of remaining faithful to the principal dogma of Christianity." On the whole, the book is the apotheosis of sentiment and emotion at the expense of principle and truth. He that fights for a love is a hero; he that fights for a truth is a bigot. This is quite in conformity with a very common tendency of the present age; but it is entirely repugnant to the spirit of the Catholic Church. It need not be said, that Lamartine is a most interesting and poetical writer; and that those who most differ from his principles, and entertain most suspicion of his historical veracity, must feel the charm of his composition. Still, we think that when poets talk prose, they should not use to the utmost their recognised license to talk nonsense. Lamartine has certainly availed himself of this liberty, which we lament;—take the following specimens: "Printing is the telescope of the soul," "printing has annihilated time," "the press is an intellectual sense;" "it gives birth to poetry, sentiment, morality, religion; or, as we may say, a portion of the human mind." We think this is almost enough *poetry* for a single paragraph.*

Autobiography of an Indian-Army Surgeon, or Leaves turned down from a Journal (London, Bentley). This M.D. is no fool, and writes a very readable volume of personal gossip and adventure in Europe and India, with just enough of the "shop" in it to give it a professional individuality. The book is both sketchy and fragmentary, but the writer knows how to tell his story without circumlocution. We recommend it to our readers.

A Volunteer's Scramble through Scinde, the Punjaub, Hindostan, and the Himalaya Mountains, by Hugo James. (2 vols. London, Thacker and Co.) Though Mr. James was with Major Edwardes at Mooltan, and has therefore some stirring personal recollections to disclose, he spoils all by his utter inability to write. At the same time he delivers himself in an oracular way, quite unconscious that his pretensions to be a sage are somewhat inconsistent with his oblivion of syntax.

Transmutation, or the Lord and the Lout, by N. or M. (London, Chapman and Hall). The son of a peer and the son of a peasant are exchanged at birth by a village *accoucheur*. Under the fatality of organisation and blood, the first, deprived of his position, turns out a vagabond and a murderer; the second does honour to his rank. The moral is, that aristocratic blood is infected with every kind of evil principle, which comes out when the checks of rank are removed; and that peasant blood, with external advantages, is inherently noble, open, generous, frank, handsome, gentlemanly, &c. The book is truly foolish, though the author has some power of writing.

Hide and Seek, by W. W. Collins, author of "Antonia," &c. (3 vols. London, Bentley). An interesting novel, written with true artistic care; the story is a good whole, every subordinate incident fitting into its proper place and helping the plot forward to its completion. The

* Another book which we notice this number (*Hide and Seek*, by Mr. Collins), has the same remarkable misapplication of the word 'sense;' he talks of a deaf and dumb girl having lost two senses. We have heard of a sailor who maintained that *smoking* was one of the five; to this Lamartine adds printing, and Collins talking.

details are filled in with a microscopic accuracy worthy of the brother of a Pre-Raphaelite; indeed, we think that the same fault may be found with them that we should be disposed to attribute to the pictures of the author's brother,—we are inclined to think that the multifarious minutiae of accessories takes away from the effect of the chief figures. The laborious description of the painter's studio, in which there is not a cobweb that escapes registration, is only tolerable because it occurs in the first volume, before the story has got into its full swing: to be interrupted in an exciting adventure by some bore, who holds you with his "skinny hand" or "glittering eye," and makes you enter into the beauties of a Dutch picture of a cauliflower and a mug of beer, is simply disgusting. We do not accuse Mr. Collins of going so far; but his tendency is to this fault: he is so happy in his descriptions, and does them so easily, that it evidently costs a struggle to confine them to those parts of his narrative where the march may be suspended for a time. The story itself is quite unobjectionable; we only wish that he had not made the deaf and dumb sister fall in love with the brother; it adds nothing to the interest of the story, but rather introduces an element of painfulness into the otherwise satisfactory *dénouement*. It is free from a fault very common in modern novels, namely, an intrusive didactic purpose; the author, however, makes no secret of his principles, against which we for our own parts entirely protest. He is a member of the faction that has undertaken the apotheosis of good nature,—noble, honourable, and jolly (we can find no better word) natural impulses, in a word, organisation, at the expense of virtue properly so called, which consists in a struggle against nature. In this school it is part of the virtue of a young man to get drunk and to sow his wild oats recklessly, like the young prince and Poins, of an unfortunate young woman to die, invoking the curse of God upon the man who deceived her, and of her brother to spend his life in seeking vengeance, and only to be turned from it by friendship and good-nature, not by principle. Such a theory does no harm to the human interest of a novel, but at the same time renders its effect ultimately most pernicious upon the morals of the age. The book is dedicated to the Coryphæus of this school, Charles Dickens. As a novel we can recommend it highly.

England and Russia; comprising the Voyages of John Tradescant the Elder, Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor, Nelson, and others, to the White Sea, &c. by Dr. J. Hamel; translated by J. S. Leigh, F.R.G.S. (London, Bentley). This volume contains most minute accounts of the first travellers from the civilised parts of Europe into Russia, with genealogical and family details. It supplies a great mass of new information concerning the early English naturalists mentioned in the title—Tradescant being the real founder of what is now called the Ashmolean Collection, at Oxford. It is remarkable, that in the opening sentence the author (who wrote in 1846) recommends that the year 1853 should be observed as a jubilee, to commemorate the uninterrupted friendship which would then have existed for three centuries between England and Russia. There is not very much of political interest in the book, but what there is naively discloses to our generation much of the aggressive and barbarous policy by which the rulers of Russia were actuated, even at the early period to which this work principally relates. The book is laborious and important, and to a certain class of readers even interesting. It shows a great knowledge of old English documents, and an intelligence in such matters which is very surprising in a Russian.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Histoire du Canada, de son Eglise et de ses Missions depuis la découverte de l'Amérique jusqu'à nos jours, par M. l'Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, Vicaire-Gen. de Boston, &c. (Paris, Sagnier et Bray. 2 vols. 8vo, price 8s.) The author has the advantage of residing on the spot, and of having had it in his power to consult the valuable and hitherto inedited documents preserved among the records of the Archbishop's palace at Quebec. He has produced a history which has merited the eulogium of Mgr. Parisis, the Bishop of Arras. His conclusion is: "The morality and probity of the Canadian are indisputable; his quiet virtue, his hospitality, his politeness—so remarkable even in the lowest classes—are entirely due to his Catholic education. The history of Canada is inseparable from that of its Church." These volumes contain the best abstract we have seen of the Catholic Missions to the American Indian tribes of the north, and are a valuable addition to popular history.

Dieu et les Dieux, ou un Voyageur Chrétien devant les Objets primitifs des Cultes anciens, les Traditions, et la Fable. Monographie des pierres dieux, par le Cheval. R. G. des Mousseaux. (1 vol. 8vo, pp. 588. price 7s. 6d. Paris, Lagny, frères). Though we cannot agree with the conclusions of the learned author, we gladly own that this is a remarkable work, characterised by very deep research, and throwing together a great quantity of facts, the relationship of which to each other has not hitherto (as far as we know) been pointed out. He derives the first idea of the divinity of stones from the custom of the Patriarchs to set up stones in memory of the communications of God;—when this stone was anointed, as by Jacob at Bethel, it became a real image of the Messiah, who calls himself the "corner-stone," who founds his Church on Peter, "a stone," the image of stability and immutability. This idea was caught up by the rest of the world, who were adorers of the stars (Sabæans) or of nature; the former set up as gods all the stones that fell from heaven, as divine stars that had descended into this world,—these were Palladia, called Betylia, or Bethels; the latter worshipped the generative powers of nature under the form of the lingam or phallus. The sacred tree was the tent or temple which overshadowed these divine stones. Thus our author derives all the image-worship of Paganism from the inspired practice of Abraham and Jacob, whose history he traces as Chronos, Saturn, and Siva, in Greek, Roman, and Indian history. This fanciful speculation we consider to be utterly unfounded, of no value whatever, and utterly inconsistent with the fact, that several of the instances which he quotes from Egyptian mythology can be proved to be of more ancient origin than the time of Abraham. The great number of instances he has collected are, however, highly valuable to the student of mythology, and to the inquirer into the ancient magical philosophy of mankind. In a field so very abundant as this, it is easy to prove any forgone conclusion by a judicious selection of inductive instances. M. des Mousseaux has only added a fresh theory to those which have emanated from the fanciful brains of our Fabers, Maurices, and Bryants, who have identified the great figures in Pagan mythology with Noë, as our present author has with Abraham.

Le Désert et le Soudan; études sur l'Afrique au Nord de l'Equateur, son climat, ses habitants, les mœurs, et la religion de ces derniers, par

M. le Comte d'Escayrac de Sauture, M. Soc. Asiat., Soc. Orient., et de la Commission Centrale de la Société de Géographie (1 vol. gr. 8vo, pp. 628, price 10s. 6d. Paris, J. Dumoine). This is a traveller who does not look for stones and trees, but for men and manners. He has filled a large volume with the most interesting details on the climate and commerce of Africa, on the state of the Mussulman and heathen population, their religious and political systems, their morals, their personal characteristics, their wars, and their character. These pieces of information are presented in admirable order, and are illustrated with maps and plates, which, though they have no artistic merit, are, the author assures us, to be relied on as faithful transcripts of nature. The view he takes of Islamism is more favourable than that of most writers; he considers it to be the only means of introducing the rudiments of civilisation into the interior of Africa. The laws of Christian marriage are alone sufficient to be an unconquerable impediment to the reception of Christianity by a people, one of whose most obstinate practices is that of promiscuous intercourse; and the results of the Christian Missions which he has visited are more negative than positive. This applies both to Catholics and Protestants; which latter, though more numerous, are less active than the former. The volume concludes with chapters on the statistics and the history of the Mussulman and the American slave trades. It is a very important book.

La Franc-maçonnerie dans sa véritable Signification, ou son Organisation, son But, et son Histoire, par E. M. Eckert, avocat à Dresde, traduit par l'Abbé Gyr (2 vols. 8vo, price 8s. Liège, Lardinois). Details on the rituals and catechisms of the order of Freemasons, on its aim, which is pure democracy, the destruction of the Church and of all existing governments, on its organisation and its history. The revelations of the author are astounding, if true; but we cannot help suspecting that he is the victim of the suspicions which a single idea, long brooded over, is sure to generate in the mind. We know nothing of freemasonry, except that it is condemned by the Church; whether merely on general principles, as a secret society binding its members to conceal that which it may be their duty to reveal, or whether as a blasphemous pretence, clothing nothing but frivolities with the garb of a venerable tradition, and with holy names, or as a dangerous conspiracy against religion and government, we know not. The author, however, seems to us to prove too much. Every wickedness is due to the order. He tells us (vol. ii. p. 242), "since Lord Palmerston became secretary of state, the authority of the government has been vested in the hands of the order; for the noble lord had become grand master of all the masons in the world. This I have from a certain source, from the Grand Lodge of Berlin; and an attentive observation suffices to demonstrate its truth." He then goes on to recount the conduct of English authorities in the Revolutions of 1848-49, which he thinks prove his point. We think not; but we know not whether to attribute his book to a mystification of mind or to a reality, which in his mind has become mixed up with other irrelevant matters. We mention the book, as giving a very full account of the remarkable secret society which it purports to describe, and as being, if true, most valuable and curious.

Exposition suivie des quatre Evangiles, par St. Thomas d'Aquin. Traduit par M. l'Abbé Em. Costan (Tom. I. 8vo, pp. 508, price 5s. 6d. Paris, Louis Vivés). This is a French translation of the *Catena Aurea* of St. Thomas, from a text purified and corrected by Father Nicolai, which is also printed at the bottom of each page. We need say nothing

in commendation of this really golden work. For those who read French more easily than Latin, this is a very good edition to possess.

Conférences sur l'Histoire Evangélique, prêchées à Rome par le P. Finetti, S. J. (2 vols. 8vo, price 10s. 6d. Lyon, Pelagaud). F. Finetti was born in 1762, and died in 1842. In 1814, when the Company of Jesus was restored, he was one of the first to enter the novitiate, and from 1819 to his death was one of the most favourite preachers of the order. These "Conferences" form a kind of running paraphrase on the Diatessaron, a Gospel history compiled from the narrative of the four Evangelists, put into modern language, and illustrated with apposite reflections; they are quite models of this kind of lecture, and as such, are highly recommended to priests in a pastoral of the Bishop of Viviers prefixed to these volumes.

La Mère de Dieu, ou le Culte de Marie présenté à l'Esprit et au Cœur, d'après les saints Pères, par M. l'Abbé Turquais. (Paris, Gaume. 1 vol. price 2s.) This is just the kind of book we like; its title well describes its contents, for in it the devotion to Mary is made as acceptable to the intellect as it is to the feelings. The author founds his arguments on the passages of Scripture which are usually applied to the Blessed Virgin, and explains them by quotations from the Fathers and comments of his own. The arrangement is good, and the book seems to us worthy of high praise.

De la Liberté de la Charité en Belgique, par l'Évêque de Bruges. (Bruxelles, H. Goemaere. 1 vol. price 2s. 6d.) An unanswerable argument against the system of the Belgian government, which takes the administration of charitable funds out of the hands of the religious bodies to which they were intrusted, and vests them in a central commission of civilians,—giving rise to endless jobbery and waste, and effectually discouraging the practice of charity on a large scale.

Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Reverend Adam Laing Meason, S.J., Professor of Logic at the Seminary, Stonyhurst, who died suddenly on the morning of Wednesday, July 5th. R. I. P.

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PART IX.

THE

QUEEN'S GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIVERSITY.

THE third of next November will be the commencement of a new era in the history of the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. What our forefathers did for this country in Oxford and Cambridge, is about to be repeated for the advantage of the present generation in Dublin. From those ancient seats of learning we, the children of their founders, have for three centuries been expelled. At Cambridge, indeed, Catholic students have long been admitted, but they have not been permitted to take a degree; and Oxford, under compulsion, is about to grant us the same "favour." For ourselves, however, we most heartily trust that no Catholics will be found to avail themselves of the permission thus accorded. It would be a most pernicious thing for any young Catholic to receive his education at Protestant hands, whether those hands were High-Church, Low-Church, Latitudinarian, Nonconformist, or Infidel. Education can no more be dissevered from religion than matter from its properties of form and colour. We had better remain as we are, exiles from our natural homes, till England ceases to be a kingdom, than barter our faith, our honour, our manliness, our self-respect, our character among our fellow-countrymen, for the questionable advantages of such a teaching as Oxford and Cambridge can give, and that worldly position which the distinctions of those Universities confer on those who share them.

We therefore trust that, notwithstanding the "opening" made for us by acts of the legislature or the English Universities themselves, our gentry and aristocracy will hold themselves aloof from the seducing bait, and will prefer the advantages of Catholic learning and the honours of a Catholic seminary to that fictitious knowledge and that tarnished reputation which are all that Oxford and Cambridge could confer

on us. We do not say that all the knowledge is fictitious, and all the reputation tarnished, which they confer on their *Protestant* sons: far from it. It is for us only that they have nothing to give, without the forfeiture on our part of all that is most honourable in this life and most precious in the next. They cannot be purely Catholic seminaries, therefore let them be purely Protestant. We ask no admission into their walls, no share in their splendid possessions. We are content to visit those venerable halls, to tread those antique cloisters, to wander amidst those shadowy groves and blooming gardens, as strangers, as exiles, as men from whom the present possessors turn away with gloomy frowns and looks askance; ourselves content to learn, not envy, not repining, not uncharitable bigotry, but an emulation of the great men who, centuries before Protestantism was born, reared churches, schools, libraries, and colleges, in the service of that faith which still is ours, while all else is lost. Emulating, therefore, the wisdom and works of our ancestors, and not envying those who have so long enjoyed the fruit of their labours, the Irish episcopate, under the direction of the Pope, have laid the foundation of another Catholic University, which will commence active work on the 3d of next November.

To some of our Protestant fellow-countrymen such an undertaking may seem peculiarly inappropriate and uncalled-for, at the very time when the rigour of Anglican exclusion is being relaxed at Oxford, and a change taking place in popular ideas which must end, sooner or later, in the abolition of all religious tests at the national Universities. They will exclaim with angry amazement at the perversity and waste of money involved in a proceeding which, as they consider it, is now perfectly needless, and which can never issue in the creation of institutions rivalling the old Universities in learning and character. If they do not laugh at the whole affair as a piece of what they call Irish braggadocio, to begin in speechifying and end in smoke, they will in all probability set it down as a fresh device of a priesthood which finds its power slipping from its hands, for checking the wheels of civilisation and retaining the minds of the laity in slavish subservience to its ignorant dictates; or they will treat it as a fresh manifestation of a stupid, blinded, anti-national spirit, which will never adopt the same conduct as other Englishmen, and must needs throw every gift that the nation offers in the face of the munificent giver.

As for the fiery band of zealots who identify Catholicism with every thing that is ungodly, immoral, and un-English, they are puzzled which to fear and hate the most, our en-

trance into Oxford and Cambridge, or the erection of a Catholic University by Catholic hands and paid for by Catholic money. If these prophets are to be believed, we are only waiting for the abolition of tests to rush in hundreds to Oxford, to found Popish colleges with splendid revenues, to take all the highest honours, gain all the prizes, oust the heads of houses from their comfortable posts, and finally by a *coup d'état* to declare Oxford a Popish University, and denounce Queen Victoria from the University pulpit as a heretic, a usurper, and the lawful subject for the assassin's dagger. The only doubt is whether this consummation is to take place during our own lives or those of our children. If any such should venture on the perilous experiment of reading a Popish journal, we trust that their alarm may be a little quieted by our explanation of our reasons why we cannot send our youth to Oxford and Cambridge at all; that is, unless they set down our remarks as so much Jesuitical lying, which can deceive no sound-hearted Protestant for a single moment. At any rate, we should be glad that they should learn that for once we and they are in accord. We shall accomplish a twofold end, if we can calm the fears of *unreasonable* Protestants by the same statements with which we endeavour to convince *reasonable* men that we are neither Quixotic, bigoted, nor perverse, in devoting ourselves to the establishment of a new University at the present juncture.

It will be readily granted, then, by all who hold that Catholicism is to be tolerated in this kingdom, that it is better that Catholics should be an educated rather than an uneducated race. If the professions of liberal Protestants be not the most audacious of mockeries, they are bound to regard with gratification every effort we make to raise the standard of intellectual culture in our own body. According to their own theory, that a progress in enlightenment must issue in the progress of Protestantism, they ought to hail the establishment of a Catholic University for the teaching of every branch of secular learning, as a step of the utmost importance towards the final extinction of our superstitious creed. And setting aside the theological aspect of the subject, it is self-evident that the nation, as a whole, must gain by the increased cultivation and acquirements of so large a portion of its population. On the simplest philanthropic and patriotic grounds, it is desirable that our nobles, our gentry, our middle-classes, and our poor, should be behind no other division of the people in all that refines and elevates the mind and character. It passes all ordinary limits of folly and inconsistency to attack us for being behind the age in knowledge and intelligence,

and then to denounce the most effectual efforts we make to remedy the deficiencies arising from our past sufferings. If men are jealous of our learning, if they are afraid that we shall rival or outstrip them in the intellectual race, if they desire that ignorance shall be the penalty paid for our Catholicism,—let them speak the truth, and avow their shameful wishes. But let us not be first condemned as votaries of ignorance, and then punished for desiring to learn. Treat us on one system or on the other. Either take advantage of the fact that we are the minority, rob us of our rights as citizens, and drive us from our native land; or rise above the silly terrors of prejudice, and assist rather than annoy us when we put forth our energies to assume our fitting positions in the social fabric. Rely on it, you, our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, will be gainers as well as ourselves. The parliamentary, the forensic, the literary, the military glory of the United Kingdom will be none the less for our participation in all the advantages which a flourishing University can bestow. If you cannot share our reputation as Catholics, you can share it as Englishmen and Irishmen. Rest assured, we shall be none the worse citizens or members of private society because we know more Latin and Greek, more German and Italian, more history and political economy, more mathematics and physical science.

Why, then, it is next asked, cannot we be content to gain these advantages from existing seminaries? Why must we needs have a University all to ourselves? Why will we not meet the government and the popular feeling half way, enter Oxford and Cambridge the moment we can, and in the mean time send our sons to the London University and to the Queen's Colleges in Ireland; or at any rate be satisfied with our own colleges in England and the sister country? We shall endeavour to meet the question, as it refers to all these seminaries separately. And first, as to the London University.

This institution is a university only in name. It is no more a place of education than the College of Physicians, or any board of examiners, is a place of education; it is a corporation, with a power of granting certificates of merit. It does not teach, it does not form the mind; except so far as it requires certain books to be read, and examines in certain branches of knowledge. Of course, if we choose, we can call such an institution a "University," or any other name we please, however ridiculously inappropriate and deceptive. But the nature of the institution is not altered by conferring on it a title which belongs to something essentially different. And by a "University," the world means, and we mean, something

essentially distinct from the London establishments. Till recent times, nobody ever dreamt of separating the idea of a University from that of a place where the minds of young men are actually instructed and formed. The degrees conferred by Universities are more the accident than the substance of its nature; the "degree" is simply the certificate of merit granted to the *alumni*. Were there no degrees, the *University* would remain intact in all its vital energy and power. But in the London figment, the degree is every thing; there is no substance, nothing but an accidental resemblance to those institutions which are real Universities. The persons who graduate in London are educated in the various colleges affiliated to the degree-giving centre in the metropolis; and none of these, as we shall presently show, can answer the purpose we have in view in founding a University in Dublin.

Oxford and Cambridge, again, are real Universities, and no doubt their prizes must sooner or later be both of them completely open to all classes of Englishmen and Irishmen. Say what people will, they are regarded by the nation as national property. Whatever they were before the Reformation, when Henry VIII. and Elizabeth protestantised them they nationalised them. The non-Catholic possessors of Oxford and Cambridge have no possible claim to their position, except on the ground that those noble endowments and edifices are the property of the nation, as much as the Bank of England, the Treasury, or the Custom-House. The king and parliament confided them to the administration of Protestant trustees for national purposes, and in no wise abdicated their own claims to direct what those purposes should be. With the gradual abolition of the exclusive Church-of-Englandism of the nation, the national mind has accordingly gradually prepared itself to adapt the Oxford and Cambridge systems to modern ideas. The Establishment being in possession, which we know is equivalent to nine-tenths of the weight of law, and the Church being pecuniarily bound up with the family interests of the aristocracy, both Whig and Tory, the resistance of the Universities to the progress of the new system has necessarily been obstinate, and until now successful. But that successful resistance cannot continue longer. That latitudinarianism in creed which is now spreading through all classes of respectable Anglicanism, united with the increasingly secular tone of Nonconformity and the spread of democratic principles, makes short work of articles and tests, whenever their abolition will answer the purpose of a successful move in the game of politics. It is the destiny of Oxford and Cambridge to reflect the opinions and system of the House of Commons

for the time being ; and the pertinacity with which they may struggle for a time against the spirit of the age will serve only to involve them in a more radical revolution when the hour of their doom is come.

But under no circumstances can Oxford and Cambridge provide a fitting home for the young mind of English and Irish Catholicism. A system of training in which religion only enters as an element of discord, or as an excuse for attacking the very notion of dogmatic truth altogether, can never be otherwise than perilous in the last degree to the youthful Catholic. What *can* be the moral tone, or the religious element, which is to be acquired in a place where every teacher may have his own creed ; where one professor may insinuate that the Christian miracles are myths, and another, that a belief in sacramental grace was the product of mediæval belief in magic ; where one college may be Socinian, another Catholic, another Calvinist, and a fourth Deist ; where youths mix together in the hours of relaxation without one of the restraints which are peculiarly necessary when the head is hot and the passions vehement, and every second companion whom the young Catholic meets may insinuate to him that there is no such thing as *sin*, after all,—the notion of the sinfulness of certain actions being an invention of superstition, which no philosopher can ever countenance.

There can be no more fatal error than to imagine that the influence of a University without one uniform, distinct, and pervading religious creed, can be otherwise than utterly anti-Catholic. As for the direct philosophic and historical instruction conveyed at such a seminary, it must be a caricature and an imposture. Grant what we will as to the intentions of professors and tutors, and define with the most rigid abstract care the difference between secular and religious teaching—between moral discipline and dogmatic proselytism—between the facts of history and the opinions of historians,—*in practice* such distinctions never have existed, and they never can exist. The Church-of-England University must have an Anglican tone ; a “no-religion” University must have an infidel tone ; a Catholic University must have a Catholic tone. And, inasmuch as we believe that Christianity is from God, that every thing but Catholicism is either a denial or a corruption of Christianity, and that our first duty to our children is to make and keep them good Christians,—nothing should tempt us to expose them to the snares which would beset them in Oxford or Cambridge, however “liberal” those hot-beds of exclusiveness may hereafter become.

As to the Queen's or “Godless” Colleges in Ireland, it is

really insulting to our understandings to propose them as substitutes for a University, whether for Irish or English Catholics. It certainly is not a little cool to propose to those who inherit the faith of Alfred, of Bede, of Bacon, of Wykeham, and of Waynflete, to enrol themselves with ardour on the lists of two or three provincial schools, which without the support of a parliamentary grant would fall to the ground to-morrow; which have neither religion, nor antiquity, nor reputation, nor fixed system, nor practical life, nor learning, nor intellectual power, to give them a solitary title to our respect; whose *sole* allurements consist in certain endowments for scholarships and fellowships, founded, not for the encouragement of learning, but for the purpose of bribing ready or foolish parents to commit their sons to those nurseries of mediocrity and latitudinarianism. It is not to such schools as these that we are driven by the contemplation of what we have lost at Oxford and Cambridge by the change of religion; if we seek for a restoration of our old academical glories, it will be under nobler auspices than those of Cork, or Galway, or Belfast. If we are not to have a University in reality as well as in name, we will be content with our present colleges in Great Britain and Ireland, and continue, as before, to struggle uphill against difficulties, and to make the most of the advantages we have hitherto possessed.

These colleges, however, are far from supplying that special want which calls for the creation of a University. They are called "Colleges," according to the continental phrase, and according to the custom which is now becoming more common than formerly in this country; but, to use the more usual English term, they are nothing more than schools, and their whole system and arrangements are fashioned for the purposes which are usually understood as contemplated by a "school." In other words, they are designed for boys, and not for young men. They are conducted on plans which are adapted to the characters and capacities of boys up to the ages of from seventeen to nineteen; though accidentally, and from want of any English Catholic University, young men occasionally remain in these colleges till a later period in life, however much they may have outgrown the habits and regulations of the college where they still linger.

To those who are cognisant of English society and the English mind, the bare statement of this fact is a sufficient proof that English and Irish Catholics are still deprived of one of the *most* important means of education which the young mind requires. Go into the world of literature, politics, or law, and ask those who have attained the highest eminence, whether

their ultimate success has not mainly depended on the training which they went through during the transition period from boyhood to manhood. Taking characters on an average, the years between seventeen and three-and-twenty are the years during which *the man* is marred or made. It is like that season in the growth of a fruit which intervenes between the blossoming and the visible growth to maturity, when the blossom, as the technical term runs, "sets," and the fairest promise of the flower ends either in rapid death, premature decay, or the production of a healthy and perfect fruit. Then it is that frosts, and mildew, and blight, do their fatal work, or the gales of a single night disappoint the cultivator's brightest expectations. Just such is the time when the boy develops into the man; when that awful gift of his Creator, *independence*, begins to assert its privileges; when thought begins to assist observation; when the eye learns a range beyond the circle of the school and the family; when a restless desire to try the faculties and to employ the acquirements germinates vigorously and impels to action; when the occupations of actual life are anticipated as realities; when the dicta of authority are freely questioned; when the intellect learns its own strength, and the passions awake to turn it astray. Then it is that the *power* for good or evil of the vigorously-growing mind is finally determined; then it is that a few years spent either in idle languor, or aimless pursuits, or dissipating amusements, or even in a premature devotion to those duties which require the maturity of a full-grown man, almost infallibly stamp the future life with feebleness, or perverseness, or indolence, or unhealthy excitability, or irremediable exhaustion.

For the young mind at that critical period the "University," with its tempered freedom—its conflict of character—its voice of public opinion—its traditionary customs—its manly exercises (both of intellect and body)—its pervading atmosphere of learning—its venerable associations, especially when added to those charms of architectural, artistic, and natural beauty, which especially become it,—exerts precisely that invigorating, tranquillising, and enlightening influence, which is needed to form the minds of those who are destined in any position to guide and teach their fellow-men. The more rigid rule of a "school"—its narrower routine—its local ideas—its humbler associations—its very memories of seasons which in many instances it is well to forget,—conspire either to cause the *young man* to rebel against its discipline, or to retain him in the position of a child when, in fact, his nature is already emerging into manhood.

That our existing seminaries should supply this need is obviously impossible; and we have no doubt that if the question were put to our Catholic gentry and aristocracy, those who have paid any attention to the subject would be unanimous in alleging that one of the severest grievances we have had to endure is the loss of those places of education which are fitted, not for boys, but for young men. There are those, indeed, who conceive that the discipline under which the young are retained, provided only it is gentle and Christian, cannot be too strict, up to the very period of the final entrance into active life. From this opinion, if it is meant to include young men as well as boys, we venture most emphatically to dissent. We conceive that the plunge from the strictness and *surveillance* of a school into the vortex of the actual world, especially in the case of persons of rank, property, and high social position, is in the last degree perilous, and to be avoided. The transition is so violent, that few can endure it uninjured. The strong too often run wild; the weak are crushed into habitual feebleness; the romantic and imaginative stand aghast at the facts of human life, when they first appear in all their sad reality. The true wisdom we believe to consist in that gradual initiation into the liberty, the responsibility, and the terrible knowledge of life as it is, which a University, and a University alone, can bestow.

There is yet another class of objections raised to the new University, founded on a notion that the establishment of such an institution without the expressed or understood sanction of the government is an inroad on the privileges of parliament or of royalty. No objection is made to our founding schools and colleges for the education of Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen; but there is a something about the idea of a "University" which especially marks it off as subject to the peculiar prerogative of the Queen and her government. The foundation of this Dublin University is conceived to be a fresh "Papal aggression;" a fresh proof of our "divided allegiance;" an utterance of our disloyalty to the crown and constitution of these realms; and being such, as calling for the interposition of the Queen, the Ministry, the House of Commons, or the twelve judges, or whatever other authority may be necessary to put down so audacious an attempt.

Where this idea exists—except in the heads of those headlong persons whose avowed principle it is to crush "Popery" wherever it shows itself—where this idea, we say, exists in the minds of thinking and candid men, it is usually, if not always, connected with some theory or other about the "degrees"

which Universities are in the habit of conferring on their students. A degree, they conceive, is a title; the Queen alone is the "fountain of honour," and without her permission no one is permitted to assume a title; *therefore* the conferring a degree is an undoubted interference with the royal prerogative. We are convinced that some such fallacy as this lies at the root of the whole idea that Universities, as such, are peculiarly under the direction of the government. First of all, it is supposed that the essential character of a University is, that it is an institution for conferring those degrees; and in the second place, a degree is regarded as synonymous with a title, such as that of duke, earl, or baronet. Both suppositions are equally untrue. In every essential quality a University may exist without the granting one single degree; and the mere power of conferring such distinctions, as we have already remarked, may constitute a University *in name*, as any thing may be called by any name; but it never will create the *thing* which we, in common with all mankind, *mean* by a University.

Nor is the degree, when granted, a title, in any sense at all similar to that in which a dukedom or a baronetcy is a title. A degree is a certificate of merit. It is the formal declaration that the person who receives it has passed through a certain course of instruction, and has attained a certain amount of proficiency. The very word itself bespeaks its signification; it testifies to the *degree* of knowledge to which a person has advanced. To call such a certificate a *title*, in any such sense as a peerage is a title, is a blunder. It confers no difference of rank, or new social position, except so far as it is to a man's credit that he has been educated at a distinguished seminary, and the authorities of that seminary have been satisfied with him. If the world thinks highly of that seminary, of course a man is glad to have it known that he was trained under its auspices; and the degree is simply a conventional mode of stating the fact that he was thus trained. To arrogate such a privilege exclusively to the sovereign or the parliament, is equivalent to an assumption that no private man shall set up a school and certify to the merit of his pupils. Would any Protestant tolerate such a tyranny in his own case? Does not the country swarm with societies which of their own free will confer titles of this kind on their members, and which their members and the world in general value precisely according to the estimation in which they hold the cultivation and discrimination of the ruling powers of those associations? Who are all these "fellows," as they term themselves, of this, that, and the other learned body; this society, this institute, this association? Justly or foolishly, it is supposed

that none are admitted to this membership without possessing some species of claim to some sort of knowledge or skill; and accordingly men attach to their names sundry initials, indicating the various societies to which they have been admitted. All this is, in its way, a parallel to the degree of Bachelor or Master of Arts conferred by a professed "University." But no one in his senses calls this an interference with the Queen's prerogative, or imputes disloyalty and a divided allegiance to the eminently respectable personages who delight in these additions to their names. Why, then, are *we* alone to be singled out as trespassing on a forbidden domain, when we set up our learned society, and issue certificates of advancement to those who think fit to place themselves under our teaching?

As to the general character of the influence which the University of Dublin will exert upon the Catholic youth of the United Kingdom, we might fairly have expected that the character and principles of the individual whom its founders have appointed as its first rector, would have been a sufficient guarantee that they had no scheme on hand for setting up a hot-bed of revolutionism and political agitation. If the University was to have served the purpose of inflaming the passions of Ireland against England, why select an Englishman, bred in England and resident in England, and to him commit the task of organising the nascent institution, and of giving it that tone which must determine the character of its future existence? What could party-spirit, exclusive nationalism, or political propagandism, have to do with the appointment of Dr. Newman? That appointment was the most emphatic declaration that can be conceived of the principle that learning has no connection with the personalities of passion or prejudice—that it knows nothing of Celt or Saxon—that it asks from the State no favours, except that it shall be protected as every thing else is protected in the country, and be allowed to go its own way, and to do its own work, unmolested.

As for Dr. Newman's personal character, and his ideas on the world, on society, and on the duties which every individual owes to his fellow-men, they are before us all; and no one can read his numerous writings, and not acknowledge that there is not a person in the three kingdoms against whom it would be more absurd to bring a charge of destructiveness, or a fondness for agitation and disturbance in any shape whatever. At the very outset of Dr. Newman's career, when as yet he was unknown to the world, it was his happiness to see with a clear eye the great truth that order and harmony are the attributes

of all the works of God, and to regard a reverence for constituted authorities, of whatever kind, so that they be lawful and not usurping, as one of the first duties of every man who would do his duty *as an independent individual*. No controversialist has ever done ampler justice to his adversaries, or comprehended and stated their opinions with more perfect truth and fairness. No writer has more consistently acted on the principle, that men are to be influenced through what is good in them, and by appealing to them as they profess themselves to be, and not by personal attacks and imputations, which those attacked would hasten to disown. And, so far as we may touch upon matters referring to private life, we believe it would be impossible to name any person, of whatever station, who has in practice, and in the most difficult of circumstances, more consistently acted upon his professions, and personally made every submission which authority could possibly require of him, without grudging, without ostentation, and without reserve. Obedience to authority, spiritual or secular, elevated or humble, has been a doctrine which he has uniformly taught, and which he has as uniformly practised. That such a man should be ready to convert a University into a focus of disloyalty and discontent, is simply impossible. The very same principles which first led him to aid in establishing the *Tracts for the Times*, which from time to time led him to sacrifice his own plans and wishes to the superiors to whom he then paid allegiance, and which finally aided in leading him into the Catholic Church, where alone those principles are fully carried out, are, in our humble judgment, the surest guarantee of the peaceable character of that wisdom which he brings to his new task, as they were the clearest indication of his fitness for it in the judgment of those who chose him for the honourable and difficult post which he now fills.

Not that, under Dr. Newman's auspices, the new University of Dublin may be expected to walk in the steps of the old University of Paris, and propagate Gallicanism, in place of a pure and thorough devotion to the Holy See. Those who hope to see it become a nursery of Catholic gentlemen, whose main object it will be to reduce the power of the Pope to the lowest practicable limits, and to control the action of the Catholic Church in these kingdoms by intrigue and worldly influence, and who will think it a nobler thing to be an Englishman or an Irishman than simply a Catholic, will, we are convinced, be grievously disappointed. The spirit which has placed Dr. Newman in his rectorship is no more disposed to set up imagined rights of any national section of

the Church against the living supremacy of Rome, than to foster dissensions among Englishmen and Irishmen, or to inculcate a taste for insubordination against lawful authority of any kind. It will produce a generation who will neither be the tools nor the enemies of the secular power, whether that power is Catholic or Protestant.

We consider, then, that our infant University is entitled to every amount of protection and deference which the laws of the land and the customs of society insure to every private person and every learned institution in the kingdom. It asks for nothing more. It asks no favours, no gifts, no honours; but simply peace. The progress of modern civilisation has brought about an era of general order and tranquillity, in which learning has no need of those mighty protectors who in stormier days threw their shields over its chief abodes. We require only our rightful share in this, one of the best blessings of our age. We say nothing of ancient wrongs, and more recent injuries. We beg for none of those magnificent possessions which once were ours, and which the dominant party in the country tore from our hands. The evil has come upon us, and we have no wish for any help in recovering from the effects of the blow. We desire to do all that is necessary ourselves; to draw upon our own resources, to trust to our own energies, and to test the strength of that faith which is the only possession of which our enemies have not robbed us. We do not call our living fellow-countrymen our enemies, unless they voluntarily renew the injustice and cruelty of their fathers. We are not only willing, but anxious, that by-gones shall be by-gones; that what Protestantism is in possession of, it shall enjoy, and make the best use of it that it can. Only, as other men desire to act upon their own principles in the training of their children, let us be free to act likewise upon ours.

How soon our Catholic University may be in a position to enter upon any intellectual rivalry with the elder seats of learning in this country, it is impossible to foresee. If any man, whether Catholic or Protestant, imagines that Dr. Newman is a species of Jupiter, out of whose head a new Minerva is about to spring full-grown and armed from head to foot, the sooner he disabuses himself of the expectation the less sudden will be his disappointment. The progress of the young institution *must* be slow. It has obstacles of a very formidable character to encounter, and they will yield only by degrees. The undertaking is precisely of that species which appeals to the enthusiasm of the few, and not of the many; and which makes

none of those *ad captandum* meretricious pretences, which insure a sudden growth of prosperity to schemes which are neither meant to endure nor can endure. Its beginnings will be humble, quiet, and little known, and will, no doubt, disappoint friends and delight foes. But this has been the history of every great and lasting work which man has ever accomplished. Mushrooms grow to maturity in a night, and in four-and-twenty hours decay. How many years, nay, generations, was it, before Oxford and Cambridge attained their full growth and development? It is six centuries since *Magna Charta* was signed, and ten centuries since Alfred laid the foundations of British freedom and British self-government; yet the principles of the British constitution are still imperfectly carried out, and the immense majority of the people have no share in making the laws to which they have to submit, or in imposing the taxes they have to pay. The modesty, therefore, of the beginning of the University of Dublin will be the best guarantee of the reality and excellence of the work which it is accomplishing; and perhaps, before its founders and first governors are called away from this life, they may be permitted to witness a degree of vigorous prosperity beyond all they ever ventured to hope for.

In concluding the foregoing remarks, we must not neglect to call attention to a little publication which is now appearing in immediate connection with the University. *The Catholic University Gazette* is a periodical, at present published every week, which contains announcements of the various arrangements which are made from time to time, in the way of appointments, regulations for entrance, examinations, and other business details. In addition to these notices, every number has an article or essay on some point immediately connected with the subject of university instruction. These papers have no writer's name attached to them; but no one who is familiar with Dr. Newman's style can hesitate for a moment as to their authorship. Among those already published we find the following subjects: "The *primâ facie* idea of a University;" "Athens, the fit site for a University;" "Athens, considered as a type of a University;" "Specimens of youthful inaccuracy of mind;" "What a University does, and what it does not, consist in;" "The communication of knowledge, the life of the Mediæval Universities;" and other such.

We have no hesitation in recommending these papers,—and

to our readers at Oxford and Cambridge as much as to any others,—as containing an amount of profound thought, of largeness and clearness of view, of knowledge of man and the world, intermingled with touches of brilliancy and wit, which promise to place them among Dr. Newman's most influential and original writings. The *Gazette* costs but one penny a number, and can be sent free by post for another penny. Two shillings' worth of postage-stamps sent to "Mr. Duffy, Wellington Quay, Dublin," the publisher of the *Gazette*, will insure its being sent weekly to any part of the kingdom for a quarter of a year. And we are convinced that no one who acts upon our suggestion will hesitate to agree with us in thinking these essays the very best pennyworth that ever was bought for the money. We give one of them entire, as a proof that we are not overstating their attractiveness to every cultivated mind.

"The primâ-facie idea of a University.

"If I were asked to describe, as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale*, or 'School of Universal Learning.' This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot;—*from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any schooling at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such a University seems to be in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

"There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular department, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is, the *littera scripta*, are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intel-

lectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persevering a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest and wasted them; but here such careless profusion may be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the organ which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewn, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city walls preach wisdom, by largely informing us where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

"I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is the popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, when men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called 'a good article,' when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous, something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of teaching, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple; and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found good in all those departments or aspects of society which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called 'a world.' It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

"If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz. that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *littera scripta* is that of being a record of truth, and an authority of appeal, and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, in order to become exact and fully furnished in any subject of teaching which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and any thing I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis. Perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or hit upon the very difficulties which are respectively felt by every reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment, and the un-

studied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home ; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden ; you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome. Till we have discovered some intellectual daguerreotype, which takes off the course of thought, and the form, lineaments, and features of truth, as completely and minutely as the optical instrument reproduces the sensible object, we must come to the teachers of wisdom to learn wisdom ; we must repair to the fountain, and drink there. Portions may go from thence to the ends of the earth by means of books ; but the fulness is in one place alone. It is in such assemblages and congregations of intellect that books themselves, the master-pieces of human genius, are written, or at least originated.

“The principle on which I have been insisting is so obvious, and instances in point so ready, that I should think it tiresome to proceed with the subject, except that one or two illustrations may serve to explain my own language about it, which may not have been as clear as the subject on which it has been employed.

“For instance, the polished manners and high-bred behaviour which are so difficult of attainment, and so strictly personal when attained,—which are so much admired in society,—from society are obtained. All that goes to constitute a gentleman,—the carriage, gait, address, gestures, voice ; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the success in not offending ; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand ;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them may be instanced in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity ; but the full assemblage of them, bound up in the unity of an individual character, do we expect they can be learned from books ? are they not necessarily acquired, where they are to be found, in high society ? The very nature of the case leads us to say so ; you cannot fence without an antagonist, nor challenge all comers in disputation before you have supported a thesis ; and in like manner, it stands to reason, you cannot learn to converse till you have the world to converse with ; you cannot unlearn your natural bashfulness, or awkwardness, or stiffness, or other besetting deformity, till you serve your time in some school of manners. Well, and is it not so in matter of fact ? The metropolis, the court, the great houses of the land, are the centres to which at stated times the country comes up, as to shrines of refinement and good taste ; and then in due time the country goes back again home, enriched with a portion of those social accomplish-

ments, which those very visits serve to call out and heighten in the gracious dispensers of them. We are unable to conceive how the 'gentlemanlike' can otherwise be maintained; and maintained in this way it is.

"And now a second instance: and here too I am going to speak without personal experience of the subject I am introducing. I admit I have not been in Parliament, any more than I have figured in the *beau monde*; yet I cannot but think that statesmanship, as well as high breeding, is learned, not by books, but in certain centres of education. If it be not presumption to say so, Parliament puts a clever man *au courant* with politics and affairs of state in a way surprising to himself. A member of the legislature, if tolerably observant, begins to see things with new eyes, even though his views undergo no change. Words have a meaning now, and ideas a reality, such as they had not before. He hears a vast deal in public speeches and private conversation, which is never put into print. The bearings of measures and events, the action of parties, and the persons of friends and enemies, are brought out to the man who is in the midst of them with a distinctness which the most diligent perusal of newspapers will fail to throw around them. It is access to the fountain-heads of political wisdom and experience, it is daily intercourse, of one character or another, with the multitude who go up to them, it is familiarity with business, it is access to the contributions of fact and opinion thrown together by many witnesses from many quarters, which does this for him. However, I need not account for a fact, to which it is sufficient to appeal,—that the Houses of Parliament and the atmosphere around them are a sort of University of politics.

"As regards the world of science, we find a remarkable instance of the principle I am illustrating in the periodical meetings for its advance which have arisen in the course of the last twenty years, such as the British Association. Such gatherings would to many persons appear at first sight simply preposterous. Above all subjects of study, science is conveyed, is propagated by books, or by private teaching; experiments and investigations are conducted in silence, discoveries are made in solitude. What have philosophers to do with festive celebrities, and panegyrical solemnities with mathematical and physical truth? Yet on a closer attention to the subject, it is found that not even scientific thought can dispense with the suggestions, the instruction, the stimulus, the sympathy, the intercourse with mankind on a large scale, which such meetings secure. A fine time of year is chosen, when days are long, skies are bright, the earth smiles, and all nature rejoices; a city or town is taken by turns, of ancient name or modern opulence, where buildings are spacious and hospitality hearty. The novelty of place and circumstance, the excitement of strange, or the refreshment of well-known faces, the majesty of rank or of genius, the amiable charities of men pleased both with themselves and with each other; the elevated spirits, the circulation of thought, the curiosity; the morning sections, the outdoor exercise, the well-furnished, well-earned board,

the not ungraceful hilarity, the evening circle; the brilliant lecture, the discussions or collisions or guesses of great men one with another, the narratives of scientific processes, of hopes, disappointments, conflicts and successes, the splendid eulogistic orations,—these, and the like constituents of the annual celebration, are considered to do something real and substantial for the advance of knowledge which can be done in no other way. Of course they can but be occasional; they answer to the annual act, or commencement, or commemoration of a University, not to its ordinary condition; but they are of a University nature; and I can well believe in their utility. They issue in the promotion of a certain living and, as it were, bodily communication of knowledge from one to another, of a general interchange of ideas, a comparison and adjustment of science with science, of an enlargement of mind, intellectual and social, and of an ardent love of the particular study which may be chosen by each individual, and a noble devotion to its interests.

“Such meetings, I repeat, are but periodical, and only partially represent the idea of a University. The bustle and whirl which are their concomitants, are in ill keeping with the order and gravity of earnest intellectual education. We desiderate the means of instruction without the interruption of our ordinary habits; nor need we seek it long, for the natural course of things brings it about, while we debate over it. In every great country, the metropolis itself becomes a sort of necessary University, whether we will or no. As the chief city is the seat of the court, of high society, of politics, and of law, so as a matter of course is it the seat of letters also; and at this time, for a long term of years, London and Paris are in fact and in operation Universities, though in Paris its famous University is no more, and in London a University scarcely exists except in name. The newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, and periodicals of all kinds, the publishing trade, the libraries, museums, and academies there found, the learned and scientific societies, necessarily invest it with the functions of a University; and that atmosphere of intellect which in a former age hung over Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, has with the change of time moved away to the centre of civil government. Thither come up youths from all parts of the country, the students of law, medicine, and the fine arts, and the *employés* and *attachés* of literature. There they live, as chance determines; and they are satisfied with their temporary home, for they find in it all that was promised them there. They have not come in vain, as far as their object in coming is concerned. They have, moreover, learned the habits, manners, and opinions of their place of sojourn, and done their part in maintaining the tradition of them. They go away, and are replaced by others, to learn, as they have done, a profession well, but other and more important matters not at all, or very falsely. We cannot then be without virtual Universities,—a metropolis is such; the simple question is, whether the education sought and given should be based on principle, formed upon rule, directed to the highest ends, or left

to the random succession of masters and schools, one after another, with a melancholy waste of thought and an extreme hazard of truth.

"Religious teaching itself affords us an illustration of our subject to a certain point. It does not indeed seat itself merely in centres of the world; this is impossible from the nature of the case.

"It is intended for the many, not the few; its subject-matter is truth necessary, not truth recondite and rare; but it concurs in the principle of a University so far as this, that its great instrument, or rather organ, has ever been that which nature prescribes in all education, the personal presence of a teacher, or, in theological language, oral tradition. It is the living voice, the breathing form, the expressive countenance, which preaches, which catechises. Truth, a subtle, invisible, manifold spirit, is poured into the mind of the scholar by his eyes and ears, through his affections, imagination, and reason; it is poured into his mind, and is sealed up there in perpetuity, by propounding and repeating it, by questioning and questioning, by correcting and explaining, by progressing, and then recurring to first principles, by all those ways which are implied in the word 'catechising.' In the first ages it was a work of long time; months, sometimes years, were devoted to the arduous task of disabusing the mind of the incipient Christian of its pagan errors, and of moulding it upon the Christian faith. The Scriptures had been provided for those who could avail themselves of them; but St. Irenæus does not hesitate to speak of whole races, who had been converted to Christianity without being able to read them. To be unable to read or write was in those times no evidence of want of learning: the hermits of the desert were, in this sense of the word, illiterate; yet the great St. Antony, though he knew not letters, was a match in disputation for the learned philosophers who came to try him. Didymus again, the great Alexandrian theologian, was blind. The ancient discipline, called the *Disciplina Arcani*, involved the same principle. The more sacred doctrines of Revelation were not committed to books, but passed on by successive tradition. The doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the Eucharist appear to have been so handed down for some hundred years; and when at length reduced to writing, they have filled many folios, which after all have left much unsaid.

"But I have said more than enough in illustration; I end as I began;—a University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind every where; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the world, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the centre of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival skill, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and miraculous performers. It is the place

for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together ; excellence implies a centre. Such, then, for the third or fourth time, is a University ;—I hope I do not weary out the reader by repeating it. It is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions ; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonistic activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and a missionary and preacher of science, displaying it in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which attracts to it the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the memory of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation. It is this and a great deal more, and demands a somewhat better head and hand than mine to describe it well.

“Such is it in its idea and in its purpose ; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again ? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of Patrick, to attempt it.”

Reviews.

HOSPITALS AND SISTERHOODS.

1. *Hospitals and Sisterhoods.* John Murray, 1854.
2. *Caroline de Terville ; ou, Mémoires d'une Dame de Charité.* Par Mme. la Comtesse Eugénie de la Rochère. Paris : Julien, Lanier et Cie., Editeurs.

IN the midst of the stupid insults and injuries with which the Church is constantly assailed, her beneficent mission remains ever attested by one note at least to which men of goodwill cannot remain permanently insensible. Like her Divine Lord, she “goes about doing good.” She has her higher, as well as her lower office ; and while she preaches a kingdom which is not of this world, she also does what this world vainly attempts to do, in the way of alleviating the calamities that afflict our mortal state. Banished from the thrones of out-

ward dominion, she is still to be found in the prisons and the hospitals. Her consolation, when no longer allowed to guide the soul, is to heal the sick body of those who, in their delirium, cannot abstain from striking at her who would soothe their pains. As children come back in sickness to be tended by a mother, whom, in the intoxication of health and strength, they had neglected or injured, so nations, after the storm of revolution has swept by, return to have their wounds dressed by her in maligning whom they once delighted. Of this fact revolutionary France has been a conspicuous example. Amid the wreck of her old institutions, the noblest of her triumphs was, as she deemed in the hour of madness, her victory over the Church. But it was in vain that she struggled to escape from the charmed circle of grace and Providence. Afflictions, sent in mercy, have brought her back to the religious institutions originally accorded in mercy. It has been well said, that the Sisters of Charity have been the chief instruments in winning back France to Christianity. An army of women conquered an army of revolutionists; and the vocations of helpless children proved stronger than the decrees of constituent assemblies. It was possible to dethrone religion; but the painted courtesan, who was borne along in a triumphal car as the Goddess of Reason, proved unable to act as a substitute. It was possible to deny the mysteries of the Faith, but impossible to repel sorrow, disease, and care by windy phrases. The sighs of prisoners in dungeons, and the groans of sufferers in hospitals, were the refutation (where none would listen to argument) of declamations announcing the millennium of self-will, and the new gospel of empirical science. It has been with the mind of France as with the body. The disease of ignorance needed a cure as well as other diseases; and the mere secular treatment of that disease turned out, on experience, to be but quackery. Polytechnic schools without religion might do many ingenious and surprising things, but they could not lay a foundation for social order, prevent the necessity of a new revolution every dozen years, or provide an enlightened nation with as much discretion as is needed to hinder it from cutting its own throat. Education, as well as the relief of temporal distresses, has accordingly in France been obliged to renounce its pompous but barren pretensions; and to take an humbler place—but one which enables it to do its work—among the corporal “works of mercy.” The last of the two books of which we have prefixed the title to this article, contains a list of religious institutions or associations devoted to man’s outward condition, to be found in Paris alone. They amount to between seventy and eighty, different in *kind*; and

to a far larger number, if we reckon the various institutions classed in several cases under the same general name. The perusal of the list would astonish those who know of Paris little more than is to be picked up in cafés and theatres. *Notre Dame*, with all that it represents, is as much a *fact* as the Palais Royal, with that world of which it is the centre. In that great city, which the powers of good and evil have so often chosen as the chief arena of their conflict, there exist the extremes of virtue and vice,—each developed to the uttermost, as might have been expected, by the pressure of its opposite. The superficial or prejudiced traveller sees in Paris nothing but the Paradise of the senses and the temple of vanity; those who are initiated into its deeper life might be tempted, if they restricted their attention to one aspect of the question, to pronounce Paris a city of saints. The *Mémoires de Caroline de Terville* illustrate it not a little in the latter point of view; and we regret that our present limits prevent us from doing more than referring the reader to an interesting biography, in which the progress of a human soul is traced from the trials of a woman of the world, disappointed alike in the affections and in external things, to the rest of a holy being, living for God and her neighbour.

The work entitled *Hospitals and Sisterhoods* is one of great value, both from the amount of information which it condenses into a small space, and from the religious and truthful spirit in which it is written. Such a work, proceeding, as it evidently does, from a Protestant, is a satisfactory proof that a nobler spirit exists in England than that which for several years has inspired the attacks made on our convents; and we shall be much surprised if in this instance, as in others, it should not turn out that with the “still small voice,” not the tempest and earthquake, the secret of power abides. Aspirations and experiences such as have inspired the present unpretending volume, and, as we trust, several of the institutions recently founded in Protestant communities, are not sent in vain, unless human self-will sophisticates what the Divine mercy has prompted. The book contains an account of several of our religious orders of the active class, together with a list of 166 orders, active and contemplative, with which Holy Church has been adorned and humanity befriended, from the institution of the Order of St. Basil, A.D. 350, to that of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*, A.D. 1840 (page 143). It contains also an account of the various attempts which have been made from time to time to raise analogous institutions in Protestant countries. The degree of success which has attended such attempts will give to none more pleasure than to a Catholic;

and the failures which have attended them cannot fail to afford instruction to every Protestant who is willing to learn.

After an enumeration of the evils and deficiencies to which the numerous and nobly-endowed hospitals of England are subject, for want of religious ministrations such as cannot be expected from paid nurses, the author proceeds to cite passages from Dr. Southey and other Protestant writers, recommending the institution of Protestant Sisterhoods. We have next a brief and interesting account of what has been lately done, at home and abroad, in the way recommended. In 1848, a collegiate institute was formed for the education of nurses and visitors of the sick and poor, under the auspices of the Bishop of London and many benevolent persons, clerical and lay. The result is thus recorded; but, of course, there has not yet been time enough to do justice to such an undertaking: "There has been great comfort afforded to the rich by these nurses; but hitherto its original promises are unfulfilled. For hospitals it has not provided at all, for families insufficiently, and for the poor very imperfectly. There is abundant work, but too few hands to do it. There are now (1853) in the institution seventeen nurses." We have next an account of the institutions founded by that very remarkable woman, Miss Sellon; institutions which have apparently done much good, and of which no one of sense will be disposed to think less well, because they have been the special objects of sectarian animosity.

In addition to these institutions, a brief mention is made of three others,—one at Wantage, another at Clewer, and a third in Osnaburg Square, St. Pancras. All these institutes are devoted to noble purposes, charitable, educational, and reformatory. They grow, of course, as exotics in a Protestant soil; but we trust that they will, notwithstanding, both grow and spread. How many of those who were inmates of such institutions have made their submission to Holy Church we are not informed; doubtless, however, it is not merely as leading the missionaries of charity to her who is as much the home of love as the house of faith, that such institutions do good.

We have next an account of the institutes of Deaconesses founded in Germany and among the French Protestants. One of these was opened in Paris in 1841. Unfortunately, whatever zeal it may have shown in observing the evangelical counsels, its promoters seem occasionally to have forgotten that the commandment against false witness is not of counsel but of precept. In one of its reports we find, amid much that is better, such sorry stuff as this: "The Sisterhood differs essen-

tially from those that exist in the Romish Church. . . . The Sisters do not devote themselves in order to be saved by their works, &c. . . . No vows: only simple temporary engagements. . . . No cloister. . . . No vain worship. . . . No domination over consciences. . . . No tyrannising over the will," &c. As might have been expected, this institution met with difficulties ere long from "the want of perseverance in several of the Sisters; the necessity of dismissing them, because what the work required was not found in them; and the failure of the prayers and appeals in procuring more Sisters." Moreover, the anti-Roman protest was as ineffectual as such modes of offensive defence commonly prove. In the year 1846 the Pastor Coquerel addressed an unflattering correspondence to the Pastor Vermeil, in which he informs him that the rules of his order (which he also thinks likely to interfere in various ways with his own "Protestant Church of St. Marie") are "monastic and Catholic, instead of Christian and Protestant;" that the obedience required "converts love into servitude;" that the distinction between vows and "an engagement" is "a quibble;" that the costume of the Sisters is a "re-establishment of the Roman Catholic distinction between a worldly and devout life," &c.

Far more good seems to have been done in Germany, especially in the Deaconess Institution at Kaiserswerth, near Düsseldorf, founded by Pastor Fliedner in 1836. A list of these institutions is given, which shows that they have made progress and gives hope of their further extension.

The account of the Catholic orders is confined to those connected with the care of hospitals, and commences by the frank avowal that "it would not be possible to give within the compass of these pages the rise, progress, and extent of the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church. Every talent committed by God to mankind found in them scope for use. Each one is placed in that sphere of labour for which he is most fitted." The first order spoken of is that of the "*Hospitalières*, who follow the rule of St. Augustine, and were appointed to the care of the Hôtel Dieu, at Paris." The *Dames de St. Augustine*, besides the care of the Hôtel Dieu and Hospital of St. Louis, "have likewise charge of the *Hôpital de la Charité*, and the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, thus making four in Paris. They each have their Superior, but consider themselves one large family; and their united numbers in 1848 were sixty-five professed nuns and twenty-six novices." The account of the hospitals in Burgundy, served by the *Filles de Marthe*, has an especial interest, from the

mode in which religious charity is made to reach alike all classes of society.

Not less interesting is the brief sketch of the Order of St. Vincent of Paul, traced up from its rude beginnings at Châtillon, whither the saint had been sent to correct some local abuses, and where he converted two young ladies of rank, "who, in consequence, renounced the world, and devoted themselves unreservedly to the service of Christ and to His poor," to the period when it became a blessing to the whole world. The following account of the vicissitudes of this order has a special interest at a time when in our country convents are assailed with an insane fury by multitudes, who have yet to learn that it is in man's weakness that the strength of God is manifested; and that over every nursling of Divine grace the tempest passes innocuously. A few beams of sunshine, and the yielding plant lifts its head again, and diffuses its blessing; while the seeds which the hurricane has carried over the world take root in every crevice.

"In 1789 the order had 426 houses in France, a great many in Poland, and some in Austria and Silesia; and at this time a Superior was elected, capable of meeting the exigencies of that unhappy time; it was the Sister Duleau, who had been in the community since the age of nineteen, and now she had reached the age of sixty. She had great strength of mind, as well as presence of mind; and more than once these qualities were called into action; more than once her life was in danger; but her courage and her love for the community made her resolve to be the last to leave it; and when she was forced to do so, her heart and soul were with her sisters. During persecution she sustained them by her advice; she never ceased to encourage those who were amongst the poor, and to entreat that they would not abandon their charge till they were compelled to do it. It was owing to her zeal and energy that several asylums were saved; and even in the fiercest storms of revolution she tried to establish new ones. As soon as tranquillity was re-established she procured sisters for the new houses, and came to Paris to be on the spot, and ready to communicate with the different sisters.

"We see by this brief account that the work of the Sisters of Charity was scarcely interrupted in these troubled times. In 1801 the Consular Government gave a sort of legal existence to the whole order, by a friendly decree of the Minister of the Interior. We cannot resist giving the inducements for granting this decree:

"The Minister of the Interior, believing that the laws of October 14, 1790, and August 18, 1792, in suppressing corporations, had preserved the power of exercising charity to all charitable institutions, and that they were only disorganised by a breach of these laws;

“ ‘Believing that the services rendered to the sick can only be properly administered by those whose vocation it is, and who do it in a spirit of love;

“ ‘Believing that among all the hospitals of the Republic, those are in all ways best attended to which have preserved the noble spirit of their predecessors, whose only object was to practise a boundless love and charity;

“ ‘Believing that there no longer exist in this institution any but those who are growing old, so that there is a fear of this order, which is a glory to the country, becoming extinct, it is decreed:

“ ‘1. Citizeness Duleau, formerly Superior of the Sisters of Charity, is authorised to educate girls for the care of hospitals.

“ ‘2. For this purpose the Orphanage in the Rue du Vieux Colombier is granted to her.

“ ‘3. She will unite herself to those persons whom she considers as likely to ensure the success of the institution, and she will select pupils whom she considers suited to the work.

“ ‘4. All the pupils are required to submit to the rules and discipline of the house.

“ ‘5. Government will grant a pension of 300 francs to those who are known to be in positive destitution.

“ ‘6. The necessary funds for defraying the expenses of the institution will come from the general hospital expenditure; but they must not exceed 12,000 francs.

“ ‘(Signed) CHAPTAL.’

“ The good feeling manifested in this decree is the more surprising from the fact that it was given in 1801, even before the revival of religion was authorised. In less than three years the superior had collected 200 additional sisters, who were scattered over the departments. Sœur Duleau died January 30, 1804, at the age of seventy-six, having spent fifty-seven years in serving the poor. She was buried in her parish church of St. Sulpice, and above a hundred sisters attended the funeral; at the time of her death there were two hundred and fifty asylums and hospitals under the care of these sisters, and their number was continually increasing.

“ In January 1807 Buonaparte sent two decrees from Warsaw, of which the first was to the effect that the house of La Croix, in the Rue de Charonne, should be given to the Superior of the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul; that this house should be the head-quarters of the order; that the novices should here pass the time of their probation; and such sisters as were superannuated should here pass the rest of their days. Happily this decree was not carried into practice: the house belonged to the Dominicans; and it would have been the height of injustice to have deprived them of it.

“ In the same year, in a decree signed at Fontainebleau, Buonaparte states that, after the account which has been given to him of the advantages resulting from the Order of the Sisters of Charity, he desires that a chapter should be held at Paris, in the palace, of all the heads of the establishments held by the Sisters of Charity;

that his mother should preside at this chapter, with the Abbé de Boulogne as her secretary.

"The chapter was actually held; and the singularity of the fact itself, and of the way in which it is carried on, makes it worthy of notice, not only as it affects the Sisters of Charity, but also many other orders.

"The chapter was opened on the 27th of November. The members first met in the chapel, where Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Verceil, the almoner of Madame Letitia. After this they were led by her highness's chamberlain into the great hall, where the chapter was to be held. When they were all seated, Madame Letitia, with the help of his Eminence Cardinal Fesche, grand almoner of the empire, announced that the secretary, the Abbé de Boulogne, was going to explain the object of the meeting, as well as the great advantages all religious associations of charity might derive from it. Practical questions were proposed, amendments suggested, with various other details, all of which were then privately discussed at either Madame Letitia's house or the cardinal's; and three general meetings were sufficient to conclude the business of the chapter, which was closed on the 2d of December by a Thanksgiving and Te Deum, performed by the members of the order, who all returned to their respective establishments highly delighted with the whole proceeding.

"It was, however, after the restoration of the Bourbons, that the order was most extensively developed. In March 1815 they took possession of their present house in the Rue du Bac, granted to them by Buonaparte on the 6th of August. Their chapel was blessed by M. Haman, general of the congregation of St. Lazare; and St. Vincent of Paul's relics were deposited there. During the July revolution of 1830 the sisters underwent continued trials and vexations, which, however, did not check the growth of their order."

The order is now diffused over France, Poland, Galicia, Prussia, Spain, Italy, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Belgium, Switzerland, Lithuania, &c. &c. The Sisters amount to near 12,000. In 1852, at a retreat given to the Superiors of the order by the Bishop of Nevers, 500 were present. The Order of the Sisters of Charity was introduced into America by Mrs. Seton, a convert from Protestantism, who died in 1821. It is now established there in twenty-four places, where it has forty institutions under its charge,—hospitals, schools, asylums, and infirmaries.

The religious and charitable orders, of which an account is next given, are thirty-five in number. Every human need is ministered to by them; and to several of them the government has assigned the charge of the military and naval hospitals, madhouses, &c. Even emigration, it seems, is among the objects promoted by the "*Sœurs de Charité de St. Mau-*

rice." Many of them have increased immensely of late years. The *Sœurs de la Doctrine Chrétienne* are 400 in number, and educate 15,000 children. The *Sœurs Hospitalières de St. Joseph* have eighty houses; *Sœurs de Providence d'Evreux*, 160 sisters; *Sœurs de Strasbourg*, in 1807, had 400 sisters; *Sœurs de Besançon*, in 1807, had 155 sisters in the diocese.

It is to be regretted, that in this valuable work little or no mention should be made of the Catholic orders in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Such an omission is not easily understood, considering, on the one hand the spirit, not only of impartiality, but of sympathy with the great and good, which pervades the book, and, on the other hand, the details with which the Protestant Sisterhoods, or *quasi*-Sisterhoods, both in England and on the continent, are described. A single order, founded not very many years ago, by a devout but unassisted woman, Catharine M'Auley, and in one of the poorest countries in the world—Ireland, has already spread over the British empire and America; and in the number of its houses about doubles that of all the Protestant institutions of deaconesses enumerated in page 70, even when added to those English Protestant Sisterhoods, in the establishment of which a great school in English theology, and a great party in English society, have put forth their strength. Surely some account of this order would have been interesting; and not less so a mention of the other orders who toil in the courts and alleys over which the moral malaria broods, and contend with that worst form of heathenism, to be found in the chief seats of a mere material civilisation. Something more in this way ought surely to be done, if the work should pass into a second edition. While our religious orders are frequently denounced as secret societies, nothing is easier than for any well-disposed person to gain access to them, for the purpose of seeing their actual working. Not long since, a distinguished Protestant member of parliament, Mr. Ball, availed himself of such an introduction; and the consequence was, that he most honourably discharged his duty as a Christian and legislator, by stating in the House of Commons that the ordinary antagonism to convents is founded on prejudice and ignorance. Most people, however, will not take the trouble of thus gaining information.

There is one exception with respect to the omission which we have regretted. A detailed account has been given of the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*, one of the most recent of orders. Few things are more interesting than to trace the growth of such institutions from the first germ to the developed plant; and to do this is comparatively easy when the order is recent.

Mechanism is among Protestants all in all, in spiritual things as well as secular, where more than individualism is attempted,—a principle strikingly contrasted with that which in the Catholic Church holds a corresponding place, viz. that of organisation. What is mechanical is made; what is organic grows. The one is fashioned from without, the other is developed from within; the one is dead, the other lives; the one is the work of man, the other that of God. The land swarms with religious joint-stock companies, provided with all the usual mechanism of managing committees, secretaries, &c. &c. A single day and a single meeting is sufficient to set the machine at work. It is provided with all the external apparatus it can need: not a rope, pulley, or wheel is wanting to it; but let a single joint of the complex structure get out of order, and the whole comes to a standstill. It has no Divine vitality, no recuperative power, to correct mischances or adapt old powers to new circumstances. The machine is perfect; but (supposing the end sought to be moral or spiritual) it has one fault, viz. that it will not work. Far otherwise is it with those instrumentalities the law of which is organic, not mechanical, and the source of which is from above. A single holy thought, devout purpose, or sacred sorrow, is dropped like a seed into the heart of a lonely recluse—one without wealth or influence, possibly without ordinary education—like Jeanne Jugan, of whom we read “she can neither read nor write; but her knowledge of Scripture is great.” The seed grows on in the darkness, and perhaps seems to perish; but after a season the shoot is above ground, minute, but alive. It assimilates what surrounds it, and gains strength. Sympathies that move scarce consciously, and an imitative aspiration, like that which prompts children to acquire language, compel persons of the most opposite natural characters to sink their idiosyncrasies and join in the one supernatural work. That work is often determined by apparent accident. No grand project has been matured; nothing that is intended to show an original conception or a striking result. The work that lies next at hand—to that the new energy turns itself, even when it had intended otherwise, with a pliancy equal to its firmness. It is from its work that it learns how to work, and from experience that it learns for what it is destined. Unexpected difficulties occur; but they prove the means of exercising new muscles and developing new strength. Obloquy and reproach come; but they have only the effect of checking self-will and pride, and thus invigorating the enterprise by the touch of its native soil—the Will of God. The order spreads throughout the world, and enriches many races (at war, perhaps, in all beside) with its

common benefits. Thrones are subverted, dynasties pass away, languages are lost; but the order remains and extends itself. Multitudes hardly observe it; others see but its abuses, and wonder that an institute a thousand years old should have its cobwebs and its weather-stains. "It should be reformed," men exclaim, ignorant that in that great Church of which it is a child, reformation, in the true sense, is not an occasional passion, or the convulsion of a crisis, but a chronic work, always going on, and provided for from the first through internal properties, a part of her own organisation, which needs no aid from the violence of man. In the mean time, as century after century fleets away, the founder, who never thought of himself but as the meanest of men, rises higher and higher in the veneration of a reluctant world; while in the far-spread family which he has founded, he is venerated when the founders of monarchies are forgotten. It is not so much his memory as his presence which abides with his descendants. He inhabits each of their houses, which are the palaces and the fortresses of that especial dominion given to him "in the kingdom of the regeneration." His deportment, almost his lineaments, have become a tradition, and stamp the special character of his order; his foot is heard in cloister and corridor, and his smile is not wanting to the missionary as he treads the city courts, or traverses waste and wild.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from the narrative that illustrates the institution of the *Petites Sœurs*.

"In connection with the subject of Sisterhoods, one order more shall be given, the history of which has been collected from various local sources, as a proof of what the poorest and most ignorant women can, with the blessing of God, effect.

"Fifteen years ago the Abbé Le Pailleur, one of the priests of St. Servan, a little town on the north coast of Brittany, turned his thoughts to the relief of the many sick and aged poor he saw around him. Funds he had none, with which to establish any asylum for such cases; but he trusted that he might awaken in others the same desire he had himself to see such a work accomplished.

"It was not long before his wish was gratified. A young woman of his parish, Marie Augustine, who was not in the habit of coming to him for confession, came one day to consult him respecting her long-cherished desire to devote her life to the good of others, and to state her difficulty, dependent as she was upon her own needlework for subsistence.

"He encouraged her wish, feeling it was an opening by which he might hope to carry out his designs for the relief of his people. He put her in communication with another young girl, Marie Thérèse, an orphan, whose mind was turned to the same objects. He advised

them to assist each other in growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to continue their present employments ; assuring them that God would call them to His special service in His own good time.

"For two years they continued at their respective work, meeting every Sunday at church ; and after the public worship was over, they would go down to the sea-shore, and, in a rocky cave which they discovered, they used to hold communion with God, and to assist each other in conquering their respective failings. Here they studied together works on religious vocations, especially those bearing on the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor.

"Towards the end of these two years M. Le Pailleur explained his own wishes to them, and told them that the time was now come for them to begin their long-cherished desire of devoting themselves to God's suffering poor. Their labours began by undertaking the charge of a poor old blind woman, brought to them by M. Le Pailleur, who at the same time enlisted a third person in the work, one whose name has since become well known in France : Jeanne Jugan, who was at that time forty-eight years of age. She possessed about 600 francs, the fruits of her savings ; she lived alone, maintaining herself by work, and assisting all who were in any distress. It was to her cellar that M. Le Pailleur directed the young women to bring their charge, and here that they lived.

"All their leisure-hours were devoted in nursing this poor creature, and fulfilling towards her all those offices which heavenly love can alone inspire. All their savings were spent in procuring comforts for her.

"The remaining space in the cellar was soon occupied by another old woman, of whom they undertook the care. Jeanne earned money by spinning, the two young women by needlework. They had no care for the future. M. Le Pailleur's constant admonitions to them were to "cast all their care on Him who careth for them ;" to love the Lord their God with all their heart and with all their soul, and by love to serve one another.

"A fourth handmaid to the poor joined the work. She was, as she thought, on the brink of the grave ; and her desire was to consecrate her last days to God. For this purpose she begged to be carried into Jeanne's cellar. Her life was spared, her health restored ; and from that time she dedicated herself to the service of the sick and aged, giving to God the life she had offered to Him, and which He had restored to her.

"For ten months they continued in this cellar ; at the end of which time the result of prayerful consultations was, that they should enlarge their powers, so as to assist a greater number of poor. A ground-floor was hired, which had been a tavern, and was damp and inconvenient ; but it was large enough to hold twelve beds, which were hardly put in before they were filled. The poor continued to receive from the administrator of charity the same relief as they had done before ; but this was insufficient to provide food as

well as clothing. For a time, such of the inmates as were able to walk used to go out daily to beg; but this exposed them to their prevailing vice of drinking; and the sisters, jealous of the spiritual good of those under their care, determined to remove the temptation by undertaking this unpleasant task themselves. Jeanne Jugan was the first to go out; her age, she considered, made her the most fitting to begin this office.

"The sisters went, explaining the object of their request. One thought gave them courage, love towards God and towards their neighbour. Nothing discouraged them. They were thankful for what was given; they never coveted what was refused. Their visits roused a spirit of charity, but the work advanced slowly. God allowed trials to fall upon them, to try their faith and prove their constancy. Such a work, by such instruments, was quite new. People questioned the possibility of ignorant workwomen gathering themselves into a community; and various suggestions were made for their joining themselves to some order already existing; or requesting to have an experienced superior to form rules, and guide them in the love and practice of spiritual life. But the Spirit of God is not bound; and M. Le Pailleur was persuaded that this was a new work, and that new labourers were required for it. Existing orders had their appointed work, and more could not be expected from them."

It has been remarked, that the greatest works in literature have been commonly "occasional works," while many a *magnum opus*, in devising which, according to the rules of art, half a lifetime has been spent, has failed to find a reader. This "occasional" character belongs, in fact, to holy Scripture itself, viewed from its human side; the various books of which, though divinely inspired, were prompted by some immediate and occasional need in the Jewish or Christian Church. The same character belongs to works of a nobler order than literature boasts; and the quotation given above is but one illustration out of many, by which we might exhibit the apparently accidental nature of the exertions to which we owe religious orders.

We are sorry that our space will not allow us to give any detailed account of the spiritual fruits which everywhere rewarded the exertions of the Sisters; suffice it to say that multitudes of people, who for many years had neglected their religion and defied the preacher, returned to their duties. Truly "*laborare est orare*." The order is rapidly on the advance. At present it contains between five and six hundred Sisters, and there are thirty-three houses belonging to it.

The political influence of such institutes is not less striking than the religious. One of the chief manufacturers of Rouen wrote to M. Le Pailleur to express his gratitude: "Formerly,"

he said, "my workpeople only occupied themselves with Socialism; but since the arrival of the Little Sisters, they speak of nothing but of their zeal and virtue." Again: "It was not only the working-classes who expressed such emotions; when M. Le Pailleur thanked one of the manufacturers for his noble support to the institution, he took the Abbé's hand, and with tears in his eyes, he answered: 'The gratitude is on my side; before I knew the Sisters, I did not know Christ; they have made me see Him, know Him, love Him. I know now what peace is. I am a Christian, and I owe it to you.'"

The relations between the religious orders, social stability, and that systematic charity, in the absence of which the destructive principles of Communism are pretty sure to assert themselves in some form or other, would constitute a worthy subject for the meditations of a philosophic mind. Those who most hate and fear Communism and Socialism, will not, if wise, infer that because they involve fatal errors, they may not also be connected with truths far too deep and vital to be trampled out of memory. The most fatal errors are commonly partial truths, or truths misapplied; otherwise they would not have sufficient permanence to do mischief. Heresies are always based upon truths perverted or isolated; and heresiarchs are commonly men of great faculties, intellectual and moral, turned to destruction through great deficiencies and a perverse will. It is the same thing in those ethical heresies to which statesmen attach more importance. Nothing is more certain than that in a very practical sense all men are equal, and that all good is, or should be, in common. Such principles, so far from being either visionary or destructive, have been the basis of conventual institutions, which have given peace to nations and outlasted nations. But in Christian ethics the equality and brotherhood of man rests on the ground of his spiritual, not of his secular being. So far from its being true that *naturally* men are equal, nature makes no two men equal in any one respect; and according to her code might is right. "Is not one man as good as another?" the English Socialist demanded of his Irish friend:—"To be sure he is; *and better!*" was the Hibernian reply. The blundering answer contains a sufficient refutation of all such theories of equality as are founded on natural rights. In religious communities the principle of Communism existed from the first,—but in union with the principles necessary to balance it. In them brotherhood was founded on grace, not nature: it meant brotherhood in Christ, not in the nature of unregenerate man; and the consequence was, that its sanction was one of a spiritual not of a legal order, and was founded on Divine love, not on "political

justice." According to its estimate, men are equal because every man is bound to love his neighbour as himself, not because the poor man has a right to his rich neighbour's property. Such an ethical system can, however, only be recognised where the first commandment of the law holds its due place of superiority relatively to the second, and where the love of God reigns supreme. But where the love of God exists, the Authority of God must be equally recognised; and the latter, as well as the former, must be represented in the relations of human society. Accordingly, as long as European institutions were truly Christian, the principle of obedience, as well as that of charity, was embodied in all of them; and in those monastic institutions, which were in the most eminent sense Christian, unconditional obedience was the cement of a system in which brotherhood was also acknowledged in the most unlimited sense. Converse principles are always needed for mutual support; and as holy matrimony is elevated to the dignity of a sacrament only where celibacy has also its own especial honours, so the principle of Christian brotherhood can only be fully and safely carried out where that of Christian obedience is sustained by the same Divine sanction.

Religious communities, then, are the consecration of that instinct of which political communism is the desecration, and, ultimately, the stultification. They are safety-valves, which carry off what would otherwise prove a noxious enthusiasm. They are at the same time fountains, in which the most beneficial influences are collected, that they may be thence re-distributed over the face of the land. Destroy them, and the instinct they embody must find vent elsewhere; the necessities for which they provide must seek elsewhere for relief. It must be remembered, that the Communism which lately terrified, and still undermines Europe, is but the most naked form of that which wears many a Protean disguise. In France, that law which necessitates the perpetual subdivision of estates has already in some instances produced the worst results of Communism, rendering the cultivation of the land almost unproductive. That law belongs to the same period which witnessed the secularisation of monastic property; and if its general operation has been mitigated, that relief has been in proportion to the degree in which conventual institutions have revived in France. In England, the poor-law was a legal reaction produced by the suppression of the monasteries. The poor who had found support at their gates still needed a maintenance, notwithstanding the enormous numbers of them who, in the reign of Henry VIII., were hanged for the robberies and vagabond life to which his sacrilege had reduced them.

A retributive and yet merciful Providence gave them support at the expense of that class chiefly which had fattened on Church lands. We all know how the far-famed statute of Elizabeth has worked. The guardians of the poor have again and again proved more reckless fosterers of pauperism than the monks were ever accused of being; and at one time the evil had advanced to such a height, that land relapsed into waste, and society threatened to break down beneath a complication of disorders, among which, compared with moral diseases proceeding from the same source, even the canker of pauperism was tolerable. The law has been guarded by more stringent provisions, as necessary as they are unpopular; but all such remedies are but quackery. For moral claims, and a moral organisation, substitute legal rights and a legal machinery, by which the rich are compelled to support the poor; and however you may erect parchment barriers for the preservation of property, you have also introduced a principle unbending as iron, which, whenever driven home, must amount practically to Communism. It is not long since, in Ireland, a poor-law, the guards and limitations of which soon gave way before the pressure of famine, produced on a large scale the confiscation of property, while it effected little for the preservation of life. If England enjoys a partial exemption at the present moment from a pauperism which for many a year has been the chief scandal of her economists and the chief terror of her statesmen, she owes it to causes which are but temporary; for neither gold discoveries nor emigration can go on for ever. Yet assuredly she could not get rid of her danger by getting rid of her poor-law. It is an evil necessitated by an evil; and its sudden removal would be followed by the outbreak of a Communism which it at once encourages and keeps at arm's length.

Charity, it has been said, is "twice-blessed." Where it is not blessed to the bestower, neither is it blessed to the recipient. Compulsory charity is not real charity, because it lacks a divine motive; and it elicits accordingly a proportionately small amount of gratitude. True charity, if administered with discretion, so far from demoralising, frequently stimulates the recipient to industry; while in many other ways it ennobles his moral nature. Legal charity, on the other hand, tends to produce a greater pressure than it relieves; because what it gives undermines exertion, and the mode in which it gives the embittered alms destroys self-respect.

"Why not then," it is often asked, "leave charity to individual exertion?" The answer is, that for so great a work you require not only exalted motive, but also the marvellous

strength which proceeds from co-operation. An army does not differ from a mob more than the moral energy of an organised body differs from that of mere individuals. None of the great offices of society could be carried on without co-operation. We conduct our secular affairs, from the management of a railroad to the government of an empire, by means of co-operative bodies brought together by secular motives, and organised according to a secular law. In moral and spiritual things we require not similar, but corresponding and analogous methods of co-operation, through which the energies and attainments of each may be multiplied into those of the mass, without derogating from the separate responsibility.

There are many other considerations relating to this subject, at which we can but glance. Where charity is left to mere individual effort, a large number will wholly evade its duties; while on those who are willing to bear it, the burden will often be thrown with an undue weight. On the other hand, if it consists in the distribution of a poor-rate, guardians, who necessarily draw upon the property of others far more largely than on their own, are tempted to a prodigality very far removed from real beneficence; while an undue external pressure is provoked by the existence of a fund apparently inexhaustible. In monasteries, on the other hand, the common proprietorship and the individual interest are so blended, as to produce the maximum of generosity with the minimum of waste; there is also an analogous blending of security with insecurity in monastic property which contributes to the right use of it. Like other religious institutions, convents commonly possess, if in their normal state, a security which raises them above the temptations of dependence. On the other hand, as corporate bodies, their property bears the character of a trust more obviously, if not more really, than does the property of private individuals; and as such its security depends, not only on law, but also on public opinion, and consequently on the right use of it. The scandals which have sometimes proved fatal to conventual property, are occasional and trivial compared with the riot and debauchery in which a large proportion of private property is habitually squandered; nor is it possible for a convent to expect permanence, except through an administration of its worldly goods at once conscientious and wise. With such aids it may distribute the wealth of thousands, and connect the charitable efforts of successive generations: without them it cannot long keep its own. Once more; so far as the national or public part of charity is administered through convents, there will be a saving of that large fund commonly squandered on administrative functionaries, who only work for

hire. The inmates of convents have no families to maintain, and are themselves, if worthy of their vocation, worthy also of their support,—as men devoted to other sacred offices, irrespective of the distribution of charity.

He would be a bold man who should prophesy that, at any time, however remote, poor-houses in England or Ireland will become transformed into convents. At the same time, there would doubtless have been once quite as much to astonish men in the prophecy that monasteries, which for centuries had been temples of God, and cities of refuge for the poor, should be alienated at once from religion and the people, and changed into the abodes of private wealth. Without intruding upon the formidable ground of prophecy, we may venture to say thus much,—that the *argumentum ad hominem* will be presented in a not uninteresting form to that portion of the national mind which rejects as speculative whatever does not refer to material interests, from the moment that it can be shown that religious institutions can do, effectually and *cheaply*, what the clumsy and lifeless machinery of the State does at an enormous cost and peril, and with a very questionable preponderance of gain over loss. Whenever the founder of a new order, or the reformer of an old one, is able to say not only, charity is a religious work, and we are specially qualified, as religious, to lead the charity of the country; we have a special vocation and a supernatural aim; we unite the strongest motives for individual exertion with the highest development of the co-operative system; we are free from the impediments of other men; what we give establishes no legal or political right; yet it recognises a moral claim, and provides for a human want,—whenever a Christian philosopher is able, not only thus to address the statesmen of his country, but, also, to prove that 1000*l.* a year wisely spent in well-organised charity goes twice as far as 2000*l.* a year spent with a blundering alternation of prodigality and cruelty, he will make an appeal to which many will listen, on whom logic and theology are thrown away. That convents as well as poor-law establishments have often distributed alms without due discrimination and discretion, is not to be denied; and very possibly the dangers resulting from such errors may be more formidable in the present state of society than at an earlier period. It is, however, as we have remarked, the characteristic of organic bodies, that they contain within themselves a principle of endless adaptation. The Church, herself an organic body, is the fruitful mother of all such organisations as the moral needs of man require; nor is there any reason to doubt that she can help the pauper of modern times as easily as the

captives, the lepers, and the labourers in mines, for whom her mediæval orders laboured. The recent institution of the *Petites Sœurs* derives a peculiar interest from the mode in which it approaches that special trial of modern society, pauperism; and it may, with the Divine blessing, advance from its present humble beginnings to enterprises which, alike on the ground of theology and of sound political economy, are beyond the efforts of the most beneficent governments. That power which manifests itself, in a sense not contemplated by the Pagan philosopher, *nusquam majus quam in minimis*, and which teaches one of the smallest of insects to build the coral reef, that resists the shock of angry seas and lays the foundations of continents, may even now be training labourers who toil in darkness and tumult, but whose completed work will be the protection of ancient states and the bulwark of civilisation. The nations of antiquity were in some measure protected from the evils of pauperism by constant wars, and still more by the institution of slavery: When these sufficed not to meet the pressure, it was found necessary to divert what could no longer be averted; and the balance was redressed by means of those barbaric irruptions, and national migrations, under which the civilisation of weaker but more refined communities lay submerged for centuries. We are not likely to return to the ancient methods of dealing with the difficulty, and we have not succeeded in discovering a new one; though philosophers of the modern intelligence have propounded very remarkable theories on the subject, some of them "forbidding to marry" on a scale that no ascetic writers have ever been reproached with attempting, and others not shrinking from remedies which, in their scholastic form, are called "painless extinction," and which, when reduced to practice in the too-celebrated "burial-clubs," are illustrated by the less eupheuistic title of "Godfrey's Cordial." Surely it is time for thoughtful persons "of all creeds" and of none, to inquire dispassionately and in earnest whether some help may not be found for the woes which can neither be cured by workhouses, clubs, establishments of "Christian Communism," or any other reversed and inverted form of conventualism, in institutions coeval and co-extensive with Christian society—institutions which rose as soon as persecution ceased to render the whole Christian life a life of mortification; which were the chief means of propagating Christianity in remote lands; under the shade of which the learning as well as the political franchises of Europe grew up; which have never been trampled down but to rise again; and which have at all times devoted themselves to charitable works, though they have refused to

separate human from Divine charity, or either from the true knowledge and constant adoration of God.

Those institutions advance among us once more, with their twofold dowry of Divine graces and of the scorn of worldly men. The name of nun cannot be expiated by a life of labour, vigil, and love; and the veil which hangs between the world and the heart which has renounced it for ever, is thick enough to hide from that world what would, to eyes that can see, have been the image of virtue itself, reflected from a supernal antitype of glorified endurance. In the mean time they advance; and advance as a sign to be spoken against, and that the thoughts of many hearts may be known. With an influence silent as light and refreshing as dew, they have to teach most gentle lessons to men of good-will;—to souls conformed and configured with truth, and to breasts in which the words of peace find, without demonstration, a natural echo. They have severer lessons for men who, though conscious of prejudice and unashamed, are yet false enough to arrogate to themselves the title of Truth-lovers;—men whom proud intelligence has made blind, and false strength has made weak. Besides such lessons, they will bring us other blessings, on some of which we have touched,—though from discussing the greater number our limits have precluded us. If rejected from the threshold of the nation, and compelled to shake the dust from their feet, there remains, beside the spiritual loss, that Nemesis of Communism and anarchy which cannot but visit a nation that will not learn, and that repeats in the nineteenth century, and after fifty years of babble respecting religious liberty, the sacrilege and the spoliation which in the sixteenth century dishonoured God and defrauded the poor. If accepted, they will not only prove the noblest forms of organised charity, and the greatest incentive to individual exertion beside, but they will also elevate the whole character of benevolence, in a nation eminent both for that and every other good gift that belongs to the natural order. Natural benevolence is more ready to feel for than with the sufferer. Working commonly through some mechanical agency, it takes mechanical and material views of things: it sweeps away distress from before its face, as it buries its dead “out of its sight;” and the man who is to be relieved if he will keep his distance, is counted, if near, an eye-sore, a scandal, and a nuisance. At least, it does not imitate Him who “laid His hands” on those whom He healed, and who declined not the access either of sinner or sufferer. Christian charity not only bears with, but venerates, the poor man whom it relieves. It takes no offence at rags. Falsehood, and

every other offence which is especially the temptation of the destitute, it neither resents as a personal affront, nor rages about as an offence against taste, honour, and society; but it regards as a sin against God, and it measures impartially as such in the scale of crime, according to the Divine standard of right and wrong. It is prompt to observe the virtues which also belong especially, not only to the poor, but to the poorest of the poor. In short, it sees Christ in His suffering members; and to relieve Him in them is an act of devotion as well as of beneficence. Christian charity is a sacrament—one of those which belong to a life, the whole of which has been rendered sacramental through the Incarnation,—and many, even of those who have not renounced it, partake of it without “discerning” the mystery. Against such errors, common, though far from universal in Protestant lands, the charity of the convents is a perpetual and effectual protest.

DE CASTRO'S RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

Religious Intolerance in Spain. Translated from the Spanish of Senor Don Adolpho de Castro by Thomas Parker. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

“A HISTORY of religious intolerance,” and “in Spain,”—a country in which it is notorious that such intolerance has been carried to a great, if not the greatest extent,—how interesting might such a subject be made by one having the will and the ability to do it justice! But the title goes on to add, “or an examination of some of the causes which led to that nation's decline;” and though this also is another scarcely less interesting subject, yet it is one which, when thus forcibly coupled with the other, instead of heightening our expectations of the value of the book, caused them to fall considerably below zero. It betrayed to us that the author's real subject was neither historical nor political, and that he had written not so much upon a subject, as with an object,—namely, to write down Catholicity.

Under these circumstances, we were disposed to lay the volume aside as a mere harangue addressed to partisans, not meant for our notice, and not worthy of it. Indeed, we certainly should have done so had the author's name been altogether new to us; but we remember to have seen another book written by a De Castro, of which the writer had much reason to be ashamed, and we felt a strong suspicion that the author

was no other than this same Don Adolpho. De Castro, though a good, is not an uncommon Spanish name. There was a De Castro who befriended the Franciscan missionaries in Morocco in the thirteenth century; a De Castro who wrote the life of a viceroy; a Christopher of that name who was a theologian of some repute, and a fellow-townsmen of the great Suarez; and a William who was a distinguished dramatist. There was also an Alphonso de Castro, a Franciscan monk, and confessor to Charles V., who wrote (curiously enough) upon this very subject of "religious intolerance," only taking a somewhat different view from our Senor don Adolpho, since he entitled his book "*De justa hæreticorum punitione.*" Our suspicion, however, as to the author of the book before us proved correct. This Don Adolpho was the identical Don who published a work at Cadiz in the year 1847, to which he gave the title of "*The History of the Jews in Spain, from the time of their settlement in that country till the commencement of the present century; written and illustrated with divers extremely scarce documents,*" of which an English translation appeared in 1851,—not, however, by the Mr. Parker who translates this work on "Intolerance," but by a Rev. Edward D. G. M. Kirwan, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and he, having a conscientious sense of the responsibility he incurred by helping it to an English circulation, and discovering that one of the "*divers extremely scarce documents*" so much boasted of was a barefaced forgery, warned his readers that this was the case. The following is the passage in which he did so, taken from p. vi. of his preface:

"In the Appendix is given a letter purporting to have been written to Philip II. by Arias Montasio, entitled 'Instruction for Princes,' and which, as the reader will see by note 4 to page 262, is a forged one: although this will not affect the credit of the history (inasmuch as no fact mentioned in it rests on the authority of the 'Instruction,' which was published for the purpose of confirming the author's opinions about the Jesuits), it is much to be regretted that he should have printed it. Were I to consult my own inclination, I should suppress it; but it strikes me, that were I to do so, I should be disingenuous; and were I to publish it without stating it to be a forgery, I should be still more disingenuous."

We accept Mr. Kirwan's fact with all thankfulness, but not his logic. Don Adolpho's utterance of this forgery cannot be considered otherwise than as most damaging to his general credit as an historian; and it is impossible to limit its injurious effect upon his character to the statements he may have founded upon the forged document. Should any one conceive we are unjust in saying this, let him ask Mr. Parker, whose skill as

fugleman to the Spaniard is of the highest order, to preface the next translation he may make of any of his works with the extract just given, and remark how he receives the proposal. We shall be contented to abide by the result as to whether our prejudice against the author be not sufficiently accounted for, and its justice proved.

But how comes it that, after such a disgraceful *faux pas* on the part of Don Adolpho, we find him coming again at so short an interval before the (as commonly supposed) truth-loving English public, not as a writer of fiction—for which, indeed, we could fancy him highly qualified—but in the same character as before,—as an historian? He speaks of himself as encouraged to do so by “two English gentlemen,” and by the good reception accorded to Mr. Parker’s “elegant” translation of his *Spanish Protestants*. He says nothing about the *History of the Spanish Jews*, though a publication subsequent to that on *Spanish Protestants*. But it is natural as well as wise for a man to say nothing on a subject upon which he has nothing to say, or upon which “the least said” is “soonest mended.” We think, however, that the “two English gentlemen” and Mr. Parker are as much concerned to give an answer to our question as Don Castro himself; for it is evident that he writes not for the Spanish, but the English market, and if not actually employed by Englishmen, as is highly probable, at any rate receives “suggestions” from them. Indeed, since the translation of one of his works appeared in England (Mr. Parker tells us) fifteen days before the original appeared in Spain, there is good reason for regarding them as the principals, and him as merely the agent in this business.

What, then, induces Englishmen to be the getters-up of works of Spanish literature, that they may be then translated into the language of this country and circulated here? If they consider that there is any thing in the past history of Spain unknown to their fellow-countrymen, yet worth knowing, we should expect them to make translations from some of the existing histories most in repute among the Spaniards, or to send competent and trustworthy persons, with government introductions, to examine the ancient records of that realm; but this employment of the author of the history of the Spanish Jews wears, to our mind, a very disagreeable and suspicious aspect.

What was their object? As they do not tell us, we must try and discover it for ourselves. There is a passage in Mr. Parker’s preface which, if we are not mistaken, betrays the secret. It informs us that the appearance of the translation of the *Spanish Protestants* and “the religious intolerance” syn-

chronised with two highly important periods of the anti-Catholic agitation in this country. "Senor de Castro," observes Mr. Parker, "is remarkably favoured by circumstances. Then came 'the Papal aggression' to give an interest to his *Spanish Protestants*, and to aid in its circulation; and for similar results to his *History of Religious Intolerance in Spain* he will doubtless be now indebted to Leopold the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Madiai." It is a matter of congratulation between the friends and the "religious world" for which they write that the books should have arrived just at these times; and yet, by so doing, they must have served to increase religious antipathies, and to add fresh fuel to that unhallowed fire which was stirring up such terrible discord between the Protestant and Catholic portions of this great empire. They were, so to say, an importation of Spanish fly, considered by the party to whom they were consigned as most opportunely received, because it came to increase the irritation of his patients just at the moment when they were most irritable. Surely we cannot be far wrong in presuming that the purpose intended was not very different from that which they so rejoiced to see answered; but, indeed, we are not surprised that there should be a demand just now for literature of this kind in this country. It has, indeed, an unmistakable place and meaning amongst English Protestants at the present time. It comes to help in supplying one of the most afflicting losses that a religious party has probably ever sustained—an irreparable loss—one for which all the De Castros that ever were born, squired by all the Mr. Parkers in England, as their most faithful Sancho Panzas, can never supply a really adequate substitute,—no other than the loss of their *history*. The dilemma of the poor man who lost his shadow is the only one upon record that at all equals that of the Protestant party in this country when Dr. Maitland took away their history. They offered no resistance,—poor people, how could they?—struck dumb with astonishment, as they were, to see him go round to each, dressed in his ample bands and his Geneva gown, and take out of their hands that Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, for five, ten, or even twenty copies of the new edition of which they had many of them been just subscribing. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw him cast it aside as worthless trash, or their ears when they heard him assert that he had proved it to be such. It was impossible to deny that he had; but then the question of the truth of the book had never before occurred to them. Their regard for it, and anxiety to have it reproduced, was grounded not upon its qualities as a book, but as a weapon. In their confidence that it was "true as steel,"

they had never asked themselves whether it was not "false as hell." To treat it as a book in Dr. Maitland's matter-of-fact manner was to disenchant it, and make it fall from the mailed hand that had only grasped it under the supposition that it was a brand.

Nor was their cruel reverse of fortune destined to end here. Dr. Maitland had something more to do; he had set himself a very definite work, and he quite understood what it was, though whether he understood or much cared what would come of it may perhaps be doubted. Fox's *Book of Martyrs* did not comprise the whole of English Protestant history, and he came to take away the whole, and not a part merely. And so it was that external circumstances enabled him ere long to complete what he had begun. The position of an Evangelical clergyman in a country town had greatly helped him to achieve the discomfiture of the martyrologist, by the unaccountably strange appearance it gave him of seeming to issue out to the battle with his sling and his stone from the army of the Philistines, and not from that of Israel. But the further prosecution of his work required other means, and these were soon placed at his disposal,—the surprising and *bizarre* character of the scene continuing still to be admirably preserved. The High Church Primate of the English Protestant hierarchy,—Sidney Smith's "attenuated prelate,"—had smiled benignly on the exploit of the Evangelical, and now rewarded it by making him his librarian,—thus placing him in a position that enabled him to follow up that exploit by another, in which it was as odd to find a Protestant bishop aiding and abetting as it had before been to see a low Churchman finding fault with want of veracity in a Puritan. Lambeth afforded its librarian an unlimited access at all times to the yet remaining records of the Protestant Reformation, and this was just what the work he proposed required. It was only as being the possessor of these peculiar advantages in consulting these records that he could effectually, because unanswerably, dissipate our long-indulged misconceptions as to the chief characters of those times. But we need not go on to remind our readers how he used those advantages. They cannot have forgotten with what pleasure and wonder they followed him, as he passed from one worthy of the Protestant's admiration or abhorrence to another, touched them with Ithuriel's spear, and bade them assume their proper shape and colour. The accumulated falsehood fled at the touch, and the heroes of the Protestant party turned out to be monsters of vulgarity and mingled profaneness and hypocrisy, while Bonner became a pattern of easy good nature, and Gardiner was proved to have been any thing but cruel.

The curtain fell,—seldom has it fallen on a stranger scene,—and English Protestants, no longer agape, and aghast, but again alive to things as they are, found themselves bereft of their history. Not but that a history of their golden age still remained, and one more full, more self-consistent and truth-like than ever; but it was not *theirs*. The real history of those times had dawned upon men's minds; and as it did so, theirs had of necessity paled into fiction. Under these circumstances, what has been done? A certain section of Protestant writers—men of laborious research and of honest truthfulness—have abandoned that whole line of argument altogether; they have preferred historical truth to the gratification of a senseless bigotry, and even where their prejudices against the Catholic faith have remained in almost undiminished force, yet their arguments against it have proceeded from new premises, and on a totally new basis. This, however, has not been done generally; those who represent the Protestantism of the masses in this country—the defenders of the great Protestant tradition—could not venture to do it; they feel that they cannot afford it, that virtually it would be giving up the whole struggle; they are living witnesses of the truth of those assertions of Dr. Newman, that true testimony is unequal to the Protestant view of the Catholic Church, and that fable alone can supply a basis of sufficient breadth. When, therefore, Dr. Maitland pulled a stone, as it were, out of the building, just because he saw it was a bad one, forgetting, or not caring,—we really cannot say which,—that it was a corner-stone of the whole, these Protestants of whom we speak exhibited no architectural skill in changing their plan, and by the power of adaptation making a gain out of their loss, but simply set themselves to prop up what they saw so likely to fall by inserting another stone as like as possible to that of which they had been deprived. And whatever may be thought of their honesty; their wisdom is certainly not to be blamed; for the character and circumstances of their building did not admit of their doing otherwise. English Protestantism will bear patching, which indeed it often requires; but it will not bear any constitutional alterations. If a fable be exploded, another must be provided in its place; and such works as these of Don Adolpho are the foreign importations intended to produce the same effects upon the minds of the present generation as the writings of Fox, Milner, and others produced upon the minds of our forefathers.

But it is time we should return to Don Adolpho and his translator, and take a more critical survey of their labours. Their work displays, as might be expected, the same appetency for “scarce documents” which was exhibited in the *History*

of the *Spanish Jews*. The Don's power of discovering these things is really wonderful. See what a vista opens before his imagination. "It would seem," he says, "that in order to make the history of Spain a true history, it would be necessary to re-write it, and in a manner too almost the reverse of that in which it has been written." And that we may not hesitate to believe in the reality of these discoveries, and in his conscientiousness in using them, he adds: "I have resolved that the propositions put forth in my text shall not go unauthorised, but be vouched by notes at foot, referring to or quoting documentary authorities, so that my desire to seek after truth may be accredited. Truth should be the pole-star of every writer who seeks to promote the public good, and desires that his works may be useful to his country."

Bravo! What a malignant wretch must he be who, after reading such a beautiful sentiment, can remember to the writer's disadvantage that little accident in the *History of the Spanish Jews*? However, the author really does what he says he will. His book is full of notes, and his notes are full of quotations. Let us give the reader a specimen from pp. 48-9. He is speaking of Cardinal Ximenes, whom he designates by his patronymic Cisneros, and against whom, as well as the great Queen Isabella, he has the most violent antipathy. This is his text:

"Whatever measure he projected as beneficial to his country was, if not in itself absolutely injurious, yet, in consequence of some extravagant condition or other annexed to it, rendered of no useful effect. Intending to publish an edition of the Bible in various languages, he assembled a number of wise men, collected a great many manuscripts, and purposed that their labours should form a monument to his own glory. But these labours (as is generally believed by the wise men of Europe) went to corrupt the Greek and Hebrew texts, in an attempt to make them correspond with the Vulgate. Cisneros compares the Vulgate,—which neither followed the Greek nor the Hebrew Bibles, and was printed in his book between the two,—to Jesus Christ crucified between two thieves.* Such were the effects of the fanatical madness by which Cisneros was actuated."

The very words of the quotation go far towards refuting the malignant charge; for they show that it was not on its own account that the cardinal considered the Vulgate, when placed between the Greek and Hebrew versions, to resemble our Lord

* "As I do not wish that, on perusal of this extravagant comparison of Cisneros, I should be accused by fanatics of calumny, I give the very words of the cardinal, from the preface to the Polyglot: 'Mediam autem inter has Latinam Beati Hieronymi translationem velut inter synagogam et orientalem ecclesiam posuimus: tanquam duos hinc et inde latrones, medium autem Jesum, hoc est Romanam sive Latinam ecclesiam collocantes.'"

crucified between two thieves, but only as representing the Roman or Latin Church to which it belonged; but having access to a copy of the Complutensian Polyglot, let us examine the context, and learn more accurately what he means. The passage referred to is in the 2d page of the 1st vol., and, could any reader who had forgotten that history of the Spanish Jews believe it!—the “*has*” of the quotation does not refer, as our author’s text would lead one to suppose, to “*linguas*” of the Bible, or even those of the Old Testament, but only to “*linguas Pentateuchi*,” to versions, therefore, of a portion of the sacred canon, respecting which a Catholic would have little reason to desire that the Vulgate should be considered preferable to the Greek or Hebrew versions, unless he was convinced in his judgment as a critic that it really was so. Nor is this all. The passage quoted is immediately followed by these words: “*Hæc enim sola supra firmum petrum ædificata (reliquis a rectâ Scripturæ intelligentiâ quandoque deviantibus), immobilis semper in veritate permansit.*” Had Don Adolpho added this to his quotation, it would not have answered the purpose for which he quoted it. His readers must then have seen at once what, as we have remarked, they *might* see even now, that the cardinal did not place the Vulgate between the Hebrew and the Greek, and imagine that when so placed it resembled Christ crucified between two thieves, because he thought it so incomparably the best version of the three as to transcend the others in excellence even as our Lord did the thieves,—but because he considered it to represent the Roman Church, while the other versions represented respectively the Synagogue and the schismatic Greek communion; and as so representing, it might well be placed in the middle between the other two, both because Rome is locally situated between the Jews of Spain and the Greeks of the East, and because the Roman Church is the one true Church, founded on a rock, and against which the powers of hell have never prevailed; while of the two other communions, one is an alien, and the other a separatist from the fellowship of the chief of the Apostles,—both thieves, that is, but one in a less desperate condition than the other. Evidently then, though Jews and Greeks might quarrel with the cardinal for assuming his view of the question of the rival excellences of the three communions to be the right one, and the penitent thief, as we think, might have some ground for complaint, no complaint can justly be made that any one version has been preferred, as such, to another. There is, indeed, little doubt in our own minds that this quaint device for settling the question of precedence between the versions was had recourse to by the Spanish cardinal for the very purpose of avoiding settling it

on its own merits, *i. e.* that he might not do what the Don takes for granted he did, and calumniously accuses him of doing with a fulsomeness of eulogy that would be without a parallel.

In this instance, then, at least, the author's text must go unauthorised; and the foot-note is very far from accrediting his desire to seek after truth.

But we must not forget that this work is a joint production, and that Mr. Parker is responsible for it as well as Don Adolpho; and we are sorry to say that Mr. Parker shows himself to be just such another pseudo-historian as the Spaniard. In pages 12 and 13 of his preface he says:

"What the legislature would be attempting in the case supposed, *i. e.* when prescribing to men in what form and to what degree they may worship God, the Church of Rome is doing, and has for many centuries done, daily. That Church, whilst she acknowledges that the sacred Scriptures are the word of God, says, with strange inconsistency, in the Index of Prohibited Books, rule iv.: 'The Bible is prohibited in all its parts, printed or in manuscript, in every vulgar tongue whatsoever.'"

Now the Catholic reader sees at once that this statement is false. He is well aware that there is, and has long been, an authorised Catholic translation of the Bible in this country, and knows that similarly authorised translations are to be found in almost every other country also. He therefore indignantly denies the charge, and is tempted to take no further notice of it. Yet it is worth while to say a few words by way of showing the curious. Rule iv. is somewhat of a "scarce document." If the reader asks for a copy of the *Index Expurgatorius* at a bookseller's, he will probably have an English edition placed in his hands; and then, if he turns to the rules in question, he will find rules ii., v., vi., vii., viii., but no rule iv.; the reason being that the omitted rules, nos. i., iii., or iv. being no longer acted upon, it was thought likely to lead a practical person into error, if they were printed with those still in use. But, of course, those for whom Mr. Parker translates would not accept so charitable an explanation from persons of whom it is their delight to think evil. The absence of rule iv. from this copy would appear in their eyes the clearest possible proof that it was considered too bad to publish in England; and Mr. Parker would be thought entitled to great credit for the successful industry in the good cause which enabled him to extract it from some ancient foreign copy, or possibly from the very original itself.

It is not, however, impossible to find a copy of the Index in which the obsolete rules have been printed in their original place. Let us look into such a one, and what shall we find to

be rule iv.? A brief decided prohibition of the translated Bible in whole or in part? No such thing; but a long rule, too long to reproduce here, in which the Church tells us, that owing to the greater amount of evil than of good that was arising at that time from the indiscriminate reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, it was found necessary to limit its perusal, if possible, to those only who would receive good from it, and keep it out of the way of those who would abuse it to their own and other persons' injury. To do this, which was precisely what the Church was bound to do, it calls on all people to apply for leave, if they desire to read, possess, or sell the holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and forbids their presuming to do so without having obtained it. This is the substance of the rule; and therefore, instead of its being true that the Catholic Church has for centuries, and does still, prohibit the translated Bible in whole or part, the fact is, that the Church never did this at any time; but merely in an age when men were found to be set much more upon abusing than using a knowledge of the Scriptures,* placed certain restrictions on its perusal, possession, and sale, the which restrictions are now no longer insisted on.

But why need we trouble our readers further about this book? they have surely heard enough, and we compassionate our Protestant fellow-countrymen if they can mistake such trash for history. But, alas, the work is not mere folly, or folly enlivened by the malice of being throughout bitterly anti-Catholic,—so we must be allowed still to draw attention to it. The persons who are circulating it in this country are doubtless doing so under the idea that, being anti-Catholic, it is of course Protestant, *i. e.* schismatic Christian, like themselves. Alas! when will they learn that Catholics in these days never become Protestants? When they cease to be Catholics, they go the whole hog and become infidels. It is as Quixotic to imagine that foreign non-Catholics are Protestants of the English stamp, or on their way to become such, as it would be to dub them knights of King Arthur's Round Table, or paladins of the Emperor Charlemagne. They simply cannot be such; and (we may add) they would not if they could. A foreigner who has been a Catholic, and then ceased to be one, will, if asked whether he is a Protestant, answer, supposing him inclined to be sincere, much as a now eminent politician did years ago, when asked whether he was a Whig: "No, I once was a Tory, and now am a Radical; but, thank

* For a clear statement of the peculiar circumstances under which this partial prohibition was published, we must refer our readers to a series of the *Clifton Tracts*, entitled "The Church and the Bible; how are they related to one another?"

Heaven, I never was that poor thing, a Whig." Bystanders often see more of the game than those who play; and a Catholic may be a very poor creature, both as to the knowledge and the practice of his religion, but you will hardly ever find it possible to persuade him to regard Protestants as other than half-castes in religion, and not to feel that it would be more possible for him to consent to be either white or black than a mulatto.

Accordingly Don Adolpho de Castro is an infidel. He has the genuine priest-hate of his class. In pp. 75-6 we find the following:

"In that century," the sixteenth, "the notion of the divine right of kings had its origin. The ecclesiastics accommodated the sovereigns by giving this investiture to the power they had acquired by the overthrow of the nobility and of the people. In the time of the Gothic domination in Spain, when the bishops were elected by the clergy and laity, the ecclesiastics did not give the right divine to kings, but to the people; and when the nobles in the middle ages brought up their forces against the sovereigns, the clergy followed under the banner of the former. The priests of Greece and Rome did the like; they always deified the right of the victorious and powerful, although wickedness was in their train. The oracles of their feigned gods, created by human fears, always inclined to the side of the strongest, in order to applaud the establishment, or the ruin of a republic, a kingdom, or an empire."

Perhaps our Protestant reader may be of opinion that there is not much infidelity in this; he may feel prepared to say as much himself. But let him read a little further, and the presence of the cloven foot becomes yet plainer:

"It is remarkable that Julian, one of the few undistinguished for knowledge and morality who occupied the throne of the Cæsars, and wished to re-establish the gods of Paganism in his extended empire, and to annihilate the religion of Christ, did not persecute its followers with infamy, confiscation, and death. Whilst they were Christians, the doors to riches and honours were indeed closed against them; but immediately on their return to heathenism, the public offices, dignities, and pomps of the world, were conferred on them by that emperor, who, in the triumph of his propositions, believed he was securing the valour and the virtues which had belonged to ancient Rome. But only a man like Julian, brought up in the study of Stoic philosophy, and with the examples of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, could act in this manner. The Queen Isabella and her consort, and afterwards Charles V., educated in maxims of self-interest, and in alliance with those who wished to thrive by the ignorance and slavery of the people, had not the greatness of soul of that emperor to accommodate their subjects to that which they desired without exercising violence, which has always been the common resort of wicked princes and their ministers."

He who takes an apostate for his hero in preference to Christians, can hardly be far from one himself. But let us hear him yet once more :

"There is no doctrine, however dangerous, but may contain something in it useful to man. Philosophy, even by means of the errors of heresiarchs, has progressed, and still progresses, towards a good end. Protestantism, with all its contradictions, teaches the free use of reason ; and the encyclopedists of the last century have scattered over the world the knowledge of many civil rights."

It is clear that Don Castro is neither more nor less than an infidel of the school of Michelet and Quinet. He is one of those who call on us, in the words of the latter, "to elevate our souls, to trample the dread of sceptics under our feet, and to be as brave in spiritual things as our fathers used to be in deeds of war." These men generalise religion ; and while they feel it to be to themselves a degrading unreality in every one of its forms, with a pseudo-Catholic liberality they make a scornful admission of its claim to their respect, in every one of them alike, on the score of its being that to which they see some infirmity obliges their fellow-men almost universally to have recourse. They are quite as infidel as their predecessors in the depth of their disbelief, and little less impious. We say "little less;" for, though to free the process of their own deification from the hindrance arising from the fact of a pre-existent God, they adopt a less repulsively blasphemous course than those who have gone before them in this part of the broad road, and do not attack Him so much as the relation between Him and ourselves, yet is their impiety and blasphemy ever present within them, and ready, as we have lately seen in the case of Mr. F. Newman, to well out from its dark fountain, if circumstances permit, with an abundance and a pungent noisomeness all the greater for its temporarily enforced confinement.

One more observation, and we must take our leave of Don Castro and his translator. When we consider that this work is but one of a series, and that this series is an accepted part of the Protestant anti-Catholic literature of the day, what an idea do we conceive of the daring aggressiveness of infidelity amongst us ! There is, indeed, nothing novel to us in the fact that infidelity is a rapid absorbent of Protestantism ; we have long been aware that the latter was so much the weaker element, and so near akin to the other, that in proportion as circumstances permitted it was certain to prove so. But it is terrifying to peep over the shoulder of the horned alchemist to watch the details of his process, and to see how, when he wants to make Protestants into infidels, he distils into his

work a fox-like mixture—*mutatis mutandis*, the very same *ψευδολογία* he employed three centuries ago to make Catholics into Protestants. When will his unhappy victims awake to their danger, and refuse with loathing the proffered poison?

HANNAY'S SATIRE AND SATIRISTS: THE PICTURESQUE AND THE POPULAR.

Six Lectures. By James Hannay. London: Bogue.

MR. HANNAY thinks that general readers somewhat neglect the satirists, and yet that satire is an important agent in history, as well as an interesting and valuable object of literary study; he also especially wishes to show that the great satirists have been good and lovable men. With these ideas we entirely concur; we do not think that the sense of the ridiculous has been given in vain to mankind; nay, we have known some most amiable people who would have been saved from the great mistakes of their lives if they had possessed a greater sense of the absurd. The want of this power is almost a characteristic of the pious English Protestant, and the solemnity with which Father Newman's letter to Mr. Spooner concerning the cellars and pantries of Edgbaston was received in the House of Commons, proves that even that august assembly might be improved by a more copious cultivation of the faculty referred to. There is something so exclusively human about it, that man has been defined to be a laughing animal; and though, doubtless, the universal right of scorn and derision is a part of the vengeance which belongs exclusively to the Supreme Judge, yet, after all, as there are numberless well-defined cases in which a man has a right of punishing his fellow-man, he has a public right to laugh at those who offend against the several kinds of social propriety. The corporation of dandies has quite a right to laugh at those who go with their shoes untied; but they must be prepared to suffer whatever retaliation some burly Johnson may take it into his head to inflict upon them;—the dapper Anglican curate may turn up his nose at the country priest for dressing like a footman and leaving out his H's, but he should not cry out about irreverence when he finds his favourite theories and institutions held up to ridicule by the pitiless logic of the man whose exterior he derides. He who laughs should be willing to be laughed at; and if he is conscious of the walls of his house being too glassy, he had better refrain from giving the provocation. When these conditions are complied with,

we know of no more amiable and amusing character than the man who talks of every thing in a vein of quiet satire, always receiving with good-nature the thrusts he may get in exchange; while nothing is more ridiculous than the affectation of the right to laugh at other men, accompanied with a spiteful vindictiveness against the person who returns the compliment. Satirists of the former kind may be good and lovable men as well as great writers; the latter kind may be great authors, but as men they will always be vixenish and narrow-minded. Mr. Hannay would have been more successful in proving the last point of his thesis if he had adopted this test, instead of thinking it sufficient to assume that the great writer must be great in all other ways. We wish he had shown us how Pope and Swift, who were so expert in squibbing other people, endured the squibs of their opponents; for, in spite of the glorification which modern literary men are accustomed to bestow on their own class, we cannot help suspecting that the literary leviathan may turn out to be but a paltry and offensive beast in his domestic relations. We cannot consent to judge of the private life of a musician by his harmonies, nor of a poet by his verses. The imagination is a wonderful faculty, but it does not constitute the inner personality of a man.

With regard to the way in which Mr. Hannay has executed his task, we give him great praise for the pains he has evidently bestowed on his subject; he has studied it well, and writes about it like a man who does not say all he knows, but speaks from the abundance of his stores. We cannot say so much for his manner of setting out his repast; he aims at a popular and picturesque delineation of the satirists and their works; to be popular he panders to popular prejudices; to be picturesque he thinks it necessary to adopt the style of Carlyle and Emerson—men who strive to give a shape to the passing breeze, and “to grind their thoughts into paint.”

In Italian, any form of beauty fit to be painted is called picturesque; in English, the popular idea of what is a fit subject for a picture has caused the word to come to imply an irregular confusion of broken lines, of ruined arches, decayed fences, gnarled oaks, and tattered garments; a work of art like a cathedral is not picturesque till it begins to fall to pieces, and trees have forced their roots into the clefts in its walls. It is precisely the affectation of this negligence and confusion that constitutes the fundamental principle of the Emersonian style, and makes it the appropriate vehicle for his philosophy. For it is the theory of modern transcendentalism that logic is the pest and death of truth, and that man in this

world is like a benighted traveller, whose safest course it is to let the horse he rides have its own way, because here at least our instincts are truer than our arguments. Such a system requires a method the very reverse of logical; and if logical method can be compared to an Italian garden, or to the regularities of architecture, its reverse must resemble that confusion and irregularity which is one of the elements of the picturesque. Such a style, then, is appropriate enough for a philosophy which sets all reason at defiance, and solemnly curses logic by its gods; but we hope that no Catholic writer will ever adopt it, however popular it may become, and however plausible it may be to argue that the Church absorbs all philosophies and modes of thought that have any life and vigour in them, and that exercise a power and influence in the world. As the theologians of Alexandria platonised when the schools were Platonic, and as St. Thomas aristotelised when the schools followed the Stagirite; so, it may be said, in these latter times, when thought is transcendental, when men who think, think in the language of Carlyle, Fourier, and Emerson, it must be the vocation of some Catholic to transplant the new fashion into the Church, and make theology accommodate her lips to the disjointed, illogical, unconsequent, exaggerated, figurative, and affected language of the new school. Not at all; the philosophy of the instincts cannot speak the same language as the philosophy of the intellect; and though a Bezaleel collected the gold ornaments of the transcendentalists, and remoulded them in the furnace of his thought, instead of a divine image, there would only come out some calf. To imitate their language, you must trust implicitly to your instincts and feelings; you must consider yourself a mere instrument in the hands of some higher power—of some universal “over-soul,” which speaks through you; you must be convinced that your instincts are its inspirations, while your arguments are but the reflections of your own egotism; with unhesitating faith you must transcribe each picture as it rises in your imagination, without examination or thought whether what you produce is stale or strange, stolen or original, consistent or self-contradictory, childlike or childish; remembering that the Emersonian style aspires to be an artless, childlike expression of the instinctive imaginations of the mind: for the child is, according to the poet, the best philosopher, he is a prophet and a seer, who possesses the truths which men who use their reason toil in vain to find; and as the child does not think, only feels and imagines, so must the transcendentalist also do; and doing so, he will certainly express himself in the manner of Emerson. Let the writer

attend to this one rule, and his style will soon be a good imitation of the one in question; he will find that what he has to say comes forth without logical sequence, forming rather a heap than a series. Without any definite line of thought, he may be as fragmentary and discursive as he pleases; trying to make his language picturesque, and to raise an image before the eye, he will as far as possible reduce every thing to paint; and to make the weary eye attend to all he has to say, he will use the most glaring and dazzling colours. He will describe every thing with the astonished air of childhood, will only bring forward his ideas spasmodically and by scraps—always seizing on the most out-of-the-way characteristic of a thing to describe it by, will affect the most dreamy and insane juxtaposition of incongruous images, and use the harshest and most discordant words to call to mind that which is tolerably familiar under more sober appellations. He will be always using either the Socratic irony, and talk of great things as if they were every-day affairs to him, or else he will find no adjectives but “huge” and “brawny” to express what certainly does not require such an effort to describe. Like a boy, he will fix on some favourite words, such as “grim,” “genial,” “sturdy,” “mainly,” and so on, and by his universal use of them he will reduce them to slang; and as an ingenious youth often introduces the qualification of his assertion at the end as an afterthought, so our new light will affect the same position of the adverb, and will impale it on the point of his sentence. And he will succeed in impressing his readers with the idea that he is a cleverish fellow, but that it is a great pity he should be so conceited and priggish.

But, after all, the offensiveness of this school depends much more on its philosophy than on its style. We may well pardon a man for describing the ill-effects of the occupations of the London poor in round-about terms such as the following: “These long hours of work, these unwholesome atmospheres, these steel-filings, soap-boilings, poison-polished cards, stereotype-plate castings, gasometers, tan-pits, vitriol-works, and the rest of it, well nigh drain the life out of a man;”—or for asserting the superiority of spirit to form by telling us that he is “frightened of forms, and times, and change of apparel, and conventionalities, and all externals, until the spiritualities have had all their rights and precedences solemnly and authentically and unquestionably guaranteed to them;”—we pardon all this in the writer of these sentences, for he was not bitten by the real transcendental spirit, though he thought it necessary to affect its style. But when a man uses it as the expression of

his philosophy, as a means of uttering in terse language the responses of the oracle he carries in his breast, judging all things, and deciding in a sentence the controversies and doubts of ages, condemning and acquitting as one from whose sentence there is no appeal, this mode of writing becomes simply disgusting. The transcendentalist believes in humanity in general, and especially in the "over-soul," or representative essence of all souls, whose organ he is; he holds that all that is really human is right; that the most opposite views are equally true; that the philosopher has only to point out the elements of the beautiful and the good in each system, and to define its relations with nature. He has to prove nothing; the soul receives truth, because it feels it, not because truth is presented to it on the point of an argument: "the attractions of man are proportioned to his destinies;" that which he is to believe and love, he will believe and love, because it will be his pleasure to believe and love it.

This is the foundation of the style of thought adopted by Carlyle and Emerson; and those who sneer at it are esteemed by Mr. Hannay to be "simious satirists," a class which he tells us is "distinguished by a deficiency of natural reverence mainly, whose heart is hard rather," and so on. For it must be confessed "he is something of a swaggerer, our friend," and though most tenacious of his right of flogging any one who does not agree with him, is extremely averse to seeing any of his own favourites treated in the same way. The "huge natural sentiment" at the bottom of his character makes him resent any attack on what he holds sacred. For, in spite of his universalism, he does take his side, and practically protests against the maxim that all that is human is good. He takes the popular view, and divides the world into Catholic and non-Catholic: whatever sympathises with the former is abominable; whatever with the latter, however discordant in itself, is good and true and beautiful, and all the rest of it. If a writer on his side is not so cleanly as might be wished in his attacks on Cardinal Wolsey and the clergy, he "doubtless believes in mud, and thinks a dead cat a natural object to throw at a man he hates: such persons have not worse hearts than we have, but their olfactory organs are coarser." But if one of the abused clergy asserts that a Presbyterian satirist died profanely, crying out about Cynthia, the man is "an unfortunate liar, preserved in the pages of Bayle like a snake in spirits, for the observation of those who are curious in snakes." Or if a Tory (for with him Toryism has some of the characteristics of Popery) criticises the life of Churchill (whose life, goodness knows, was open enough to criticism,) he is described as

a "dull evil-minded individual, who gathers up his strength for a biographic bray, and achieves the same in a hostile spirit in the *Annual Register*. Nobody now-a-days," he adds, "meditates lecturing on *him*." Possibly not; but still morality, though dull, has a right to criticise immorality, however brilliant;—and then our author adds, enigmatically: "When this sort of animal wanders for browsing purposes into a churchyard, it shows sad negligence in the beadle." Mr. Hannay himself wanders farther than the churchyard, even into church, and for purposes more offensive than browsing, without any fear of beadles; why may not his kindred enjoy the same immunities? But no, no animal is to lift hoof against any of his dead lions; just try to pelt one of his favourites, "men like Knox or Luther,—the great ones of the highest class, the sacred men," and he will be first to cry shame; and yet he has no objection to throw unsound eggs himself, especially when monks and Jesuits are on the carpet, and to reproduce as much as modern ears will hear of the coarse sayings which Sir David Lindsay, Skelton, and others threw at them. He never tries for an instant to conceal his contempt of the Catholic priesthood: convents are "huge prison-walls;" Catholic theological writings are "muddy old logical and theological ponds, foul in taste and smell, covered at the surface with weeds old and new, and by no means free from dead dogs and other abominations,"—by no means Jordans or Siloams; for he says, that to corrupt a youth he would send him—not to Juvenal or Tristram Shandy or Don Juan, but to a Jesuit text-book of moral questions. We respectfully request Mr. Hannay to name the text-book or books to which he alludes. We strongly suspect that he has never opened one, and that he only takes his mud at second-hand from Dr. Cumming, or some equally respectable secreter of such dainties.

Popery, then, at any rate when practical, and still more when polemical, is a "state of life" which Mr. Hannay cannot abide: to all other phases we are bound to say he shows considerable fairness; they are so many coloured glasses to look at the world through. "Puritanism is one way of looking at nature,—and when sincere, of course a right-worshipful one; and the artistic and literary view of life is a different one! A man of wit and social sympathies, a lover of the beautiful, could not be expected to remain a Puritan." True, friend; but how is Puritanism right-worshipful, when devoid of wit or social sympathies, or love of the beautiful? Puritanism, we suppose, is only an inferior phase; the literary phase is the supreme: your king is not your right-minded cobbler, as the Stoics ruled, but your writer, who sways the reading-room on

the nibs of his pen. No men of hand are to be compared to men of tongue and goose-quill; Augustus and Mæcenas make no such mark in the world's history as Horace and Virgil. These are the true great ones, whom it is natural for us to love and believe in; whose character, if they look bad and ugly, we wish to see cleared up, but not to have their ugliness crowded over or exulted in; their dissipation and their littlenesses, their crimes and their dishonour, are to be thought of as but a phase of their manifestation, as but their "temporary and local" clothing;—their true personality appears in their writings, as the "perennial and eternal" man, "a figure which in its natural beauty, with the temporary and conditional removed from it, affords a truly admirable vision."

Abstracting Mr. Hannay's false philosophy and spite against Catholicity (except when it loses its baseness by being emblazoned with the greatness of a Dryden or a Pope), and in spite of a "huge" conceit, "most ignorant of what it is most assured," we must concede Mr. Hannay to be an amusing and spirited writer, whose book may be perused with some pleasure.

RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING.

(Second Notice.)

The Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace. Erected and described by Owen Jones.

WE have added the little handbook prepared by Mr. Owen Jones in illustration of his reproduction of Moorish architecture at the Crystal Palace, as a supplementary text to a few additional remarks on architecture, for reasons which will become obvious on a glance at its contents. Mr. Jones is not a mere theorist; he is eminently a practical man. The show-rooms of the paper-stainers and the curtain and furniture manufacturers teem with unacknowledged appropriations of his labours; and we have all seen how he cut the knot of brown, bronze, and "sage green" absurdities by a most happy application of his theory of colours to the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and has since developed it successfully at Sydenham. But he is also a thinker and a writer; like Mr. Ruskin, he has lectured; and though we are not aware whether his lectures have been printed, he has taken the opportunity afforded by the Alhambra Manual to compress into a short and popular introduction his views generally as to art, and its

past, present, and future. Like all the writings of Mr. Jones with which we are acquainted, it is characterised by modesty without affectation, and will well repay the short time spent in reading it with care and attention.

We do not think there can be much sympathy between Mr. Ruskin and him. It is the critic-artist and the artist-critic; and we suspect that he who can only talk will always be regarded with some shade of contempt by one who can both talk and do. But notwithstanding this, we find a coincidence in many points, and those of great importance;—a fact as significant as striking. The artist, like the critic, but with a more generous spirit, passes in a rapid review the architectures that have been; and, influenced by his love for colour, classes them as primaries, secondaries, and so forth; he weds each to its religion, and so comes to Christian art, than which “no style has been more beautiful, none more glorious;” but, thereupon, darkness overwhelms the whole art-world, in which we still grope our way. Like Mr. Ruskin, he concludes with a recipe for re-illuminating the Sun (which, we are led to infer, has not really set, but only gone out), with this difference, that whereas the “Oxford graduate” announces his remedy with the confidence of Dr. Dulcamara, Mr. Jones prescribes with the hesitation of a regular practitioner in a very difficult case. Now admitting for a moment, according to Mr. Jones, that the sun of art was extinguished by a puff of the “Reformation,” or, as Mr. Ruskin coolly asserts, that it was blown out by the breath of Rome, we should still deprecate in the strongest manner the whole tone in which the alleged fact is dealt with by both writers, as assuming for art a totally false position and value. But we do *not* admit it, and we are absolutely sick of the endless lamentations and dreary groans with which the times in which we did not live are exalted at the expense of those in which we do. We heartily wish the grumblers could have their retrospective desires satisfied, and learn by experience, as the retainers of some rapacious baron, that good churches and good men are not indivisible; and that saints and martyrs are not of necessity connected with stained glass and monumental brasses. We have to do with the present; the history of the past should be a wholesome and a stirring lesson to us, not filled with dreamy and futile regrets. Unchanged and unchanging, our Holy Mother, the Church, with ever-open arms, is ready to receive and to give. Her calendar remains unclosed, the *cang* and the axe are busy among her children; why should the founts of inspiration be dry to such of them as walk in the pleasant paths of art as heretofore?

We insist strongly on this point, because it appears to us positively essential in forming a sound judgment on the matters in question; the want of faith in a religion superior to the accidents of time and circumstance being the very root of the errors into which our modern artists and art-critics so commonly fall. In fact, it is only faith in the perdurance of the Church, whose vital principle of a thousand years ago is the life of to-day, which can ensure our safety in considering theories mainly true up to a certain point, but, pushed to their legitimate conclusions, tending to, and ending in, heresy and infidelity. How well and how gracefully the Very Rev. Dr. Newman has both spoken and written on this portion of the philosophy of art, our readers will thank us for reminding them.

The relative values and positions of the two being thus understood and admitted,—Religion the queen being seated on her throne, with Art the servant kneeling at her feet,—we may listen without danger to all the latter has to say, and look on all she brings without the fear of being dazzled by its brightness. And truly it is of the very nature of Art that she *must* offer to religion; her instinct drives her to seek a more lasting dedication of her labours than the vanity of man's life affords. When she has strayed from the worship of the True, she prostrates herself before the false deity of her imagination with equal energy and zeal:

“Each primary style arose with the civilisation which created it, and was more especially the result of its religious institutions. Religion was the teacher, the priest, the artist. The splendid works of Egypt show how wonderfully architecture is there the expression of a symbolical mythology. Vast, stupendous, mighty, as the system on which it was founded, the most simple ornaments which decorate every corner of these magnificent structures, and which, to a careless observer, would appear only placed there to please the eye, are found on a more attentive examination to contain historical facts, dates, or religious injunctions to the faithful. The walls are covered internally and externally with bassi-relievi richly coloured, relating to the supposed genealogy and history of their divinities, or representing their religious ceremonies, their offerings and instruments of worship.”

Thus Mr. Jones writes of the Egyptians, and the same of the Greeks, save that their religion was purely material (not spiritual and mystic) and impressed a material character on their architecture. “The Greeks were feelingly alive to all the bounteous gifts of nature, and embodied them in their art; conceiving God in the image of man, they made men like gods.” With the Romans art became still more material.

"Having attained an almost boundless power over the earth, the Romans set themselves up as gods, and neglected the traditional deities of their forefathers." This is all nicely discriminated, and well expressed; but now observe how the want of that faith we have insisted on, as essential to right judgment in art-matters, misleads our critic when he proceeds to later times:

"On the ruins of Paganism arose the Christian religion, producing by slow degrees another primary—Christian art, which, like all other arts, has had its hour of faith, its day of joy and intoxication, its time of lingering disease and death. All attempts to revive Christian, or rather Catholic architecture, have failed, and ever will fail, to awaken universal sympathy. Many of the works now being erected in this style will not be finished ere the fashion which has called them into existence shall have passed away. However beautiful they may be as copies of a bygone style, they can only illustrate the nation's material greatness and vast mechanical resources, but will reflect to posterity merely the favourite affectation of the day. The Protestant religion has other feelings, other wants, which Catholic art cannot supply."

Here we have the usual fallacy, the Christian religion and its art made to arise from the ruins of Paganism, just as the material religion and art of the Greeks is derived from the mystic and spiritual of the Egyptians. And the same consummation follows, of lingering disease and death; the Christian religion and art are dead, and the Protestant religion (without art) reigns in their stead. This is a miserable delusion. Those who have eyes to see clearly and hearts to feel truly, know full well that Christian art no more died with the "Reformation" than did the Catholic religion. Its "hour of faith" is not yet past, its "day of joy" is not yet ended; nay, for aught we know, the hour of the day may yet be among the earliest of the morning. Setting this one fallacy aside, the remainder of the sentence is true enough, and well worthy of consideration. Most true it is that such wants and feelings as Protestantism may have Catholic art cannot supply. Most true that the "beautiful copies of a bygone style," the "Early English," and "Decorated," with chancel arch and screen, credence and piscina, cross and monogram, will reflect to posterity merely a favourite affectation of the day. Let Margaret Street and St. Barnabas look to it. The architect has judged them, and, for our own part, we abide by his judgment. So candid is he that we cannot resist going a little further with him:

"Were the true wants and sentiments of the Protestant faith studied by the architect (alas, poor architect!), it cannot be doubted

that, after time and many failures, a religious architecture would again arise which should faithfully represent them. This is rendered difficult, if not impossible, by the want of unity in the Protestant faith itself; there are almost as many sects and divisions as there are individual followers of Christ; each man, feeling his religion in a different way, will express it differently; till this is otherwise, it is useless to expect that architecture can do more than represent, as it does most fully, the disordered state of man's faith. But if the Reformation has destroyed religious architecture, and separated the chain which held society together, there has arisen a religion more powerful, whose works equal, nay, surpass, all that the Egyptians, Greeks, or Romans, ever conceived. Mammon is the God, industry and commerce are the high priests. Devoid of poetry, of feeling, of faith, we have abandoned art for her sterner sister science."

It is not often that Protestants have the opportunity of contemplating their own features so ably painted;—is it possible that the artist can remain the slave of a system, to the utter and hopeless deformity of which he is so clearly and sensibly alive? Surely, the man who sees so plainly that Mammon, the god of the living active world, has by a righteous retribution set his foot on the neck of that fallen giant who, under the disguise of the Reformation, destroyed religious architecture, and separated the chain which held society together, must acknowledge that inasmuch at least he does good service, that it is well so foul an offspring should uncrown and unmask so wretched a parent. We do not expect, however, to find one who treats religion as "the teacher, the priest, the artist," among the votaries of Mammon; but to such a pass is he inevitably reduced who, because he holds that styles of architecture have uniformly been the result of the religion, habits, and modes of thought of the nations which produced them, and must so continue to be, weds his art to the two latter, leaving the impure trinity to be completed by the only principle which is common alike to the crowds of sects which believe a thousand follies and the world which believes nothing, and which, with commerce, industry, and science for high priests, he finds installed as the religion of the day. The necessity is nevertheless a very irksome one, and is consequently treated in the coldest and most ungracious manner by Mr. Jones,—a sign from which we would fain augur some future good. It appears, indeed, that Art so disliked the match that she was late at the wedding:

"If the great industrial movement which of late years has centered so much of power and interest in railways and other great national works, had allied itself with art, it would have aided our architectonic development; but, unfortunately, the industrial move-

ment arrived before the artistic world was prepared to acknowledge it."

We have now travelled with Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Jones, though by different roads, to pretty nearly the same point; the remainder of the journey, as far as those gentlemen are concerned, may be made more sociably. We have seen that with one religious architecture was destroyed by the Reformation; with the other, that for three hundred years Art has been wrong altogether. They agree entirely in the conviction that the disease under which Art labours at the present time is grievous and severe, though not entirely hopeless; in substance they assign the sickness to the same cause,—to the misery occasioned by her divorce from religion; by neither is a reunion looked upon as a proper and natural mode of cure; and, lastly, the remedy proposed by each is a draught of the waters of oblivion, and the seeking out of a fresh object on which to lavish the affections. The doctors are both wrong; they have mistaken the symptoms. Art is not so ill as they imagine, and separation from religion has nothing to do with the matter. It is true that she suffers from local attacks of Protestantism; still her general health is by no means impaired, and her constitution far too vigorous to be permanently injured. But she is not exempt from the conditions which attach to all that is human, and, consequently, imperfect; with her, as with men, a period of exertion must be followed by exhaustion, until repose shall once more have renovated her, and fresh wants shall have stimulated her to fresh labours. The energy and activity which in a short and unbroken period of a few hundred years covered all Christendom with models of beauty in variety almost incredible, may well have demanded a proportionate rest. That her sleep was not unbroken, and that her hand had not lost its cunning, we have ample evidence among ourselves. Let any man not steeped in prejudice enter New Cannon Street from the London-Bridge end, and walk along (bestowing a glance on either side at the mode in which trade now loves to house herself) until he comes to an open plot of ground, and there for the first time sees the master-piece of Wren revealed in all its dignity, harmony, and grace, after a mode in which our great architect may indeed have hoped for, but never dared to expect. Was Art moribund when *that* was built? Truly we rejoice that St. Paul's is at last a little appreciated, and trust that sixty thousand pounds, the value, we are told, of the poor plot of ground we have mentioned, will not tempt the "City" to re-erect the screen of bricks and mortar now so happily displaced. That St. Paul's has faults we admit,—the interior especially

shows unmistakable signs of a cold fit of the local disease before alluded to, and Sir James Thornhill was neither Giotto, Leonardo, nor Raffaele, to mend matters; but, taken as a whole, it has as few faults and as many beauties as any building of former times with which it may be properly compared. Setting aside, then, the gloomy and depressing system which affirms that the present is decay, the future doubtful, and the past full of regrets, and which is as foreign to the true spirit of art as the fly to the amber which encloses it, let the young artist, with a calm and steady hand, but a warm and loving heart, devote himself to the work before him. The new wants *have* arisen which look to him to be satisfied. First of all let him cultivate that largeness and generosity of taste which is characteristic of all greatness, without which he must remain but a journeyman where he ought to govern as a master.* And here we must quote our two authors, whose moody art-philosophy disappears whenever they can shake off their Protestant incubus. We give the post of honour to Mr. Ruskin (p. 112):

"But when the house, or church, or other building, is thus far designed, and the forms of its dead walls and dead roofs are up to this point determined, comes the divine part of the work,—namely, to turn these dead walls into living ones. And that is to be done by painting and sculpture, that is to say by ornamentation. Ornamentation is therefore the principal part of architecture, considered as a subject of fine art. Now observe,—it will at once follow from this principle, that *a great architect must be a great sculptor or painter*. This is a universal law. No person who is not a great sculptor or painter *can* be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder. The three greatest architects hitherto known in the world were Phidias, Giotto, and Michael Angelo; with all of whom architecture was only their play, and painting their work."

Mr. Jones follows in the same spirit (p. 16):

"The architect, the natural head and chief of all who minister to the comfort and adornments of our homes, has abdicated his high office; he has been content to form the skeleton it should have been his task to clothe, and has relinquished to inferior and unguided hands the delicate modelling of the tissues, and the varied colouring of the surface. Who can wonder at the discordance and incongruity of the result?"

From the general truth of these facts and strictures, no one who has thought on the subject can dissent. The homely proverb, "Jack of all trades, master of none," does not apply. It would but shelter ignorance and incompetence; for the

* It must not hence be inferred that we consider it the duty of an architect to build and decorate, or be able to build and decorate, in any style, "to order."

trade of architecture involves a host of others, and variety it is which gives full scope and verge to the artist faculty—imagination. It is want of this generous cultivation which has in our days produced so large a school of mere imitators and revivalists, instead of architects. The history of art tells us, in letters of stone which all may read, that no distinctive style *can* be revived; but in blind admiration of this or that assumed perfection, the attempt is ever being made and ever failing. To reproduce, the original conditions of birth, growth, and maturity must be reproduced also, and that is impossible. Yet it is Mr. Ruskin's remedy for all the mischief of three hundred years of blundering in carving stones and setting up pillars. "Do not be afraid of incongruities, do not think of unity of effect. Introduce your Gothic line by line, and stone by stone; never mind mixing it with your present architecture." "It is the glory of Gothic architecture that it can do *any thing*," he continues, but the want must be real, serious, and "earnest." And so, if we be steadily determined that if we cannot get the best Gothic, at least we will have no Greek, in less time than it costs to learn a new science or a new language thoroughly all art will be re-animated. At all events such will be the case in Scotland, according to Mr. Ruskin; and we presume the prophecy is intended to apply elsewhere. Now this is strange advice from one who knows so well that the inspiration, the very soul of Gothic architecture, was that faith which both he and the majority of his hearers at Edinburgh unhappily condemn, but without which it becomes dry bones, or, as Mr. Jones expresses it, merely a favourite affectation of the day. It is passing strange, from one who in his heart confessing, and with his lips avowing, that all ancient art was religious, declares in the same breath that all modern art is and must be profane. For such, in his hatred to Rome and her works, is the necessity conceded by Mr. Ruskin. "Ancient art was religious art, modern art is profane art; and between the two the distinction is as firm as between light and darkness;" and again, "just as classical art was greatest in building to its gods, so mediæval art was great in building to its gods (!), and modern art is not great because it builds to *no God*," (p. 206). As this atheistic phase began, we are told, in the year 1500, we presume Cologne Cathedral has a double dedication, religious and profane; still, it sounds strangely that the art which laid the foundations and commenced the superstructure of the Gothic Church, should lend itself with equal facility to the building of a free kirk in the north.

But there are other considerations, which render the revival

desired by Mr. Ruskin and his school impossible. A great fact, but one most strangely undervalued, if not altogether overlooked, is this; that the precise conditions under which works of art must now be created (omitting for the moment all consideration of religion) are different, essentially, from any that have *ever* before existed. We do not say that this is an advantage to the artist, or the contrary, but it is a truth he will do wisely to remember. In former times, ancient as well as mediæval, each style of architecture grew with the growth of the nation or the people who originated or adopted it; the taste of all was formed upon it, for they knew no other; until conquered or conquering, but one standard by which to judge of art was available to a race or nation, inasmuch as for all practical purposes the dangers and difficulties of travelling rendered a communication with others well nigh impossible. Thus Egyptian, Greek, and Roman had each their reign, until the kingdom of the Cross arose, and in due time bound all men in a chain of brotherhood, and gave them the best of all securities of union,—a common want. Yet the perils of the sea, the mountain-path, the flood, the hand of violence, remained; and he who had visited foreign lands, impelled by piety, or love of art, or love of war, on his return was treated as a man of mark and note. He might tell what he had seen, and his friends and neighbours listen with astonishment and delight; but as to art, their standard was formed, just as before, on what they saw around them. Now all is changed, and changed with so swift a stroke that we can hardly understand the consequence. It is like the burden of a fairy tale, were not steam and iron such prosaic things. The ends of the earth are brought within the reach of thousands who daily throng the road. The wonders of Egypt and its mysterious picture-writings;—why, the sphinx or a near relation is in the British Museum, and Mr. Bonomi will read off the hieroglyphics. You can see the Giants of Abou-Simbel, full-size of seventy feet or so, for a shilling at Sydenham; the Parthenon has yielded its spoils to us, and Phidias is no stranger to London. As for Rome and its treasures, do we not know the arch of Titus as well as Temple Bar, and St. Peter's better than St. Paul's? We are nauseated with Venice; we have seen the Ducal Palace, and the two pillars, and the Campanile, in every phase of light, shade, and colour that the sun and moon can supply, and more; Pisa and its leaning tower are ornaments of our drawing-rooms; we have read the Arabian Nights at Cairo, and the Golden Horn is no newer than Southampton Water. Our last feat has been to exhume Nineveh and ship it for the

inspection of the inhabitants of "modern Babylon." Is it not true, then, that the conditions under which the artist must now labour are such as have never before existed; and can he hope to meet the desires of an age which has the glories of the past spread before it as it were on a map, by a servile return to a style which arose, reached a noble maturity, and decayed, under a state of things totally different? If all England were Catholic to-morrow, a restoration of pointed architecture of the best date and execution,—cathedral, cloister, college, dwelling,—would no more satisfy our present needs, artistic and domestic, than our present confusion satisfies the mediævalists. To a political economist, if Mr. Ruskin's statistics are to be relied on, the matter might be worth a trial:

"In the Gothic times, writing, painting, carving, casting,—it mattered not what,—were all works done by thoughtful and happy men; and the illumination of the volume, and the carving and casting of wall and gate, employed, not thousands, but *millions*, of true and noble artists over all Christian lands."

We were not aware that writing was so common an accomplishment in those days, and have heard that the sign-manual was not unfrequently made by a thumb dipped in ink and pressed on the paper. How many million building-artists there were may be estimated by the fact, that the scarcity of skilled labourers was the origin of the success of the monopoly of the *Magistri Comacini*, the Free-Masons, who travelled from place to place to supply the want, and had scarcely time to found their lodges and institute their schools before the architecture they so excelled in reached its limit of advance, and warned them that their hour was come. Their art had passed to others, and their privileges became a name. But, as with Gothic, so will it also be with Greek or Roman architecture; all attempts to revive them as distinctive styles will end in utter failure and disappointment. A Doric temple makes a bad museum, and Pompeii is out of place in Lombard Street. What then is the architect to do? how can the artist deal with those who after all must be his patrons? When the merchant comes to him and says, build me a Venetian palace; when the Puseyite gentleman orders a severely Gothic mansion, and the lucky gentleman from the Stock Exchange an Italian villa or a Swiss cottage, what can he do but draw on Barry, Pugin, and other wholesale houses, and so execute the order? Alas! it is so. But who is to blame? Mainly, we affirm, the architect himself. "*He has abdicated his high office; he has been content to form the skeleton it should have been his task to clothe.*" He has neglected his own education, and those whom he should have taught have been left in ignorance. He has

studied one branch of his art to the exclusion of all others; he has used compasses instead of his hand, a foot-rule instead of his eye. He knows enough of construction, enough of proportion and detail—to imitate. In short, as Mr. Ruskin says, he is a builder, nothing else; his employers treat him as such, and they are right. But surely it is time to end all this. The noble works of every style lie open to him. He must learn to appreciate them with a frank and hearty justice. He must study the principles on which they were produced, not as barren technicalities, but as living germs, to be planted and fostered in his own mind. He must learn to deal with marble and mosaic as well as with brick and stone; he must ally himself with the skill of the painter and with the dexterity of the worker in metal. Besides all this, he must accept, without fear or regret, the circumstances under which he lives, emboldened by a vigorous determination to conquer indifference and coldness by a modest enthusiasm. He must not carp or rail at any new material which the wants of the day submit to his hands; rightly understood and felt, they are a gain and not a burden to him. Though Mr. Ruskin looks upon the use of iron, in construction, as a denial in effect that our Lord is the "Corner Stone," (p. 62) the young architect must learn to make it obedient to the laws of art; and he will find it no intractable substance under his teaching. Byzantium will have hinted to him that there are other uses for glass than the coarse and vulgar inlayings of a marble table, or even the rich colourings of a storied window.

In this generous and unselfish spirit, with a full and hearty appreciation of all beauty in nature as in art, let him enter on his career with youthful hope and energy. The service of the Church, the first and best of inspirations, is open to him; and in addition, a hundred modes in which the needs and fashions of the times await the grace and harmony which the artist-touch alone can give—that magic touch which finds the statue in the marble, and turns base things to gold. It may not be that the New Style, which shall express the wants, the sympathies, the history of the age we live in, shall call him master; but in his day he will have done good service, and be worthily remembered. In cultivating his own taste and judgment, he will have instructed others; in raising his own standard of the beautiful and true, he will have given a purer and better standard to the world he influences. In dealing with the past, he will doubtless dwell with a greater affection and delight on one age than another, as his natural tastes and the course of his studies may lead him: in one style he may see more capabilities, more variety than in any other; but in

applying it to the use of the present, he will treat it in the spirit of an artist, not with the sordid mechanism of an imitator. Mere imitation is the death of genius.

FINLAY'S BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires, from 1057 to 1453. By George Finlay, Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Literature. Blackwood.

"HAPPY is he," says the Greek quotation which Mr. Finlay employs as the motto to his work, "who possesses the teaching of history."

Ὁλβιος ὅστις τῆς ἱστορίας
ἔσχε μάθησιν.

Mr. Finlay himself may fairly claim to belong to that class of writers to whom those who would learn practical wisdom from the past may come for information. In the volume before us he brings to a conclusion his history of the Greek people, from their first conquest by the Romans to the extinction of the Byzantine Empire in 1453. He thus supplies a gap in English histories which is often felt by those who would trace the downward progress of that wonderful people who first led the way in European civilisation. He is fortunate, too, in bringing out his concluding volume at a time when popular attention is more than ordinarily turned to the theatre of the events he narrates.

Apart, however, from accidental sources of interest, the history of the gradual decay of the Greek Empire of Constantinople is pregnant with instruction peculiarly applicable in a state of society like that of Europe of the present day. It is impossible to overlook the fact, that with all our advance in civilisation, cultivation, and humanity, the races of Europe are more or less an enfeebled generation. Our virtues are too often the effects of weakness, and not the results of strength. Our points of similarity to the condition of the Greek Empire after its separation from the West, are, indeed, not flattering to our vanity; but they are nevertheless, though not numerous, yet so real, that a contemplation of the downward progress of Constantinople and her emperors cannot be without a painful interest and a certain profit. In speaking thus, at the same time, of the condition of modern Europe, we are far from implying that the Oriental or the American world is in any degree in a more vigorous condition than ourselves. The Orientals are notoriously already in decay;

and though it is the fashion to believe that the people of the United States is a young and healthy growing race, we are of opinion that its young manhood is so premature as to be destitute of enduring stamina, and that it gives no promise of a ripe maturity. The circumstances of Asia and America are, nevertheless, far from bearing the same similarity with our own to the Lower Greek Empire; and the student of Byzantine history will therefore read Mr. Finlay's pages with a reference to Europe in its present artificial and highly-wrought condition, rather than to Asia in its exhaustion or America in its headlong activity.

Mr. Finlay, as we have already implied, is a calm, steady, well-informed, and reflecting historian, whose object it is to instruct his readers, rather than to display his own powers of writing. The fashion of recent history, being adapted to the wants of a hasty, eager, and active, but not a pains-taking age, tends too much to the merging of the "narrative" in the "view." Books of great length are written, which are really little more than extended review "articles." We do not mean to say that this mode of composition has not its own peculiar merits and advantages, or to imply that a return to the simple, old-fashioned, unpretending "chronicles" is at all desirable. Still, when we want to form *our own* opinions; when we want to get as near the whole truth as existing historical documents will permit, we are constrained to desert writers of the school of Macaulay, Lamartine, and Thiers, and turn to those more solid and full narrators who think more of their subjects and less of themselves.

With one drawback, which he shares with too many others, Mr. Finlay is an agreeable and trustworthy example of these real historians. His information is complete, and the very reverse of second-hand. His mind is candid, observant, and reflecting. He brings to his task a desire to judge men as they were, as they showed themselves by their actions, and not by his own personal predilections. His style is easy, flowing, and wholly unpretending, though occasionally rising to vigour and picturesque brightness. At times, we think, he overloads his pages with details; but on the whole, he presents his pictures with sufficient unity and with a due subordination of parts. His "characters" are not overdrawn, nor do they imply that impossible minuteness of personal knowledge to which a popular school of modern writers lays pretence. Frequent anecdotes diversify the ordinary routine of political and military history, together with such fragments of information on social questions as the dull formality of the Byzantine historians permitted them to chronicle.

On one speculative point, and that an important one, we differ from Mr. Finlay. He seems to us very greatly to overrate the influence of government, as such, on the prosperity, power, and permanence of nations; and to overlook those other causes of progress or decadence which are rather the mainsprings than the effects of official action or political constitution. Nothing could have ultimately stayed the downward tendency of the Greek mind, and of the physical characteristics by which it was accompanied. Greece fell first before the Romans, then before the Normans, the Crusaders, and the Venetians, and lastly before the Turks, because the Greeks themselves were a people without moral or intellectual *strength*; a race given to formalism, astuteness, traditionalism, cruelty, chicane, and slavishness; and possessing, moreover, one of the most glorious countries in the world, with advantages and luxuries such as would have seduced a far nobler people into inglorious ease and cowardly languor. For centuries before their fall they were pre-eminent as *liars*; and whatever be the precise amount of moral guilt attaching to the sin of lying, it is certain that it is not one of the faults of a great and powerful people. Lying is the vice of those who, either morally or physically, are cowards; and so long as it remains a national characteristic, the people who practise it must be reckoned among the feeble and incapable varieties of the race of men.

The one drawback which we stated as existing to Mr. Finlay's general historical candour and information, is his adoption of the vulgar imputation of ambitious motives to those Popes who practically upheld the supremacy of the spiritual power over the temporal. Gregory VII. and Innocent III. are in his eyes men who *must* have been actuated by worldly and selfish, and not by Christian and self-denying principles. Now, of course, we do not expect Mr. Finlay, or any other Protestant, to recognise the *rights* of the Popes to the temporal jurisdiction which was exercised by Hildebrand and Innocent. Even to Catholics the question involved is open, and either side may be maintained. Still less, therefore, do we ask of Mr. Finlay that he should abstain from expressing his disapproval of the conduct of those Pontiffs *in itself*. What we complain of is, that what is accounted a virtue in a secular prince, is assumed to be a vice in a Pope. Not only is it assumed that it is not in accordance with the principles of Christianity that the Roman Pontiff should control kings, but it is not even allowed that any Pope could conscientiously hold a different opinion, and act upon it with a pure motive. Why is it to be taken for granted that what *may be* laudable

patriotism or noble zeal in a king, *must be* unspiritual ambition in a Pope? Surely it is as possible that Gregory IX. may have sought the honour of God only, in his efforts for controlling the secular power, as that any prince was guided by Christian feelings in resisting those efforts. This is what we call falsifying history. It is the treating one man on one hypothesis, and another on another. It is only here and there, indeed, that these baseless imputations are to be met with in Mr. Finlay's volume; but still, so far as they go, they stand in contrast with the ordinary truthful and candid character of his estimate of the personages he passes in review.

The history of the Byzantine Empire, especially during its later periods, bears on the whole the impress of one uniform character. It is strikingly the history of a nation in decay. Like all human things which have originally no natural growth, but are the work of arbitrary or external power and compulsion, it lived from the first on borrowed ideas, and was dependent upon its organisation rather than its vitality for its very existence. Proud, vain, conceited, a slave to forms and routine, corrupt in all public acts, hasty to change its rulers, capricious in its likings, cruel in its revenge, timid before the brave, and intriguing when it ought to fight, the Græco-Roman race who inhabited Constantinople and the provinces of the Eastern Empire present little that we can admire or sympathise with. Every thing was debased. Their government was a mimicry of the splendours of old Rome; their armies were more than half mercenaries; their literature and art were feeble imitations of the masterpieces of classical times. Their religion, deprived of its life by its rejection of unity with the fountain of life, became a state-engine, a mixture of sincerity with superstition, of truth with heresy, of learning and morbid subtlety. With the rude energies of the Western Christians on the one side, and the young, bloody, and reckless spirit of Mahometanism on the other, their ultimate fate was foreshadowed from the first day when they came in conflict with powers so utterly unlike to themselves. The Crusaders furnished perhaps the first occasion when the characters of renewed Europe and the decrepit East were brought out into the strongest light. As was natural, there was no real bond between the Crusaders and the Greeks, and the advent of the extraordinary hosts who passed through Constantinople on their way to Palestine brought nothing but misfortune to the Byzantine Empire. Mr. Finlay's remarks on the general character and influence of the Crusades are worthy of attention, even though they may not altogether command our assent. He points atten-

tion to the very different effects which they produced on the Greeks from those to which they gave birth in the Latin nations.

“ In the West we can trace the germs of much social improvement to the immediate results of the Crusades; but in the East, during the whole period of their continuance, they were an unmitigated evil to the great body of the Christian population. For a time, religious feelings induced the leaders to behave to the Byzantine empire with some respect, as it was a Christian state; but when ambition and fashion, rather than religious feeling, led men to the holy wars, the Eastern Christians suffered more from the Crusaders than from the Mohammedans. It is our task, therefore, to view the Crusades chiefly as the irruption of undisciplined armies seeking to conquer foreign lands, and to retain possession of their conquests by military power; and in this light these celebrated expeditions effected so little in comparison with the forces they brought into the field, and with the individual military pretensions of the leaders, and the government of their Eastern conquests was so ruinous and unjust, that the character of the Western Europeans was for many ages regarded by the Eastern Christians with feelings of contempt and hatred.

“ Like all the great movements of mankind, the Crusades must be traced to the coincidence of many causes which influenced men of various nations and discordant feelings, at the same period of time, to pursue one common end with their whole heart. Religious zeal, the fashion of pilgrimages, the spirit of social development, the energies that lead to colonisation or conquest and commercial relations, only lately extended so widely as to influence public opinion, all suddenly received a deep wound. Every class of society felt injured and insulted, and unity of action was created as if by a divine impulse. The movement was facilitated by the circumstance that Europe began to adopt habits of order just at the time when Asia was thrown into a state of anarchy by the invasions of the Seljouk Turks.

“ The conduct of these first bands of Crusaders produced a very unfavourable impression on the inhabitants of the Byzantine empire. Only a part of the expedition consisted of soldiers, and even these troops paid little attention to the orders of Walter the Pennyless, a soldier of some military experience, who was the nominal leader of the army. The majority of this first swarm of Crusaders consisted of pilgrims without arms, order, or discipline, followed by crowds of women and children. Few had made adequate preparation for the journey, or possessed any knowledge of the difficulties they must necessarily encounter, and all were without the requisite pecuniary resources. They had hardly entered the Byzantine empire before their money was exhausted, and they then began to plunder the Bulgarian villages, and carry off the provisions and cattle of the inhabitants, as if they had been in an enemy's country. This conduct roused the fury of the peasantry, accustomed to war by the

incessant plundering incursions of the Hungarians, Patzinaks, and Komans, who fell upon the dispersed bands of the Crusaders, and would in all probability have destroyed the whole expedition, had not the imperial officer who commanded at Naissos saved the greater part, supplied them with rations, and sent them forward to Constantinople. But that hundreds of unarmed pilgrims, and of the women and children, were seized and sold as slaves to pay for the ravages committed by the plunderers, cannot be doubted. A still more numerous body of pilgrims soon followed, under the personal guidance of Peter the Hermit himself. Though supplied with provisions by the governor of Naissos, this body committed such disorders that at last they were attacked by the garrison of Naissos, and only seven thousand reached Constantinople with Peter. These first divisions of the Crusaders were not so numerous nor powerful as to excite any alarm in Alexius, who had often encountered more numerous armies of Patzinaks, Komans, Turks, and Normans; and as he expected to turn their services to his advantage, he received Peter the Hermit with kindness, and supplied his followers with provisions. But the ravages committed by these unprincipled bands in Servia, Bulgaria, and Thrace sowed the seeds of a deep-rooted hatred of the western nations in the hearts of the Slavonian and Greek subjects of the Byzantine empire."

It is more than possible, that to this cause is to be in part attributed the intense feeling of repugnance to the very thought of ecclesiastical union with Rome, which burnt in the Greek people till the last hour of their existence as a nation. Whatever advances were at times made by a few of their sovereigns and clergy towards submission to the Pope, were frustrated by an unconquerable aversion on the part of the multitude, so spontaneous and lasting, that it seems as if it were the only national sentiment of which the Greeks as a people were capable. Few of those who inflict wrongs upon others are aware of the strength and duration of traditional hatred.

One of the most remarkable of the Byzantine historians, Anna Comnena, the daughter of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, in her life of her father, has recorded her impressions of the contrast between the Crusaders and her own fellow-countrymen. In the following extract, Mr. Finlay describes the intercourse between the races. His chief authority being Anna Comnena herself, it is to be taken as somewhat of an *ex parte* statement, and as far from doing adequate justice to the Crusaders. Still, it is not difficult to discern the exact truth through the coloured medium:

"The conduct of Alexius towards the Crusaders was certainly deficient both in candour and prudence, but he had a very difficult part to act; and it must be admitted that all his fears and distrust were fully justified by the rapine of the private soldiers, who plun-

dered his subjects, and the insolence of the chiefs, who insulted his authority. The memorable anecdote of the insolence of a petty French chieftain, who has been supposed by Ducange to have been a count of Paris, and who rudely seated himself on the imperial throne at a solemn audience, is familiar both to the readers of history and romance. His conduct must have appeared to the Byzantine courtiers an act of high treason deserving death, and it was regarded by the princes of the crusade as an intolerable piece of rudeness and brutality. The Franks and Greeks were at this time in social conditions which rendered it impossible for them to associate together without feelings of mutual contempt. The narration of Anna Comnena enables us to contrast in a curious manner the experienced anility of the Byzantine court with the idleness and mental inanity of the Western aristocracy. She complains, with great reason, of the presumption, vanity, and loquacity of the chiefs, who, considering themselves entitled by their rank to converse with the emperor, compelled him to sacrifice hour after hour of his valuable time listening to their pretensions and solicitations. Alexius knew that these men were independent chiefs, and he was anxious to avoid giving them offence; for their power so often exceeded their judgment, that the neglect of a childish demand or the irritation of an unintentional slight might plunge his empire into a dangerous and bloody war. The personal behaviour of Alexius was more judicious than his political system. He did every thing to conciliate the nobles, and his patience, good-humour, and liberality overcame many difficulties; but his health suffered from the fatigue of the interminable audiences he gave the leaders amidst the toils of his other occupations. The silly loquacity of men who wasted their days in idle talk and vain boasting made a very unfavourable impression on the Byzantine nobles, whose social intercourse retained much of Roman gravity, formalised by Oriental ceremony. The chiefs of the Crusade also displayed an eagerness to obtain money and presents from the emperor. Tancred, the flower of Norman chivalry, openly expressed his disgust at the rapacity of his companions. When solicited to do homage to Alexius, which he would fain have avoided, he could not repress his sneers at their venality. Looking one day at the magnificent tent of the emperor, which all were admiring, Tancred exclaimed, 'If Alexius would give me that tent full of money, and as much more as he has given to our princes, I might think of doing him homage.'*

"The feudal nations and the subjects of the Byzantine empire formed different estimates of the exigencies of society. Political

* Anna Comnena speaks again of the endless talking of the Franks, *γλωσσολαλία*, at page 436, where she gives an interesting account of the annoyance their conduct caused to Alexius. She represents the proud chivalry of the West as a mob of overgrown children, who talked incessantly, without any idea of the value of time, and as barbarians who were ruled by their passions without any sense of the duties of their position. The conduct of the Crusaders in war, which was a subject they pretended thoroughly to understand, proves that the judgment of the princess was not too severe.

order, security of property, and the supremacy of the judicial administration, were, in the opinion of the Eastern Christians, the true objects of government. Personal independence, and the right of each noble to redress his wrongs with his own sword, were the most valuable privileges of freemen, in the opinion of the Frank nations. The authority of a central administration, which made the most powerful nobles submit to the law, was regarded by the feudal barons as an intolerable despotism; while the right of private war, as it existed in western Europe, was considered by the Greeks as a state of anarchy suitable only to a society of lawless bandits. Nor were the feelings of the Eastern and Western clergy towards one another calculated to infuse any addition of Christian charity into the intercourse of the Greeks and Franks. The unfounded and arrogant pretensions of the Popes excited the opposition of the whole Greek Church, and were ably exposed by its more learned members. The general ignorance of the Latin clergy raised feelings of contempt, which were changed into abhorrence when the Greeks beheld men calling themselves bishops, clad in coats of mail, riding through the streets on fiery chargers, and returning from battle covered with blood. On the other hand, the Latin priests despised the Eastern clergy as a time-serving and slavish body, utterly unfit to uphold the dignity of the priesthood; and they condemned those doctrines as heretical which taught that the clergy were bound to submit to the civil magistrate. In addition to these incongruities, the rival nations mutually reproached one another as insolent, false, and treacherous."

As may be supposed, the influence of the Greek Church on the political condition of the empire is a subject which has attracted Mr. Finlay's particular attention. He has many incidental remarks on the tendencies of nationalism in religion which are full of instruction, and which are not the less important because he himself evidently does not always see their full force. With no predisposition, moreover, in favour of Rome, he is forcibly struck with the contrast presented by what he terms "the Papal Church" to the servile and stereotyped character of the schismatic Greeks. "The Greek Church," he says, when narrating the reign of Alexius Comnenus, "unlike the Roman, has generally been the servile instrument of princes." In this debased condition he recognises one of the most powerful causes of the decay of the empire itself. It is not often that historians bring to their task the penetration and candour which are displayed in the following passage. We can only regret that Mr. Finlay should have deformed it by his baseless assertion that the "Papal Church" at one period would have arrested the impulse it had formerly given to society:

"The decline of the Byzantine empire must also be considered

as closely connected with the identification of the Greek Church with the Roman administration. This union of the ecclesiastical with the civil government may be also dated from the last years of the Basilian dynasty. It was consummated after the complete schism of the Greek and Latin Churches in 1053, which was unfortunately effected by the Patriarch Michael Keroularios, with a degree of violence that implanted a deep hatred in the breasts of the priesthood of the rival sects. By this union of the ecclesiastical with the political administration, the power and influence of the Greek aristocracy was greatly extended and strengthened, but the spirit of the government was rendered more exclusive and bigoted. The Byzantine emperors, as they identified the ecclesiastical with the civil administration, always held the eastern clergy in a state of abject dependence on the imperial power. They used the Church as a ministerial department of government for the religious affairs and the education of the people. So that, when the loss of Sicily and Italy and the hostility of Armenia had excluded men of education belonging to these countries from the higher ecclesiastical charges at Constantinople, the general ignorance of the other subject-races threw every ecclesiastical office into the hands of the Greeks, who converted the oriental Church into a national monopoly. From that period the administration of public affairs displayed an excess of bigotry from which it had been generally free in preceding ages. The union of the Church and State grew constantly more intimate, and the Greeks, having no rivals in official power, became more blindly prepossessed in favour of their own national prejudices and ecclesiastical practices. This exclusive national spirit, combining religion with politics, has ever since proved a misfortune to the Greek race. During the latter years of the Byzantine empire it prevented the people from learning those new social and religious ideas which were then beginning to enlarge the intelligence and the energies of the people in western Europe. The religious hatred with which the Greeks regarded every nation that acknowledged the Papal supremacy led them to reject many social, political, and ecclesiastical reforms that originated in Catholic countries. The twelfth century did much to improve the condition of the Western nations, but nothing to improve that of the Greeks. The consequence was that the arbitrary power of the Byzantine emperors was exercised without any civil or ecclesiastical restraint; for the Greeks repudiated every principle of civil liberty, and every ecclesiastical declaration in favour of the rights of humanity, as heretical and revolutionary innovations, introduced by the Popes to further their own ambitious projects. It must be remembered that the Papal Church was at this time often actively engaged in defending freedom, in establishing a machinery for the systematic administration of justice to the people, and in impressing men with the full value of fixed laws for the purpose of restraining the abuses of the temporal power of princes. In short, the Papal Church was then the great teacher of social and political reform, and those who scorned

to listen to its words and study its policy could hardly perceive the changes which time was producing in the Christian world. The Byzantine Greeks immediately rejected the idea of progress; the Papal Church would have fain arrested the progressive impulse it had given to society a century or two later. The Greeks prided themselves on their conservative, or, as they called it, their Roman spirit. By clinging superstitiously to antiquated formulas, they rejected the means of alleviating the evils of a ruinous political fabric, and refused to better their condition by entering on paths of reform indicated by the Western nations, who were already emerging from their social degradation. While the rest of Europe was actively striving to attain a happier future, the Greeks were gazing backward on what they considered a more glorious past. This habit of appropriating to themselves the vanished glories of the Roman empire, or of ancient Greece, created a feeling of self-sufficiency which repudiated reform in the latter days of the Byzantine empire, and which has ever since retarded the progress of the modern Greeks in the career of European civilisation."

Occasionally, at the same time, a better and nobler spirit was discernible in individuals among the clergy. It remained, nevertheless, confined to individuals. No general movement ever resulted from the zeal or self-sacrifice of the few. The lesson is most striking. We strongly recommend its teaching to the attention of our Anglican readers, who would fain comfort themselves with an imagined brotherhood with a pure and apostolical Church, disdaining the authority of Rome. Granting all that can be said as to the occasional manifestations of free and Christian principles among the Byzantine Greeks, the fact cannot be gainsaid, that as a body they have proved to be as incapable of spiritual, moral and intellectual reform, as if from the very first they had known no origin but the will of a despot. Such incidents as the following are rare indeed:

"The Empress Irene died in 1241, and two years after her death, the emperor married Anna, the natural daughter of the Emperor Frederic II. of Germany. Anna was extremely young; and an Italian lady, called Marchesina, accompanied her as directress of her court and mistress of the robes, according to our English phraseology. The Emperor John fell passionately in love with this lady, who soon received the honours conferred in courts on the mistress of the sovereign, and was allowed to wear the dress reserved for members of the imperial family. The emperor was severely blamed for his conduct; and the force of public opinion supporting the religious authority of the Greek clergy, enabled Nicephorus Blemmidas to give Marchesina a severe rebuke. Blemmidas had decorated the church of the monastery of which he was abbot so richly that it was generally visited by the courtiers. One day, while the abbot was performing divine service, the imperial

mistress passed with her attendants and resolved to view the church ; but Blemmidas, informed of her approach, ordered the doors to be closed, declaring that with his permission an adulteress should never enter the church. Marchesina, enraged at so severe a rebuke, inflicted so publicly, hastened to the palace, threw herself at her lover's feet, and begged him to avenge the insult. John's love had not obscured his reason, and he felt the reproof was deserved : his only reply was, ' The abbot would have respected me, had I respected myself.' "

Amidst the long series of stories of intrigue, violence, and national decadence, it is not a little striking to contemplate the combined advance of the still youthful Mahometan power upon the feeble old Greeks. Mr. Finlay mentions one of the devices put in practice for giving efficiency to the Ottoman Turkish tribes, which is undoubtedly one of the most curious things in all history. To an age like our own, which has lost so much of the old conviction of the necessity of early and complete training for the young mind, the account of the scheme put in practice by the first of the Ottoman branch of the Turkish sultans is full of instruction. It shows what unity, obedience, and intellectual and physical vigour will effect among men :

" The nucleus of the Ottoman empire was the household of Orkhan ; and the primary object of his legislation was to concentrate the whole strength of his government within his palace-walls. He effected this in a most singular manner, by educating all the civil servants of the administration, and the best officers and soldiers of his army, as members of his family, after having annihilated every other domestic tie which connected them with their natural parents and with the place of their birth. The object of Orkhan was to form the ablest and most energetic instruments of his will. His brother and vizier, Aladdin, attained the desired end by the organisation of the tribute-children, whom he moulded into a community more obedient to the sultan than the Jesuits to the popes, and equally able as instruments of authority, which knew no moral responsibility but to the will of its master. The portion of the tribute-children trained for service in the administration rivalled the Jesuits in intellectual superiority, as the corps of janissaries surpassed in deeds of arms the exploits of the military orders of Christian knights. To the education of the tribute-children we must ascribe the chief strength of the Ottoman empire, in as far as it proved superior to all contemporary governments. By them, or rather by their organisation, a vast variety of races both of Mohammedans and Christians were held together by as firm a grasp as that by which imperial Rome held her provinces, and the standard of the sultan was carried victoriously into the heart of Europe and Asia, and far along the shores of Africa. Never was such a power reared up so rapidly from such scanty means as were possessed by Orkhan and his vizier, when

they conceived the bold idea of exterminating Christianity by educating Christian children. |

In order to supply subjects for this extraordinary treatment, a tribute of children was imposed by Orkhan on every Christian district which he conquered. They were collected when about eight years old, lodged in the sultan's palace, and instructed by able teachers chosen by himself or his advisers. As their characters and physical capacities showed themselves, they were divided into two classes, to be trained accordingly. One class was educated for civil employment, and from them the various officials, even to the secretaries of the departments and ministers of state, were chosen; the others were brought up to be soldiers, and formed the celebrated and terrible, but now destroyed, body of Janissaries. Originally, one thousand was the number of these military neophytes, but the amount soon reached twelve thousand. The young princes of the royal family were also educated on the same system. Mr. Finlay says that this child-tax was submitted to by the Greek Christians with little opposition, their country being laid waste with war, and their families being often in danger of perishing from famine during the civil wars of the opposing Byzantine emperors. The children-tribute was enforced for about 300 years.

The personal history of the Byzantine sovereigns is, as may be supposed, full of scandals, quarrels, intrigues, and bloodshedding. Few of them were men of any strength or nobleness of mind, and their thrones were almost as unstable as those of the emperors of old Rome in its most agitated times; with this difference, that the part usually played by the army in Rome was commonly enacted by family rivals and powerful courtiers in Constantinople. It is to be remarked also, that women were often prominent actors in the royal and state history of the Greek empire. Of one of these, Euphrosyne, the wife of Alexius III., a woman of great beauty and abilities, but of scandalous morals, Mr. Finlay records an anecdote which showed how superstition mingled with the vices of the day, and helps to account for the destruction which has fallen upon the works of antique art in Constantinople:

"The belief in magic and the power of incantations was so general, that it excited little surprise at Constantinople when Euphrosyne, in order to insure the happy issue of some of her divinations, thought fit to order a bronze boar about to engage a lion, which formed one of the finest groups of ancient sculpture in the hippodrome, to be mutilated by cutting off its snout, and many other works of ancient art to be broken in pieces."

The vices of the court are always more or less at once the result and the stimulus of the vices of the people; and when-

ever we get a glimpse of the feelings of the Greek multitude, they are usually in accordance with the follies or crimes of their rulers. The death of the Emperor Andronicus I. is an illustration of what a nominally Christian people is capable of. It is true, that if any man could deserve such hideous treatment, Andronicus was justly served; but what shall we think of a state of society in which such deeds were possible?

"We have not ventured to describe the torments Andronicus had often inflicted on his victims when he made a public display of his worst acts of cruelty; but the people now showed that they had been apt scholars. Isaac allowed the old emperor to be dragged by the chain from his prison, to be conducted through the streets of the capital, undergoing every insult, and then to be tortured in the most inhuman manner. The populace, headed by the relations of those whom he had put to death, among whom the women were conspicuous, beat the old man in the cruelest way, tore his hair from his head and his beard from his face. The Emperor Isaac insulted him when he was brought into his presence, and ordered his right hand to be cut off and his right eye to be put out. After this treatment he was thrust back into prison, where he remained more than a day without food or attendance. At last he was led out, and abandoned to the people for execution, who put out his remaining eye, and conducted him to the place where he was to suffer, mounted on a lean camel. Crowds followed throwing stones at him, beating him with long poles, and pricking him with spears. Hot water was thrown from the windows on his head, and he was compelled for hours to suffer tortures which nature recoils from recording. At last he was taken to the hippodrome, and hung up by the feet between two columns, near a group of ancient sculpture representing a she-wolf and a hyæna, where his sufferings were terminated by two Latin soldiers, who plunged their swords into his heart. Andronicus had borne all his torments with the greatest fortitude, exclaiming only at intervals, 'Lord have mercy upon me, and bruise not a broken reed!'"

That we may not be thought unjust to the Greeks, we conclude with Mr. Finlay's account of what they themselves suffered *from the Crusaders*, when Constantinople was sacked, in the year 1203, by the Latins. The reality of these horrors is testified by no less an authority than Pope Innocent III. himself:

"The Byzantine troops laid down their arms on receiving assurance of personal safety. Guards were then placed over the imperial treasury and the arsenal; but the troops and sailors were allowed to plunder the city without restraint. The insolence of victory was never more haughtily displayed; every crime was perpetrated without shame. The houses of the peaceful citizens were plundered, their wives dishonoured, and their children enslaved.

Churches and monasteries were rifled; monuments of religious zeal were defaced; horses and mules were stabled in temples whose architectural magnificence was unequalled in the rest of Europe. The ceremonies of the Greeks were ridiculed; the priests were insulted; the sacred plate, the precious shrines in which the relics of martyrs and saints were preserved, the rich altar-cloths, and the jewelled ornaments, were carried off. The soldiers and their female companions made the Church of St. Sophia the scene of licentious orgies; and Nicetas recounts with grief and indignation that 'one of the priestesses of Satan' who accompanied the Crusaders, seated herself on the patriarch's throne, sang ribald songs before the high altar, and danced in the sacred edifice, to the delight of the infuriated soldiery. It is not necessary to detail all the miseries suffered by the unfortunate Greeks; Pope Innocent III. has left a description of the scene so horrible that it will hardly bear a literal translation.*

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Clifton Tracts. Vol. 4. (Burns and Lambert.) It is now nearly four years since the Clifton Tracts were begun; and during this period there have been issued nearly eighty numbers. The whole series is now announced as *complete* in four volumes, in which the tracts are arranged according to the order of their subjects; the first volume contains about a score of tracts, each one independent in itself, but all more or less concerned with the English and Foreign Reformation, and forming together a tolerably complete history, suited for popular use, of that most calamitous event. The second volume is also historical, and treats of the most important of those facts upon which misrepresentations of history are so prevalent in this country; such as the "Inquisition," for instance, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's," "The Temporal Power of the Pope," &c. &c. The third and most bulky volume contains tracts on various points of Catholic doctrine; and in the fourth are collected both the Library of Christian Devotion and the Entertaining and Instructive Library.

These tracts, being written by many different authors, are of course of unequal merit; but taken as a whole, we have heard but one opinion expressed as to their eminent practical usefulness. We are inclined to

* Illudque longe gravius reputatur quod quidam nec religioni nec ætati nec sexui pepercerunt, sed fornicationes, adulteria et incestus in oculis omnium exercentes, non solum maritatas et viduas, sed et matronas et virgines Deoque dicatas exposuerunt spurcitiis gargonum. Nec imperiales sufficit divitias exhaurire ac diripere spolia majorum pariterque minorum, nisi ad Ecclesiarum thesauros, et quod gravius est, ad ipsarum possessiones extenderetis manus vestras, tabulas argenteas de altaribus rapientes, et violatis sacrariis, cruces, iconas et reliquias asportantes, ut Græcorum Ecclesia, quantumcunque persecutionibus affligatur, ad obedientiam apostolicæ sedis redire contemnat, quæ in Latinis non nisi proditiis exemplis et opera tenebrarum aspexit, ut merito illos abhorreat plusquam canes.—*Gesta Innocentii III.* p. 57, ed. Baluze.

regret that there is not a larger portion of them suited to the literary wants, or rather to the intellectual capabilities, of the very poorest and most uneducated amongst us; but the Editors seem rather to have aimed at addressing themselves to another and perhaps almost more important class, men of intelligence but of little information,—shrewd thoughtful men, who are not unwilling to rise superior to those violent anti-Catholic prejudices in which their forefathers lived and died, if only the means are set before them for forming a true and just estimate of facts and arguments. Such persons are to be found in great and increasing numbers in all our large manufacturing towns; and it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the influence which they will one day exercise upon the social and political condition of our country. We rejoice therefore at any thing which seems to promise, or at least to render possible, the diffusion amongst this class of really true and trustworthy information on the most important subjects; and many of the Tracts in this Series, more especially in the Historical Library, appear to us admirably suited for such a purpose. The facts or reasoning which they contain are clearly stated, and expressed in plain forcible language.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Poems, by W. C. Bennett (London, Chapman and Hall). We should not have noticed this, the production of a very minor minstrel, and published so long ago as 1850, unless, like Handel's choice Madeira, it had given us a "tought." Skimming over its pages, it occurred to us to ask, what is the difference between the fetishism of the Hottentot and the sentimental naturalism of our modern bards? Why not as well put your trust in a wisp of hay, a black-beetle, or a tiger's tooth, as in a sprig of jasmine, a box of mignonette, or a daisy? Why not a protective influence in an old shoe, as well as "a bond beyond the thought of man betwixt a flower" and a young lady? Nature is beautiful, and its glories suggest various feelings to the soul; but this ecstasy over a buttercup, this apotheosis of "small celandine," is either intolerable affectation, or else fetishism: in those who have no other God but nature—and now-a-days their name is legion—it is the latter; the forehead which is shameless as a dog's before the purity and majesty of God, grovels in the most abject sentimentalism before the flower and the leaf. The mind which rejects the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, as unworthy the dignity of humanity, rejoices in believing itself connected by some magical and magnetic bond of association with trees and stones. When religion is derided, man falls back upon talismans; when he will not be guided by the grace of God, he delivers himself up to the influence of any thing in nature that his sickly fancy is first struck with. Mr. Bennett is bitten with this mania, and in his verses is a humble imitator of Wordsworth, with whose love of nature he tries to associate the modern socialistic universal philanthropy.

Lectures on Gold, for the instruction of Emigrants about to proceed to Australia. Delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology. Second Edition. (London, Bogue. Price 2s. 6d.) Six lectures delivered by six different professors, in which the elementary principles of geology in general, and the geological characteristics of Australia in particular, are explained to working men, and all the signs of the existence of the precious metals, together with the mode of digging them and separating

them from their matrices, are fully set forth. The last lecture treats of the history and statistics of gold-consumption and supply, and shows that we need not anticipate any perceptible depreciation in its value by the discoveries of the stores of California and Australia.

Encyclopædia Bibliographica, a library manual of theological and general literature, and guide to books for authors, preachers, students, and literary men, by James Darling (London, Darling. Col. 3328). This is a catalogue *raisonnée* of the extensive and useful clerical subscription-library of Mr. Darling, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, which, though containing far too great a proportion of the senseless rubbish of Protestant divines,—even down to such small fry as “Charlotte Elizabeth,” the authoress of “Peeps at Puseyites,” and the like,—ever to rank as a well-balanced and select collection, is yet sufficiently rich in patristic and deep theological literature to make it well worth the attention of the Catholic student. The library was used by Mr. Waterworth, in his late edition of “The Faith of Catholics,” and he found it “to contain, as far as the first five centuries are concerned, an almost perfect collection” of patristic theology. The catalogue is prepared with great care, and is altogether very well got up.

A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and the Eastern Shores of the Black Sea: including routes across the Balkan into Bulgaria, and excursions in the Turkish, Russian, and Persian provinces of the Caucasian range; with strategical observations on the probable scene of the operations of the allied expeditionary force, by Major-General A. F. Macintosh (Maps. 2 vols. London, Longmans). We transcribe the whole of this long title, as giving the best insight into the nature of the work, which in its descriptive portions is terse and business-like, and in its professional parts appears to afford the explanation of what has been done and what has been left undone in the Black Sea, to the perplexity of impatient newspaper-readers at home.

The Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, &c., by Martha Walker Freer. (2 vols. pp. 501 and 519. London, Hurst and Blackett.) The sister of Francis I., the ally of the Crescent against the Cross, herself also favourable to the rising heresy of the sixteenth century,—this womanly and poetical queen may be expected to find favour in the eyes of the British public, though we question whether the interest of her life will carry many readers through these long volumes. We must, however, say of them, that they are carefully compiled, and full of interesting details; though the authoress is fond of finding proofs of the Protestantism of her subject in every thing, however problematical. All that can be alleged for it is, that she tried to mitigate the horrors of the sword and the stake which the civil powers were putting into force against the heretics, and that her writings contain some protests against the ecclesiastical abuses of the day. She never renounced her faith, and died in the communion of the Church; she was attended by several priests, one of whom was Olivier, as our authoress says, vol. ii. p. 505; and yet two pages on, because she made her confession only to one religious, our authoress doubts whether she died as a Catholic at all. “If on her deathbed she wished to abjure the principles which she had striven through life to maintain” (though she never professed them) “both by her writings and example, why was not her recantation received and recorded by some prelate or other personage whose reputation would have placed his testimony above dispute, instead of a monk so obscure that his name is never mentioned in history, except as the witness of this alleged fact? Was her reconcilia-

tion so insignificant, that a friar only was present during her last moments to grant her absolution? &c." It signifies very little to the Church whether any given individual, queen or beggar, died penitent or impenitent; so we will not discuss the question with regard to Marguerite. But can any thing show more clearly the wonderful misapprehension of Protestants with regard to the use of the Sacraments than the above quotation? A person who has led a bad life is hardly to be thought to have repented unless a great fuss is made about his reception of the last rites of the Church, and prelates and grandees are introduced in procession to his bedside, to hear a public confession, and to give absolution in the way of a solemn ecclesiastical function. These rites are for the benefit of the individual soul, not for the satisfaction of the curiosity of gossips.

Three Years' Cruise in the Australian Colonies, by R. E. Malone. (London, Bentley.) The author is a paymaster in the navy, and has a great taste for collecting statistical information on all kinds of subjects; thus his book contains a great deal of valuable information, though he is not sufficiently a master of style to be able to make it interesting. In places his grammar is hopelessly confused.

Clara Morison, a tale of South Australia during the Gold Fever. (2 vols. London, J. W. Parker.) This is a good tale, though the authoress is rather a blue, and so makes all her heroines too literary. She is very Scotch, and not a very elegant writer; but the story is unobjectionable, and worth reading.

Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852, by C. W. M. Van de Velde, late Lieutenant Dutch R.N. (2 vols. Edinburgh, Blackwood.) Mr. Van de Velde should be called Mawworm. We never opened a book which is so disgustingly full of the peculiar cant of the Protestant religious world; and there is but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of slush. This Dutch Calvinist, this believer in an impossible God, who is the cause of Cain's sin as really as of the justice of Abel, though he owns himself to be "tossed about by unbelief on the ocean of grace," yet speaks of his neighbours as if he alone was on the rock; from which, like Lucretius, he felt it sweet to contemplate the rest of the world struggling in the waves, and to pity their benighted ignorance of the true God. We can't make out what made him go to the Holy Land. "A geometrical survey of the ground in those barren regions, amid that lawless population, under such a burning sun . . . is the chief object of my undertaking . . . not to awaken sacred emotions by the contemplation of those hallowed, but often so deeply profaned spots. Such emotions are the work of His Holy Spirit, and depend not on particular places or objects." His one idea seems to be to try to throw discredit on all the local traditions of Palestine; he set out with this intention,—as one may see from his conversation with M. de Sauley at the commencement of his travels,—and consistently carried it through. According to him every trace of Jesus Christ is swept away from the Holy Places; and he is glad rather than otherwise that it should be so. We really cannot give his reasons for disagreeing with M. de Sauley's particular conclusions, for we own that we found it morally impossible to wade through his volumes. His chief principle, however, seems to be, that all traditions must necessarily be false; while his principal vocation is evidently to preach sermons—and such sermons! we were about to transcribe a few sentences, but they are too nonsensical. This gentleman has quite put off the old man of a Jack-tar, and has clothed himself with all the characteristics

of a Protestant missionary; not the least of which is his great fear of getting wet through, and his determination to run no risk whatever: he was days at Malta, and talks sentimentally about St. Paul's shipwreck, but did not go to visit the spot for fear of the rain!

Evenings at Antioch, with Sketches of Syrian Life, by F. A. Neale (London, Eyre and Williams). After a preliminary description of the town and environs of Antioch, and of the great earthquake of 1822, the author, who attributes his pleasant standing with the Antiochenes to his being "no Jesuit," gives us an account of seven evenings spent in different societies in that city, with the doleful ballads and tales that were recited by the professional bards and story-tellers on those occasions, in which he affects a dashing jovial style, ill-assorted with his Oriental materials. The book may serve to amuse for an hour, but is of no real worth.

Aesop's Fables: a new version, chiefly from original sources, by T. James; with more than 100 illustrations by J. Tenniel (London, Murray). A good edition of fables, both ancient and modern: the translator adheres to no particular version, and abridges and interpolates at pleasure; the morals are either omitted, or reduced to a proverbial form; the illustrations are good, but hopelessly inferior to those of M. Grandville to La Fontaine's Fables, which Mr. Tenniel has evidently seen. He has not half the fun of the Frenchman, nor half his power of humanising the animal interlocutors. However, Mr. Tenniel is evidently at home with donkeys, witness the illustrations at pp. 94, 142-4, which are very good. At p. 138 there is a good human figure; but in general, with all his facility, there is very little real fun in this artist. Some of our readers may require to be informed that Mr. Tenniel is the successor of Mr. R. Doyle as one of the artists of *Punch*.

A Hero of our own Times, from the Russian of Lermontof (London, Bogue). Five short tales, illustrative of Russian life in the Caucasus, written by a poetical young Russian, who lost his life in a duel in that Slavonic Botany Bay. The Russians, painted by themselves, are not much more amiable than when painted by their foes: the book has a certain dash, but is painful, and not over moral.

Schamyl, the Sultan, Warrior, and Prophet of the Caucasus, from the German of Wagner and Bodenstedt (London, Longmans). A hasty compilation from German sources, ill-arranged and not well translated; but it contains a good deal of information on the nations of the Caucasus, and on the Russian operations there. It forms the 63d volume of the Traveller's Library.

Lady Una and her Queendom; or, Reform at the Right End, by the Author of "Home Truths for Home Peace" (London, Longmans). We should not have mentioned such an insane book as this, except for the curiosity of its being a Protestant fancy portrait of a Protestant saint; and such a mixture of insipidity and folly, love-making and school-teaching! A stranger arrives at a country village, where all wrongs are put right by the talismanic effect of the mention of Lady Una's name. Two lubberly boys quarrel, and the challenge is to come and swear at her grave; the culprit trembles, blusters, and confesses. Some mistress of a National School improves the occasion, and asks her companions "What did our own loved Lady Una tell us that *God's word* said we must do?" . . . "Every face brightened and solemnised (!) at this question; and with sweet spiritual electricity, so that the *first* and *last* were heard together, a soft but heartfelt answer ran round that youthful circle," &c. &c. Pretty well, this, for a mob of National-School children, is it not? There is the same nonsensical improbability

and feeble-forceful use of italics throughout the volume, which must be the production of an author without any faculties for the appreciation of the absurd. The book is an account of the birth, infancy, life, miracles, and death of the Lady Una, whose magic influence is recorded in its beginning. The whole affair is too ridiculous to issue from the shop of such sensible publishers as Messrs. Longman.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Histoire de la Littérature française sous la Restauration, par M. Alfred Nettement. 2 vols. 8vo, 10s. (Paris, J. Lecoffre.) Nothing is more characteristic of the modern French mind than its wonderful mastery over forms. Put a Frenchman down in the mazes of a Turkish town or in the chaos of the literature of a period, it is all one, in an incredibly short time the roads are all named, a clue is provided for the labyrinth, and the stranger has no need to ask his way, and runs in no danger of being bewildered. Whether the streets have the most apposite names given them, or whether the logical arrangement is the best or most philosophical, is not the question. To make a confused mass fall into any order at all is of itself (with us) a rare gift, though it is one of the first necessities of modern literature, which holds its vigils not in the library but on the road, and requires not the old six hours of daily study, but the waste time of a journey between London and Liverpool, between the suburban villa and the city counting-house.

Whether the system of trenchant divisions and ticketed pigeon-holes is as favourable to truth as it is to clear views, is a question for after-consideration; at present we have only to say that M. Nettement does worthily of his name, and anatomises his subject with a delicate and steady hand. After premising that the history of literature cannot be separated from that of the march of ideas during the same period, because it both acts on social opinions and is reacted upon by these opinions, he goes on to say that the march of ideas has passed through three phases since the sixteenth century,—private judgment, or the principle of doubt, has been successively applied to religion, to philosophy, and to politics; the first resulted in Protestantism, the second in free-thinking or infidelity, the third in revolution. Previously to the empire of Napoleon a reaction against this last mode of thought set in, which was led by three great writers,—Chateaubriand, De Maistre, and De Bonald; and though the emperor discouraged literary polemics, the field was ripening during his reign. After the restoration, the pent-up waters flooded forth, and produced a literature which will be always remarkable in the history of France. The author then reviews the chief writers of poetry—Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Delavigne, and Béranger; on politics and history—Guizot, Staël, Thiers, and Mignet; on religion—Frayssinous and Lamennais; and on philosophy, which he divides into the Catholic school, represented by De Maistre, Bonald, and Lamennais; the eclectic, by Cousin and his followers; and the Materialists and Sceptics, represented by Broussais, St. Simon, and Fourier. Then follows the revolution attempted by M. Villemain, and the success of the new school on the theatrical stage. The work concludes with a general summary, giving the author's appreciation of the intellectual calibre of the literature of this period. Though we do not always agree with his divisions, still less with his Legitimist tendencies, we cannot do otherwise than recommend the work, as affording an easy and satisfactory *coup-d'œil* over its subject from a Catholic point of view.

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PART X.

AN APPEAL TO THE CATHOLIC LAITY ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE POOR.

THE kindness of my fellow-Catholics will, I feel confident, exonerate me from the charge of presumption, if I take the liberty of laying before them some remarks suggested by the urgent necessities of the times. If it had seemed likely that the subject to which I am anxious to call their attention would be taken up by any person more entitled to speak than I am, I should not have ventured to intrude myself on their notice. Time hastens on, however; changes are taking place amongst us with unexampled rapidity, and introducing every day fresh sources of difficulty; and the conviction that, now or never, something must be done, seems to be nearly universal among reflecting persons. Still, whatever our private thoughts and plans, and however unanimous we may be in our judgment of what is demanded, no one has yet (I believe) publicly called attention to one of those great crying evils which it really is in our power to remedy, or pointed out the latent resources which we already have within reach. In the absence, therefore, of an appeal from any individual whose character and position would necessarily command attention and respect, I cannot longer refrain from respectfully laying before my fellow-laymen a few suggestions on the present crisis in the affairs of our Catholic poor.

I have not, it is true, any thing that is new or unknown to offer to their observation. Perhaps, indeed, what I say will appear so obvious, that it will be thought quite needless to urge it on any person's attention. The facts of the day are of that character that few can have remained ignorant of their existence; and the practical plans which any Catholic would devise must necessarily be so nearly identical with what has been done a thousand times already, that the charm (or the fault) of novelty can never attach to them. It is, in fact, because

I am only putting into shape what has occurred to many other minds, that I presume on addressing those who may possess an amount of knowledge, experience, and wisdom, to which I can lay no possible claim. Considering that the Church is now eighteen centuries old, and has passed through modifications of human society as varied as they have been numerous, it may be taken almost as an axiom that we can do nothing that is really new, and at the same time prudent; and that our wisdom and ingenuity must lie in the simple adaptation of what is old to the exigencies of the present hour.

We cannot, then, conceal it from ourselves, that the spiritual and temporal necessities of our poor are such as far to exceed our present means, as hitherto organised, for meeting them. There is no need for mentioning in detail the various points in which we are in difficulties; for the fact is, we are beaten every where. It is not that we are unequal to the direct contest with the actual opponents of our religion, and the cruellest enemies of our poor; it is by circumstances that we are beaten. The events of the last few years have introduced a state of things which has taken us more or less unprepared; and notwithstanding the zeal of our clergy, the good feelings and liberality of our laity, the increase in our churches, the splendour of our services, and their adaptation to popular wants; notwithstanding the efforts made, in many instances with perfect success, for the education of the poor,—the fact stares us in the face, that the workstill undone is overwhelming; and that unless some fresh and unexpected instrumentality is speedily called in to our aid, the mischiefs that must befall the masses of our humbler fellow-Catholics are such as we must shrink from contemplating.

Thus far I have but repeated what we may hear in every body's mouth who knows our condition, and possesses an ordinary share of Christian regard for his fellow-creatures. And the question instantly follows: "What *can* be done?" It is true that this question is usually asked in that tone of despondency which implies that we have nothing to do but fold our arms, sigh profoundly, and wait till something turns up in the chapter of accidents in our favour. Still, it cannot but be that there is *something* to be done; perhaps not vast, nor imposing, nor very rapid in its effects, but nevertheless a very genuine and practical work, requiring neither enthusiasm, nor elaborate organisation, nor (above all) money. I speak, of course, of the laity; for it is not my function to advise those who have a right to admonish me. Our clergy, however, have such an enormous amount of work, both present and prospective, before them, in the discharge of their ordinary and purely clerical

duties, that it is impossible to expect from them any thing more than an encouragement and supervision of those other works of charity which may be fulfilled by the laity. Already, in every extensive mission, their powers are taxed to the uttermost,—often, indeed, beyond their strength, and beyond the point to which any man's energies, bodily or mental, ought to be taxed.

But to our reproach it must be said, that a far different account is to be given of the efforts and sacrifices of us who are the laity, in the upper and middle classes of Catholic society. In saying this, I trust I shall not be understood as overlooking or undervaluing the pecuniary liberality which is so general amongst us, or the examples of patient devoted labour for the poor, which are undoubtedly to be met with in every part of the country. One must be blind indeed not to perceive how admirable is the spirit abroad among all ranks, or to refuse to recognise the devotion of large numbers of our body. If I do not specify particular instances, it is only lest in naming some cases I should seem to forget or cast a slur upon others which might not recur to the memory, or of which I might know nothing. With all this, however, it is undeniable that there are an immense number of the middle and upper classes who *do* little or nothing, whatever they may *give*, for the poor. Of these, many, no doubt, are prevented by personal circumstances from doing any thing. Want of health, leisure, or capacity, and the calls of business and family ties, not unfrequently paralyse the activity of those whose good-will is the warmest. Still, after every deduction on such scores as these, a large number of gentlemen and men of business remain, who are in every respect capable of taking a most profitable part in promoting the spiritual and general well-being of the poor of their respective neighbourhoods. Is not, then, the time come when it may fairly be expected from every such person that he make the *sacrifice* which is needed by the times? I cannot but hope that nothing is wanted to call forth all these latent resources into action, except the proposition of some definite, practicable, and undoubtedly useful object for our energies; and, difficult as it may be to suggest any thing which is at once desirable and feasible, I am convinced that one work, at least, may be undertaken with the happiest promise of success.

In order to determine what is thus feasible and desirable, a glance at the circumstances of the day, and a fair estimate of what may be reasonably expected from a zealous layman, will be sufficient. Now, of all the wants of the poor, I suppose we may take it for granted that the most pressing is that of in-

struction,—I mean, of course, of those wants which need a systematic and general assistance on the part of others. Other wants they have undoubtedly, often of the most urgent and overwhelming kind; but these are for the most part either confined to special localities, or varying in their pressure, or such as require a large expenditure of money. Every other want, however, is more or less created or aggravated by that destitution of the means of religious and secular instruction which is pre-eminently the character of our times; while the very existence of the Catholic poor, as Catholics, almost depends on a rapid and universal extension of the means of education in every large mission in the kingdom.

To the increase in regular schools the attention of the Catholic body has for some time past been drawn by our bishops; the Poor-School Committee has for some time past earnestly laboured in the same cause, and strenuous endeavours are now being made to add to its funds and increase its influence. But with regular daily schools the laity, as a class, cannot have much to do, except in the way of contributing to their support. They must be conducted by paid masters and mistresses, or by professed religious, and by such alone. Supposing, however, that our daily schools were increased to a very large extent, both in number and efficiency, there yet remain immense numbers of our poor whom day-schools can never reach. These are on the whole of three classes: children who are occupied all day long during the week, but have some leisure in the evening; children whose only leisure is on Sundays; and that innumerable and utterly neglected class, our whole poor Catholic population between the age when they leave school and the time when they marry. For this last class,—that is, for all our poor, in the most critical period of life,—at present we do nothing in the way of education. Those only who *know* the poor, both in this country and abroad, can tell the enormous mischief which follows from the want of a continuance of the guidance and instruction of childhood during the years between childhood and maturity.

Yet I appeal to the experience of every reflecting man and woman as to the consequences which must result from such a neglect. What should *we* be if we were thrown upon the world, untaught and uncontrolled, at that very age when all the passions of our hearts were breaking forth in new fierceness, and when, more than at any other stage in our life, we had need of that enlightenment and instruction, without which our enemies would make us an easy prey? Who, I say, that has children of his own, could contemplate without alarm and horror the idea of their being suddenly emancipated from all

the discipline of childhood at the age of fourteen or fifteen? And if we view such a prospect with dread for our own children, how can we wonder that the worst results incessantly flow from the action of similar influences on the children of the poor?

For they, we must remember, are comparatively independent of *all* control, when they are cast out into the wide desert of human life to get their bread by the sweat of their brow. Our children have all the restraints and the enjoyments of a home, to discipline and soothe them against the incursion of temptations and the waywardness of folly and passion. But what is the home, the fireside, the parental tutelage which the fathers and mothers of the poor can afford to *their* offspring? The world is their parent,—the cold, cruel, hard, ensnaring, deceiving world. We provide them fewer advantages in the way of schools than we desire for our own children, while they need far more of such aids. Can we wonder, then, at the blight which so often destroys the fairest promises of childhood? Can we be at fault for the cause of the contrast sometimes presented between our schools, and the young women, and still more the young men, of our congregations?

Now, varied and difficult of accomplishment as must be many of the means by which these evils may be remedied, it appears to me that whatever be our ultimate machinery, the *first* step is clear. We must employ the opportunity given us by the Sunday leisure for extending and carrying on the good work done in daily schools. Much, indeed, may be done by evening schools, classes, lectures, and institutes; but all these are to a great extent dependent upon those money resources which are beyond our present purpose. They require paid masters and mistresses, or a paid staff of assistants; and if left to be kept up by the voluntary help of this person and that person, as chance may direct, must inevitably fall to the ground.

For it is impossible to calculate upon the continued daily work of any but paid teachers for any length of time. However earnest the zeal of the laity of the better classes in any city or village, as a rule it is totally out of their power to do *much* during the week. The physical and mental system is so much taxed by the demands of daily life, that not one person in twenty is really capable of any thing more than occasional additional labour when the day's work is over. Valuable, therefore, as is the aid that voluntary instructors may give from time to time, it seems to me that it is essential that any system which hopes to be at once permanent and general shall confine itself to Sundays, as a matter of obligation. No man

can do well what is really above his strength, whether physical, moral, or intellectual ; or rather, he can do nothing well which is not perfectly *within* his strength. The best intentions, or the most willing self-sacrifice, is certain to end in a gradual diminution of interest and action, and ultimately to die away into nothing, if it is not guided by that prudent calculation which will attempt nothing beyond a man's powers. Many and many are the Catholic schemes which have failed, because we have mistaken zeal for capacity, and benevolent feelings for practical power. It appears to me, accordingly, that if the energies of the Catholic laity are to be called forth in any general work of self-denial, the first condition of a satisfactory plan will be that it imposes no severe tax upon their leisure during the week.

Again, it cannot be doubted, that no week-day evening schools can reach an immense number of our poor. I do not mean that some *temporary* influence might not be produced by novelty and excitement on nearly all whom we could bring within the reach of night-schools, lectures, and the like. A temporary influence, however, is worth little at the best, and the reaction which it produces frequently nullifies all the good it may have done. If we want to reach our poor, and to keep them, we must seek them when they are not exhausted with the fatigues and cares of the day. Many, no doubt, as experience has shown, *can* be reached and kept together, and most beneficially taught, at night-schools ; but after all, an innumerable host of boys, girls, young men and young women, have no real leisure and no hearty spirit for being taught except on Sundays.

There exists, also, another reason, as it seems to me, of vast weight, which points to the importance of our looking to Sunday teaching as the great lever which we have now to move. It is this, that our poor have no innocent Sunday recreations ; and that in the present condition of our social state, there does not appear any possibility of recurring to a healthier state of things. Most deeply as this fact is to be lamented, it would be the worst of folly to content ourselves with lamenting it, instead of endeavouring to make use of it in some practical way for the positive benefit of the poor. We never can create circumstances ; and the wise man is he who can take circumstances as he finds them, and bend them to his own ends. Why, then, do we overlook the one only means which we do possess for converting the poor man's loss into his gain ? Why do we forget that the immense mass of our children and youths must be *somewhere*, and employed *in some way*, on Sundays ? Why do we drive them to idleness, and all the vices of which it is the prolific mother ? Why do we content ourselves with pic-

turing to our imaginations the poor man's "home" after the pattern of our own comfortable firesides, or dream of some perpetual round of devout exercises filling up the intervals of his attendance at Mass or Vespers, and converting his Sunday life into a kind of monastic paradisiacal blessedness? There is but one alternative; if we do not get together the children and youth of the poor, and teach them *something* on Sundays, the devil will make more havoc with them on that day than in all the rest of the week together. Whatever the Lord's day may be to Christians, we may be well assured that it is not a day of *rest* to the untiring enemy of our souls.

The work, then, which I now venture to suggest to my fellow-Catholics in the higher and middle classes of the laity, is, that every man who has leisure and health should place himself at the disposal of the clergy of the mission where he lives for some fixed space of time on Sundays, to be employed in the instruction of the poor. If occupation cannot be found for them under their own parochial clergy—as there must in some missions be a superabundance of capable teachers,—there will be few places where a neighbouring priest will not be too happy to have their assistance transferred to himself. Were it only the space of one hour from each person thus rendered certainly available for the work of teaching, the additional machinery brought to bear upon our poor would be incalculable in its benefit. No doubt the work done must vary extremely in different missions, according to the habits of the people and the ages of the pupils taught. The hours of the day when such services would be most profitable would also vary with the circumstances of each place and the season of the year. As a rule, however, it may be considered that the *chief* work in Sunday-schools is to be done in the afternoon. The habits of the English working-classes lead them to prefer the evening to the afternoon for religious services; while they are more disposed for schools on Sunday afternoons than on Sunday evenings. Besides this, it is far more difficult for the class to whom I appeal as teachers, to give up their evenings than their afternoons to a school of any kind; while it is almost impossible to find any innocent or healthy mode of spending an entire Sunday evening for the poor, except by inducing them to come to church and enjoy services particularly adapted to their tastes and capacities. While, therefore, a very large addition to our Sunday teachers is called for, even in the forenoons, it will be for the most part between the hours of two and five that *the work* that now lies untouched must be done.

That the necessary Sunday instruction should be imparted by the ordinary staff of week-day teachers, is simply impos-

sible. We want three times, or even five or ten times as many teachers on Sundays as on week-days. Moreover, teachers want rest as well as scholars; and I entertain no doubt that our daily schools would gain prodigiously in efficacy if their masters and mistresses were relieved from all, or nearly all, the labour that is now thrown on their hands on that day which is no day of rest to them. And further, if the laity were once heart and soul to devote themselves to this task, the clergy would often have at command the acquirements and abilities of a class of men and women superior to those of average schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, who would be eminently qualified both to attract and instruct that particular class for whom nothing is now done,—namely, our young men and young women. In fact, the work has but to be begun and carried on in good earnest, to develop itself in many directions, and to exert an influence, both on teachers and taught, of the most beneficial nature possible. All we want is, that there shall be no mistake about the spirit in which the undertaking is commenced, and that those who take part in it be prepared for something better than child's play.

For there is no doubt that, to a large number of those to whom I appeal, the devoting even of one solitary hour every Sunday to school teaching would be by no means an agreeable duty. These things are very different in reality from what they appear when contemplated under a poetic, a philanthropic, or a picturesque aspect. There is probably no one Christian duty to which the saying, that “distance lends enchantment to the view,” is more applicable than the education of the poor. To persons accustomed to all the luxuries and comforts of modern civilisation, and acquainted only with the theory of education, or with the instruction of little ladies and gentlemen, the work we now have before us must often prove most unattractive, and even positively repulsive. A stronger contrast than between the beauties and delights of a Catholic function and the physical and moral difficulties of a Catholic poor-school in London or Liverpool, can scarcely be imagined. For rich and flowing vestments we have rags and dirt; for the sweet odours of incense foul smells and an intolerable atmosphere; for the exquisite refinement of our church-offices the dull routine of reiterated repetitions of elementary knowledge; with altogether that whole combination of disagreeables, which is so annoying to persons of delicate sensibilities, that nothing but an unquestionable spirit of self-denial will make it endurable. Nevertheless, when the alternative is the misery and loss of these innumerable children, it does not seem a very great sacrifice to ask of those who are themselves in possession

of the most inestimable gift which man can enjoy, bestowed upon them without any merits of their own.

To those, in particular, who, like myself, are converts to the Catholic faith, I would venture to repeat a reflection which must have often occurred to many of us, but which may, nevertheless, be far from out of place here. Those who, like ourselves, have passed from the frigid formalities of the public worship of Protestantism to the participation in those exquisite services which the Catholic Church provides for her children, are naturally in some danger of giving themselves up to the unbounded enjoyment of these advantages rather in the spirit of a luxurious gratification than of a purely Christian devotion. The difference between Anglican prayers and sermons, even taken at the best, and a Catholic High Mass, Vespers, and Benediction, is so extraordinary, and the general contrast between a Protestant and a Catholic Sunday is so striking, that we may be pardoned if we sometimes fancy that we have now nothing to do but enjoy ourselves, and to pity our poor Protestant friends for the blindness which still condemns them to the depressing rigours of non-Catholic devotions. Yet surely this is a weakness, against which we ought to set our faces the moment we detect its existence in our minds. After all, we did not become Catholics in order to enjoy ourselves to our heart's content for one day in every week. Keen as is the gratification, and precious the graces to be obtained from devoutly assisting at the functions of the Church, the necessities of our time require from us that we should remember that while *we* are feeding upon the feast to the utmost extent we can desire, myriads are without, starving and dying in destitution and ignorance of those truths which a mysterious grace has opened our eyes to see. Situated as affairs now are, I cannot but think that by far the most acceptable offering we can make in return for our calling into the Church, would be the distinct, willing, and habitual sacrifice of something we enjoy for the sake of the poor who were in the fold before we came. Are we not too much accustomed to acquiesce in the peculiarly comfortable notion that hard work is the duty of priests, monks, and nuns alone; and that we, the laity, having no vocation to the priesthood or the cloister, have a special vocation to enjoy ourselves to the utmost limit short of absolute sin? Undoubtedly there exist among us, often little known, many whose devotion to the cause of the poor transcends all praise. But these are the exceptions. Must we not admit that, taking our higher and middle classes as a body, we act on the theory that the clergy and religious—(schoolmasters also, of course, who get their living by it)—

are to do all and suffer all that is laborious, while we content ourselves with handing over to them what money we like to give, and then plume ourselves upon being model Catholics, such as any section of the Church might profitably emulate?

It would be a further advantage for the setting on foot a movement for the development of Sunday-school teaching, that our established paid schools would indirectly but immediately benefit thereby. At this moment, the Poor-School Committee, with every one who is anxious for the poor, is crying out for enlarged money resources. It seems impossible to arouse us, as a body, to a sense of our necessities and our responsibilities. Now, if the laity were generally to bestir themselves to take a personal and regular part, however small, in the instruction of the poor, their interest would instantly increase on the whole question of education of every kind. Throughout the whole kingdom, as well as in their own neighbourhood, at present the chief interest we take is in churches and their decorations, and in the splendour of our functions, because we personally participate in gains of this kind. If in like manner we shared in the teaching of the poor, and acquired that real knowledge of them which personal intercourse alone can give, our zeal for their education and well-being would at least equal our zeal for church-building, and their condition would speedily assume a new aspect. The unsatisfactory subscription-list of the Poor-School Committee would soon be doubled, and there is not a struggling priest in the country who would not find a gradual but decided augmentation in the means at his disposal.

Such, then, appears to me to be the first step we ought to take towards mastering the difficulties of the time. At first sight it may seem a small thing to propose; small both as an effort and in its results. But that its ultimate results would ramify in all directions, and do for us what no influx of mere money could possibly accomplish, I do not think will be doubted by any person who knows what human nature is, both in rich and poor.

Without intruding, moreover, into the province of our ecclesiastical superiors, I may be permitted to call attention to what is laid down for our guidance in the decrees of the Provincial Synod of Oscott, as distinctly expressing the wishes of our bishops on this most momentous question.* We have, further, an historical opinion and example of the greatest

* "Quidquid ad pietatem fovendam aptum est, inter suos instituat; scholas seriales, et Dominicales, necnon serotinas seu nocturnas nuncupatas aperiat; confraternitatem doctrinæ Christianæ fundet, cujus socii hisce scholis assistant."
—*Conc. Prov. Synod. Oscott. c. 25, sec. 9.*

possible weight, in favour of the multiplication of Sunday-schools at a period of trouble and transition. The history of Christianity presents no name of higher authority in all things relating to the rule and discipline of the Church than that of St. Charles Borromeo. His lot was cast in a day of agitation, declension, and reform; and the various means he took for the advancement of religion in all who were under his care, form one of the most profitable studies which can occupy our attention in a day like this. The Church was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Protestantism, and with the errors and sins of her own children. And it may be said without exaggeration, that of the many devoted and successful instruments whom she employed in her work, no individual can be named who singly accomplished so much as this great saint. Now, among the means St. Charles adopted for the reformation of the people, one of the most prominent and efficacious was the employment of a multitude of teachers in Sunday-schools. The effect of the system he adopted was most striking, and it is said that the results are not obliterated to this day. So extensively was it carried out, that his biographer states that he had *three thousand and forty* teachers employed, and above *forty thousand* children thus instructed in the elements of Christian faith and practice. These proportions allow an average of about thirteen children to a teacher, which is just about the number that can be conveniently and efficiently instructed in a single class. These all were in the diocese of Milan. How many such voluntary Catholic teachers of the poor are there employed at the present time in this kingdom? I say voluntary *Catholic* teachers; for there is no doubt that there are far more voluntary *Protestant* teachers of our *Catholic* poor, engaged in destroying their faith, than many of us have the least idea of.

In carrying out the work I have proposed with universality and effect, the first question which will naturally suggest itself will be as to the advisableness of promoting its execution by some species of union among those who would cordially co-operate towards the same end. In Lancashire a large number of teachers have been long at work in our Sunday-schools, to the great advantage of the poor. In some other places also a beginning has been made, more or less with united energies; and it will occur to most of us to consider whether any such movement would not be largely promoted by a general organisation of those who took part in it throughout the whole country. We have an example of what might be effected in this way by the system of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul; and in the successes of that noble association, and

also in the occasional failures of some of its branches, we have abundant matter both to guide and to warn those who would see its working imitated in some degree for the education of the poor. May I hope that I shall not be considered presumptuous, if I attempt to state what appear to me the essential elements of success in any such associations?

Two things, then, seem necessary to its well-being; first, the admittance of no members but those who are prepared for *bondâ fide* work; and secondly, a practical, but not a showy, organisation. I do not specify a complete subordination to the clergy, as a condition of its well-being; for without such subordination no such an association ought to exist at all. On the first of these two requisites, we have most of us seen enough of the failures of confraternities and societies through the admission of enthusiastic, but not steadfast, members, to be able to form a pretty sound judgment as to the course to be adopted. Nothing is easier than to "get up" a grand, loudly-promising, and hearty commencement of any association, and nothing is so hard as to keep its members up to a lasting working efficiency. We are all of us subject to whims, caprices, and temporary emotions, in benevolent and religious enterprises as well as in the commonest offices of life. Whenever any good plan, therefore, is proposed among us, there are crowds of persons ready, as the saying is, to "come forward" and uphold it, and to engage, in all sincerity, to effect wonderful things in a wonderfully short space of time. But when obstacles arise, in our own minds, in our coadjutors, or in circumstances;—when the novelty is gone off, and little seems to come of our efforts, and new objects awaken our sensibilities, then a very different story has to be told; numbers fall away, and those who remain are kept together rather by the force of habit, and the shame of giving up what they so eagerly sought for, than by a fixed determination to do their utmost in sunshine and in storm. If, therefore, we are now to do any thing for the poor, we must have none but those who are prepared to put themselves to some little, perhaps to some considerable inconvenience, and who will work on from week to week and year to year, knowing that whether results follow rapidly or not, they must follow in the end.

In the second place, any such association must be organised, not on the committee system, but on the system of the Catholic Church, of religious orders, of the army and navy, and of every society which has practically worked well among mankind. The proverb that "two heads are better than one" is admirably true, so far as taking counsel goes; but it is ruinous if applied to action, unless in certain rare and exceptional

cases. King Solomon said that "there shall be safety where there are many counsels;" but he never said "where there are many governors." In accordance, then, with the experience of all history, our system should be such as to place the executive in the hands of individuals, and not of committees; each local branch of the society being directed by one person, resident in the place, with the advice of a council; and the various local branches should be united in one general association, under the presidentship of some one person, not himself the president of any of the local associations, but assisted by a council for general purposes. On the capacity and zeal of these presidents, and especially on that of the general president, the extension and permanent success of the society would, in my judgment, *entirely depend*.

For I do not think that any such movement, even in the hands of hard-working persons alone, has merely to be set going, in order to be of general efficiency. It must be kept up, controlled, guided, and extended, by the infusion of a certain *spirit* in all its promoters, which we cannot expect to find existing universally ready to our hands, but which it ought to be the business of the executive of such a society to propagate by every means in its power. Communications of information, opinion, and experience, ought to pass throughout the entire body; and generally, that whole machinery must be erected by which a large number of persons, scattered in different places, but engaged on one common object, may be able to act with prudence, energy, perseverance, and unity. And unless *individuals* are found to be responsible to others and to their own consciences for the carrying out the executive functions of such a society, the whole affair would dwindle away into a dull, inert formality. What is many persons' business, we know very well is nobody's business. But if one man alone is responsible, and all eyes are turned to him, it may be reasonably expected that he will do his duty, so far as his capacity allows. I conceive, therefore, that the only way by which a general association of lay Catholics could be made really useful for the purpose in question, would be to make it the duty of a local president in each town or district to see to the carrying out of the local objects of the association, and to commit to one general president the duty of carrying out its general purposes; each, as I have said, with his proper council of advisers. Such, with some variation, is the constitution of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul; which serves us at once as an example to imitate, and as a proof of the importance of placing the various presidentships in thoroughly competent hands. If men can be

found capable of comprehending the duties of their position, and of infusing into those around them that spirit which alone can give vitality to any such society, the work may be done. But incompetent colonels would ruin the regiments one by one, and an incompetent commander-in-chief would ruin the whole army.

How soon any such general organisation may be practicable in our present condition, is a question on which I do not venture an opinion. At the same time, I should imagine that there can be no doubt that the beginning of any such organisation must be more or less local, either purely parochial or including the various districts of a large town, as circumstances may point out. It is to the erection of a few such associations, acting in harmony with each other, that we must look, as supplying the foundation for some more general society.

I have now only to add, that the foregoing suggestions have been laid before his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, and the rest of the English hierarchy, and have received their unanimous approval. Their lordships the Bishops have warmly encouraged me to lay it before the Catholic public, and expressed an anxious desire to see it responded to. I had thought of delaying its publication till I should have been able to give the names of various influential persons who are actually engaged in promoting the work of Sunday-school teaching, and with whom I have communicated in private. I am advised, however, on high authority, not to delay longer the publication of the present remarks, the subject being one of such pressing importance. The Bishop of Birmingham has further authorised me to say, that he is actively engaged in promoting the formation of organisations for the instruction of the poor in his diocese.

With these concluding suggestions, I venture to lay the above remarks before the Catholic laity of this country, once more expressing my earnest hope that they will acquit me of all presumption in thus coming forward with my private opinions, without any claim to their attention but such as every man possesses who is conscious of his responsibilities to his fellow-creatures who are in need.

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Reviews.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

History of the English Commonwealth, from the Execution of Charles I. to the Death of Cromwell. By M. Guizot. Translated by Andrew M. Scoble. In two volumes. Bentley, London.

PURITANISM is that form of religious delusion which clothes the spiritual pride of its intentions in the most grotesque assumption of scriptural phraseology. It makes hideous faces at the world, the flesh, and the devil, remaining all the while by no means on bad terms with any one of them; but it stipulates with all three that its ordinary language must always seem to be that of vernacular inspiration. Its visage is long, and its looks are sour. By its ordinary admirers little is seen but the whites of its eyes; nor would common spectators imagine, if history had not spoken, that those hands, folded so meekly on its bosom, could wield the sword of the soldier or the sceptre of sovereignty. Owen, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, and Manton, were its pundits and prophets, so far as pen and paper, prayer, doctrine, and preaching, were concerned; yet to have a living personification before us of what the system really was,—of what it professed to do, and what it actually perpetrated, it will be necessary to study with closeness and care the subject of these pages. Oliver Cromwell may teach us many lessons. His lot was cast in extraordinary times. An ecclesiastical revolt from the Holy See, such as the world had never witnessed since the days of Arius and his imitators, had convulsed Europe and desolated the Church. On the continent the tide of error had begun to retire; in England it was otherwise. Her crown had pushed aside the tiara; whereby Erastianism, selfishness, and absolute power had triumphed. The people had lost the liberties upon which they once lived and revelled, as derived traditionally from their Saxon forefathers. Henry VIII. had trampled them under his feet with the same ruthlessness which he manifested in the decapitation of his wives: nor were the Stuarts better than the Tudors; except that their follies and absurdities might be considered less formidable than the occasional abilities of their predecessors.

Elizabeth was still on the throne when Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, in a large Gothic house, to which the brewery of his father was attached, on the 25th of April,

in A.D. 1599. Robert Cromwell, a gentleman of good lineage but narrow fortune, had purchased the property of one Philip Clamp, whose fermentation of malt and hops had established a creditable business on the premises,—far too profitable an affair to be sneezed at by the new-comer, although his wife, a sensible lady, originally named Steward, the widow of William Lynne, and rejoicing in a jointure of 60*l.* per annum, claimed her descent from the royal family of Scotland. This highly respectable couple had three sons, of whom Oliver was the second, and the only survivor growing up to manhood. There were also six daughters, who lived to be well married; besides another, carried to her grave in early life. The mother could have been no ordinary woman, as was shown by her entire conduct through life, manifesting as it did a combination of simple tastes with great energy of mind. A portrait of her may still be seen at Hinchinbrook, with a small and sweet mouth, betokening not less firmness than gentleness of character; the light pretty hair over her forehead is modestly enveloped in a white satin hood; she wears a velvet cardinal, with a rich jewel clasping it. Her brother-in-law, Sir Oliver Cromwell, stood godfather to the future Protector, on the fourth day after his birth; holding the child at the baptismal font, and giving him his own name. Alison has not failed to remark, that Napoleon was brought into the world upon a sofa covered with tapestry representing the Iliad of Homer: about as sagacious a nonjuror, who subsequently bought and inhabited the house of the Cromwells at Huntingdon, used to point out a curious figure of the devil wrought in the hangings of the bed-chamber in which the conqueror of Dunbar and Worcester first gladdened the hearts of his parents. They had soon some trouble with him. Without noticing the legends of his being carried off by a monkey, and saved from drowning by the worthy curate of Cunnington, it is certain that his early tastes were for the excitements attending personal peril, and that his temper was wayward and violent. He was eighth or ninth cousin once removed on the maternal side to his rival Charles I.; and when only five years old is said to have had the honour of being a playmate with that prince, and in some boyish quarrel inflicting on him a bloody nose. There was a royal palace in the neighbourhood, to which, no doubt, on one of the progresses of the court, Sir Oliver Cromwell had taken his nephew in right of the distant relationship. What King James said to this premature onslaught on a son of the Lord's anointed we are not informed; but Forster observes, as well as Guizot, that for an instant "the curtain of the future was uplifted here."

Robert Cromwell transferred his hopeful progeny to the care of one Doctor Beard, who kept the free grammar-school of the town, and flogged his pupils after the most approved fashion of Solomon and Dr. Busby. But Oliver had the loosest notions of what constituted the rights of property with regard to fruit and poultry, pippins and pigeons. The fear of the rod never restrained him from any nocturnal raid upon the dovecots and orchards of his neighbours. He came to be called the "apple-dragon" of the district, in which he was devoted to practical jokes and unseemly frolics. His inclinations at this period present a singular contrast of what may be described as nastiness mingled with the sublime. Puritanism must have relished and fostered the strange combination; so that we may smile at, rather than admire, the magniloquence of Milton, when, in apologising for the coarseness of his patron, he assures us that the genius of such a hero was as much above refinement as it was superior to ordinances; "that it did not become a right hand to be wrapped in down amongst the nocturnal birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were to be hurled thereafter at the eagles which emulate the sun." That there were extraordinary movements and presentiments in his mind during the hey-day of youth may be well imagined. He had laid himself down on one occasion to sleep, when the curtains of his bed were withdrawn by a gigantic female figure, which, gazing at him silently for a while, informed him that before his death he should be the greatest man in England. He remembered, when he told the story, that the apparition made no mention of the word king. His father seems to have received so marvellous a narration very much as Jacob the patriarch listened to the visions of his son Joseph; with remonstrance at least, as well as interest, since he wrote to the pedagogue, requesting that his ambitious and dreaming scholar might be soundly whipped for his presumption, which was done accordingly. Flagellation only strengthened his impressions; for he carried them to his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward. The latter, however, merely repaid his confidence with loyal and suitable assertions that "it was traitorous to entertain such thoughts."

From the hands of Dr. Beard, Oliver Cromwell passed at seventeen to the University of Cambridge, where he was entered at Sidney-Sussex College as a fellow-commoner. He had picked up a respectable stock of Latin, yet preferred his sports to his books. But in June, A.D. 1617, his father died. His good mother found herself still obliged to carry on the brewery, in an age, happily for her business, guiltless of the follies of teetotalism. Her son, instead of helping to work the domestic oar, betook himself to the easier task of assisting to

sink the family. Abhorring the protracted sermons and dismal practices of the godly people at Huntingdon, he degenerated into a rake of the first water. Few roysterers were a match for him at the boisterous game of quarter-staff. The tinker, or the pedlar, or the cow-doctor of the parish, had an equal welcome to a black eye or a broken skull,—whichever the young spark might happen to inflict, and afterwards heal with deep potations of the maternal ale. What could the poor widow do, in the loneliness of her heart, and with her six young and comely daughters, but apply to those apostles of hypocrisy, who boldly shook the pulpits of their conventicles and the purses of their disciples with weekly hurricanes of faith without works, and the impossibility of falling away from grace? They counselled her to transfer the gay prodigal to London, where he might enter at an inn of court, and apply himself to the study of the law. The fact probably was, that his debaucheries, both as to wine and women, had gone to such a height at Huntingdon, that the credit of the brewery was at stake, to say nothing of the glimmering hope that a change of scene might break off certain inconvenient and dissolute connections, which, so long as they lasted, rendered even external reformation altogether out of the question.

If the Puritans ever slept at all over money-matters, it was with one eye open. Oliver had not mended his manners or morals in the metropolis, as a nominal student in Lincoln's Inn, where, the remainder of his patrimony having been wasted, he attempted to raise further ways and means by drawing upon the indulgent liberality of his uncle Steward. With his godfather at Hinchinbrook he had long quarrelled; but Sir Thomas Steward appears for a time to have bled more freely; at length, however, even this eccentric worthy buttoned up his pockets, and would yield no more. The nephew thereupon immediately applied for a commission of lunacy against his relative and benefactor, whose habits were rather peculiar, although by no means such as to warrant the ground taken up by his ungrateful and ungracious favourite, that he was incapable of managing his own affairs. King Charles refused the application, and is admitted by the admirers of Cromwell to have acted justly in so doing. Soon after reaching his majority, Oliver married an admirable wife in the person of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Halsted in Essex, a kinswoman of the Hampdens. With such plain good sense as to be perfectly contented with a humble station, she had spirit and dignity sufficient for the loftiest. Her felicitous influence assuaged the passions of her husband, lifted him up out of the mire of his profligate courses, and reconciled

him to his family ; his house became notorious as a refuge for persecuted Nonconformists and their pastors. Here he practised his first lessons in yoking fanaticism and hypocrisy to the fiery chariot of ambition. Every religious grievance was listened to and brooded over, until it was hatched into some magic talisman for influencing the minds of men. Discourses on knotty texts of Scripture protracted to almost interminable dimensions ; details of spiritual experiences, seasoned with such unction and fervour as Bunyan might have conceived or Quarle envied, alternated with the agitations of confession, effusions of tears, and the more substantial relief of hot suppers, sack-possets, and warm nightcaps. The home of the future hero was heated into a religious furnace, in which was forged many a weapon of genius and puritanical power, before which, in after times, his enemies fled from the field of conflict, and his friends bowed down their faces to the ground in respectful or reluctant homage. There was even then no resisting the prowess with which the apparently repentant profligate wrestled in prayer, or unveiled in the mystic pages of prophecy an apocalypse of the New Jerusalem. His eyes were perfect sponges, fountains of pious waters flowing at command, edifying beyond expression the ministers, women, and servants kneeling in amazement around, and weeping themselves into correspondent floods, either in their sincerity or through mere force of sympathy. Such enthusiasm, in ascending to higher and still higher degrees of heat, no doubt produced some temporary state of external purity and improvement. The clouds of smoke generated and developed occasional flames. We find more than one instance of full and fair compensation being rendered by Cromwell to the uttermost of his means for gambling debts ; with respect to which his conscience smote him, as he said, for having had recourse to unfair play. His acute understanding quickly discovered the hollowness and tyranny of national episcopacy, revelling as it then did in the plenitude of its pretensions. His fellow-townsmen began to discuss his abilities, whilst they admired or patronised his beer. They drank his health in every pothouse, canted over his last exposition, and at length ripened into realisation an offer which they had volunteered of returning him as their representative at the next election. The attempt was first made in A.D. 1625, and failed ; but three years later the star of the brewery culminated, and Oliver Cromwell took his seat at Westminster, in the third Parliament of the unfortunate Charles, as member for the borough of Huntingdon. A family of children had now begun to gather around him.

Such were some of the circumstances under which he emerged from private into public life. His gait was clownish, his dress ill-cut and slovenly, his manners harsh and abrupt, his features such as people look at with dislike, but from the contemplation of which it seems impossible to turn away. The author of *Hudibras* says, that one might have thought "he had been christened in a lime-pit and tanned alive!" Yet his very warts and wrinkles told, mingled as they were with firm-set lips, a fair large front, shaggy eyebrows, a threatening forehead, and a conspicuous ruddy nose. This last lineament of his face afforded immense fun to the wits and cavaliers of his day, who were divided into comparing it with a blazing beacon or a burning coal. Whenever he gazed at any one thoroughly, the object of his attention was not merely looked at through and through, but weighed, measured, analysed, classified, and never forgotten. His relation Hampden soon introduced him to Sir John Eliot, Sir Robert Philips, Colonel Hutchinson, Pym, and Vane. They were all men of an iron stamp and strength; patriots in the popular sense of patriotism, banded together in heart and will for the abolition of secular abuses, full of suspicions as to the crown and constitution, and compounded of the narrowest and basest prejudices as to religion. The last, perhaps, was not altogether their own fault. The system of which they were the spawn was in itself neither more nor less than a spiritual rebellion; the crisis at hand was only about to demonstrate that society must have solid foundations to rest upon, or else it only sinks from one depth of degradation to another, until, in a bottomless chaos, it resolves into its original elements; and that the basis of the material fabric is in reality a living religious principle of obedience to a religious authority. The grand impertinence which just at that particular moment roused up and mustered together these master-spirits of the age, happened to be the presumption of English prelacy. Cromwell and his contemporaries looked upon it with the earnestness manifested by one set of mountebanks watching the impostures of another, and availing themselves of the popular gale against their adversaries. There was an obscure preacher named Mainwaring, protected by the bishops, who had preached up the depreciation of parliaments; for which the Commons impeached and punished him. Of course the ultimate results were a royal pardon and an Anglican mitre. Such martyrs would be sure to spring up like mushrooms, until the king and his establishment had come to form a more correct idea of the enemy with whom they had to deal. Puritanism then raised the howl of "No Popery;" a cry which

has always succeeded in England and Scotland, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria. Mainwaring had not as yet reaped the wages of his servility, when the harsh and broken but piercing tones of the member for Huntingdon electrified the House. It was the maiden effort of a voice which knew exactly what note to sound. He accused one Dr. Alabaster of promulgating the doctrines of the Roman harlot in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, by the express orders of the prelate of Winchester. Furthermore, the same spiritual peer had just presented Mainwaring to a rich living; so that the road to preferments, as the orator instructed his hearers, was to turn the realm into a land of Papists and slaves. Immense was the sensation produced. Pym registered thereupon his famous vow in heaven against the Church of Laud, Williams, and Andrewes; of which he and his adherents thought as Sydney Smith did of Puseyism, that it was "all illusion, delusion, and collusion." A dissolution speedily followed; and Sir Oliver Cromwell took measures, in his hall at Hinchinbrook, effectually to prevent any future return of his nephew for the borough, which in his opinion, as a Royalist and Episcopalian, had been so scandalously misrepresented. He was appointed indeed a justice of the peace for the town, on the score of his formidable popularity; but within three years he sold part of his property in the neighbourhood, and removed to a small farm at St. Ives, which he stocked and cultivated. The sum he raised by the sale amounted to about 1800*l*.

Fanaticism was here also his familiar spirit. The few vestiges of Catholicity still permitted to adorn our rural districts were to him fantastic sources of scandal and secret agony; even the beautiful symbol of redemption, erected by the loving faith of antiquity in the market-place at Huntingdon, had thrown him into "the strangest phantasies!" On his farm and in the neighbourhood he sowed those seeds of doctrine and discipline which subsequently grew up into his invincible regiments of Ironsides. The greater portion of every day fomented the spiritual inflammation of red-hot devotional exercises. We may understand the curious recollection of the clerk of his parish, who used to remember that Farmer Cromwell came to church "with a piece of red flannel round his neck, since he was liable to soreness in the throat;" possibly from its natural wryness of direction, as well as the torrents of puritanical lava of which it was the source and issue.

Meanwhile his agricultural prosperity languished. In his particular case prayer and preaching failed to speed the plough; when, in A.D. 1636, he inherited at last the long-coveted property of his much-aggrieved maternal uncle Sir Thomas Stew-

ard. It consisted chiefly of some tithe-leases held under the dean and chapter of Ely Cathedral; to the glebe-house of which, near the churchyard of St. Mary, he lost no time in removing with his family. Golden opinions were earned by him here as elsewhere, from the rising sectaries. The grand struggle drew on between prerogative and constitutional right; the High Commission and Star-Chamber were slitting the noses and cropping the ears of the Bastwicks, Burtons, and Leightons, besides enabling the Crown to enact the part of Rob Roy with regard to the liberties, lands, and moneys of the lieges. The interval between the last and the Long Parliament gathered together the materials whose explosion overturned the throne, prostrated the aristocracy, and convulsed the three kingdoms for half a century. It is not true that Cromwell, with Hampden and others, contemplated an emigration to the colonies. On the contrary, the future Protector was watching every sign of the times, and bathing his soul in the Stygian lake of his own gloomy and bitter enthusiasm. He foresaw the tempest when it was no bigger than the fingers of a human hand. His prescience anticipated that some genius might be found capable of riding upon the storm; while a mysterious gleam of idea every now and then flashed through the darkness, that possibly he might be that man. This seems evident from what has since transpired of his correspondence, conversations, and contemplations. The affair of the Bedford Level brought him out at once as a champion for the people against the king. He came to be worshipped by the commonalty throughout the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln, under the title of "the Lord of the Fens." No sooner had Strafford fallen before his foes, than even Hampden predicted the probable greatness of his kinsman. He directed with invisible, yet not less certain guidance, that series of marvellous measures and events which are to be found in all our histories; nor will it be necessary that we should touch upon the parliamentary war, which was the subject of a previous work by M. Guizot, and therefore is not included in the publication now on our table. Suffice it to remind our readers, that his management of what was termed the self-denying ordinance, the lustre of his military achievements, which blazed throughout the country down to the decisive battle of Marston Moor, his still greater victory at Naseby, the masterly skill with which he had formed an army bound up in the promotion of his own personal advancement, the genius with which he cajoled the parliament, and erected his party of Independency upon the ruins of Presbyterianism, the audacity with which he contrived the

total suppression of royalism and the execution of Charles I., —altogether led to the establishment of the commonwealth, with its sovereign power intrusted to himself ultimately under the modest title of its Protector.

The newly-created commonwealth for a time grumbled and blundered on; working the will of the enchanter its master, whose potent spell had called it out of anarchy into an ephemeral existence for his own purposes. This legion of Puritans had to serve a tyrant after all, as they discovered to their cost. Their internal anxieties already tormented them far more than their enemies could have done. Conquerors as they were, they always found a far greater mind in the midst of their own circle, overshadowing or eclipsing their fame, appropriating at every crisis the whole amount of credit and renown that might seem to be gained in getting the state out of its difficulties, and rendering them in return for their hard and abominable labours only smooth professions and scanty wages. Scotland and Ireland both remained also convulsed or discontented; though under peculiar and different circumstances, such as made utterly nugatory the respective dispositions of a party in each of them favourable to the pretensions of Charles II.

Not that the Royalists in either of these kingdoms could have reasonably expected any other result than that which really followed. In Ireland, Lord Ormonde had proclaimed the young Stuart with the best formalities in his power. Cromwell was offered the supreme military and civil command against him, as he expected would be the case; yet before he accepted it, profound was the dissimulation practised both by himself and his nominal employers. Puritanism could never move in a direct and honest line, even to accomplish any object nearest and dearest to its own hollow heart. At this distance of time it is impossible to view without loathing and horror the falsehood and fanaticism with which the new lord-lieutenant prepared for his crusade. In the first place, two officers from each corps were to meet him at Whitehall, that they might seek to know the will of Almighty God in prayer for a fortnight. He then consented to "submit his shoulders to the burden," with professions of preparatory fastings, wrestlings of spirit with the King of Saints, and unutterable travail of soul. He then secured 12,000 cavalry and infantry selected from his own veterans, plentiful supplies of provision and ammunition, and 100,000*l.* in ready money for the public service. For himself, he stipulated that there should be allotted him 3000*l.* for an outfit, 10*l.* sterling per diem as general whilst remaining in England, and 2000*l.* per

quarter in Ireland, besides his pay in his new function. His body-guard was to consist of fourscore young men of quality, several of them holding commissions as majors and colonels. His appointments invested him with dictatorial authority; and his state-carriage was drawn by six Flemish mares of whitish-grey. On the morning of his march he expounded the Scriptures, with a couple of other generals, "excellently well and pertinently to the occasion;" whilst three ministers invoked a blessing on his banners, proceeding as they were "to fight the battle of Heaven against the blinded Roman Catholics." And truly if ever hell could boast of a human champion, Oliver Cromwell enjoyed and exercised that dreadful honour.

He reached Dublin on the Assumption, A.D. 1659. Three-fourths of the island appeared to have been brought under the sway of the Marquis of Ormonde, in the name of Charles II. With lips pouring forth a torrent of texts perverted from holy writ, and waving in his grasp "the sword of the Lord and Gideon," the hero of Protestantism and Independency set forth to shed blood like water, and extirpate, should it be possible, the persecuted Church of Christ. At Drogheda, after the entrenchments had been carried by storm, and quarter offered and accepted, the pledge given was violated so soon as resistance ceased. An indiscriminate massacre ensued; for five days the streets ran with gore; an impious fury stimulated the passions of the soldiers. From the garrison they turned their weapons against the inhabitants, of whom above a thousand were immolated within the walls of the great church, to which they had fled for protection. Two thousand had been already slaughtered in the assault; for, as Cromwell himself wrote to the President of the Council and the Speaker of the House of Commons: "I forbade our men to spare any that were in arms in the town; and the next day, *when they had submitted*, their officers were knocked on the head, every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes. *I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously. I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches!*" Such are the tender mercies of expounders of the Apocalypse.

The Puritans, flushed with slaughter, pushed on to Wexford. Its unfortunate citizens fared no better than those of Drogheda, where the aged, the sick, the infirm, together with women and children, had been sacrificed in cold blood. No distinction was drawn between the defenceless burgher and the active warrior; nor could the shrieks and prayers of three hundred perfectly helpless females, congregated for refuge round the market-cross, preserve them from the death

they dreaded. Cromwell, in fact, abhorred crosses. They then, as now, were believed to be the marks of the Beast; nor were the followers of the Protector in the seventeenth wiser than the audiences of Exeter Hall in the nineteenth century. Five thousand innocent individuals perished in the two sieges. Oliver wiped his weapon with the coolest internal satisfaction. They were all Papists and idolaters, and he thought it, to use his own words, "a marvellous great mercy!"

Cork, Ross, Youghal, and Kilkenny, submitted without resistance; but Callan, Gowran, and Clonmell, made bold and glorious defences. Waterford manifested such vigour that Cromwell was baffled in his advances. Every cruelty, the more fearful ones not excepted, sullied the puritanical successes. A bishop was hanged in his episcopal robes before the walls of a fortress, subsequently to its surrender upon articles. In another case, and with similar disregard for the laws and customs of war, after troops had capitulated all their officers were brutally murdered, evidently on the ground of their being Catholics. "These last," as Guizot observes, "were always pompously excepted from his promises of Christian toleration;" whilst, strange to say, this ingenious Protestant historian describes him as "not bloodthirsty, but only determined to succeed rapidly, and at any cost, from the necessities of his fortune." We will extract a brief passage to illustrate the indulgent touch of an artist in softening down the characteristics of a conqueror, when his admirer cannot forbear fancying them a little too red and sanguinary:

"His great and true means of success did not consist in his massacres, but in his genius, and in the exalted idea which the people had already conceived of him. Sometimes by instinct, sometimes from reflection, he conducted himself in Ireland towards both his friends and enemies with an ability as pliant as it was profound; for he excelled in the art of treating with men, and of persuading, or seducing, or appeasing, those who even naturally regarded him with the greatest distrust and aversion. At the same time *that he gave up to murder and pillage the towns which fell into his hands*, he maintained in other respects the severest discipline in his army."

The italics are ours, and are of course intended to imply our cordial condemnation of that inconvenient delicacy, which seems to have restrained so able and amiable a writer as the author of these volumes from denouncing the savage monster who could preach, and weep, and whine, and pray over the pages of the New Testament, whilst bigotry and ambition swept on their remorseless way, beneath his stern command,

over the mangled corpses of infancy and innocence, or youth and old age. By an arrangement with France and Spain he got rid of 45,000 Irish soldiers, who consented to take service under those powers and relieve his own cause of just so many opponents.

Scarcely, however, was Ireland conquered, or rather crushed by Cromwell, when the affairs of Scotland summoned him to another field of action. The wild expedition of Montrose terminated in the defeat, arrest, condemnation, and cruel execution of that magnanimous chieftain. But Charles Stuart had arranged matters with the commissioners at Breda, and landed on the Scotch coast in May 1650. Oliver Cromwell, quietly superseding the over-scrupulous Fairfax, who had been nominated his colleague, proceeded against this fresh enemy at the head of about 15,000 men. Crossing the border, he addressed two proclamations, one to the inhabitants of the kingdom generally, and the other "to all that might be saints and partakers of the faith of God's elect." He kept near the sea-coast, that he might the more easily feed his troops, and obtain from time to time the necessary supplies from England. His antagonists withdrew every where before him, to avoid a collision if possible, and starve him out. The Presbyterian Royalists, nearly double his own numbers, had Lesley for their general. This officer never dared to advance until the English had fallen back upon Dunbar, when at length he occupied the pass of Cockburnspath, cutting them off, as it would seem, from any return home by land to their own country. Never was invader surrounded with more imminent peril.

Thus far Cromwell had gained nothing by his long march but disappointment, mortification, and short commons. It was now the 2d of September, and a most rainy season; Lesley had hemmed him in between the hills and the sea; when, partly provoked by the reproaches of some fanatical ministers, and partly piqued by the remarks of a "stout prisoner whom his skirmishers had captured, and who had but a wooden arm," and partly compelled by his real want of forage and water, he formed the fatal resolution of "having the English army dead or alive, by seven o'clock on the morrow." That army wished for nothing better, and spent the entire night in noiseless preparation for combat. On the 3d of September, after hours of wild storm and darkness, a thick fog at daybreak postponed the attack, although only for an interval. As it cleared away, volleys of musketry awoke ten thousand echoes, with booming artillery roaring on both sides; for the fight was loud and long, amidst cries of "the Lord of Hosts" from the English,

and "the Covenant,—" the solemn League and Covenant," from the Scotch. Cromwell reserved the onset of his invincible Ironsides until the propitious moment when the mists dispersed, permitting the full beams of sunshine suddenly to illuminate the scene from the heights to the ocean. "Now let God arise," said he, "and His enemies shall be scattered; for they that hate Him shall flee before Him." His well-known voice sounded through the ranks like a trumpet. Each battalion caught up his solemn and sonorous words; for enthusiasm is as contagious as discouragement. "Indeed," observes one of his contemporaries, "he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; and in the high places of the field hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all the others." Once and again Oliver and the English charged with redoubled vigour; the Scottish cavalry at length gave way; and even a body of infantry, which had remained unmoved, like a rock, was at last broken through, and scattered by the assailing squadrons. "After the first repulses," wrote the triumphant victor, "they were made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to our swords." The struggle was over before nine. Three thousand enemies had been slain. More than 10,000 prisoners were taken, with all their cannon, baggage, and 200 standards. Leith, Edinburgh (except its castle), and the adjacent country, submitted at once. Charles II. withdrew northwards to Perth; not over-sorry that some of his subjects had received so severe a lesson. Until now he had been treated as a mere puppet, with an allowance of 9000*l.* per month for his civil list. Lesley, with the wreck of his late gallant array, went westward to Stirling. Scotland had nevertheless to bend her neck to the yoke of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, very much as Ireland had done. The coronation of the king at Scone produced only a slight effect upon the course of events; notwithstanding the sudden illness of the English lord-general, and various plots against republicanism, which broke out somewhat later. Charles, however, soon took the command of his army in person, and then indeed there came a change over the spirit of the drama.

Oliver had recovered, and laid siege to Perth; upon which the hunted Stuart resolved to give his adversary the slip, and invade England. On the last day of July 1651, he was on the road to Carlisle, backed by forces estimated at 11,000 to 14,000 soldiers. London quaked with terror on receiving the intelligence; while Vane, Scott, Robinson, and Henry Martyn set their shoulders to the wheel of preparation. Cromwell wasted no time either; for he overtook the royalists at Worcester, within four weeks after they had started from Stirling. His

own followers, with the militia collected for him by his active adherents, amounted to 24,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry. He encamped on the left bank of the Severn on his arrival; and that same afternoon pushed a portion of his lines across the river, that he might attack the city on either side. The anniversary of his victory at Dunbar was close at hand: accordingly, on Sept. 3d, his favourite and fortunate day, as he ever afterwards called it, the western suburbs of Worcester were assailed by Lambert and Fleetwood: the lord-general himself directed the principal attack against the city, at the eastern extremity; while Charles was on the tower of the cathedral, surrounded with his staff, all looking about them. Thunders of artillery, as the clock struck one, announced that the republicans were battering the approaches. Windows rattled, houses fell, or were riddled as the iron shot went through them. The king mounted his horse, rushed to the defence, and manifested among his generals no lack of personal courage. But Cromwell had surrounded him, like a lion in a lair. The battle lasted for five hours. Charles, with his body-guards, fell so vigorously upon the republican militia-men, that the latter recoiled, until Oliver rallied them; showing that, with ordinary firmness on their part, the laurels of victory must be won. The Royalists, on the other hand, got discouraged; they were outnumbered; their ammunition began to fail; their officers were too numerous, and with no master-mind to combine or concentrate their efforts. Lesley, with 3000 cavalry, remained motionless at the critical moment; and the brave Cavaliers shouted in agony "for one hour of Montrose!" It was in vain. The heads of Cromwell's columns had now fought their way into one street after another in almost every quarter. "Shoot me dead," exclaimed the defeated monarch, "rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this fatal day!" When his valiant friends formed themselves into a compact body, in order to cover his retreat, he at length left the city by St. Martin's Gate, and took the northern road. Falling in with some Presbyterian cavalry, who were flying without having fought, considering, as they evidently did, how sore a temptation of Providence it must be to abide the brunt of danger, he would fain for a moment have led them back again into pretended action. "But no," he said to himself; "men who deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand by me now they are beaten." Common sense had not as yet quite deserted him—the romance of the Boscobel Papers had to be acted out; and Charles II. was reserved for the Restoration.

Meanwhile, Cromwell was enjoying his crowning victory.

Three kingdoms seemed to be in the act of falling down to worship the idol which their own follies, in conjunction with his then unparalleled genius, had thus wonderfully set up. The palace of Hampton Court was assigned him for a residence, with a landed estate of 4000*l.* a year. Fanatic as he was, he never intended to serve God, even in his own way, for any thing short of solid pudding as well as empty praise. Both were now overwhelming him upon rather a sublime scale. As to his gaping supporters, he must have often recalled the proverb, *Decipiantur qui volunt decipi*. It was therefore that he had canted so intolerably amidst the splendours of his military career. From Ireland he had written to one of his correspondents in the full glow of conquest: "The Lord is wonderful in these things—it is His hand alone that does them. Oh, that all the praise might be ascribed to Him! I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers; I desire you to call upon my son *to mind the things of God more and more. Alas! what profit is there in the things of this world? except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares!*" When the Speaker and House of Commons, with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, met his triumphal entry into London, amidst the firing of the troops, salvoes of cannon, and the acclamations of the people, he acted his humility to a turn; although Hugh Peters, with a few others, understood him thoroughly, and even whispered to each other: "This man will be King of England yet!" His lieutenants, Ireton and Monk, had perfectly carried out his intentions, and completed the subjugation of Ireland and Scotland. The fleet and troops of the Parliament had regained possession of the Channel and Scilly Islands, Sodor and Man, Barbadoes, and the various colonial dependencies. The throne, or what was equivalent to it, loomed out in the perspective distinctly before the writer of such sentiments as these: "Lord, deliver me from this very vain world! Oh, how good it is to close with Christ betimes: there is nothing else worth the looking after. Great place and business have come upon me, a very poor worm and weak servant!" After the battle of Dunbar, his pious inspirations were as follow: "We lay fearfully near the enemy, and therefore there came over us a weakness of the flesh, because of their numbers; because of their advantages; because of their confidence; because of our frailty; because of our straits. But we were in the Mount, and on the Mount the Lord would be seen; and He shall send the rod of His strength out of Zion!" and finally applying to himself the Scripture, *Dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum*.

In fact, the general blasphemy of the entire age should

never be forgotten, since it helps to explain the curious rounds of that ladder of impiety by which the Protector ascended to his elevation. Beneath the warm sunbeams of unexpected prosperity he had stealthily returned to his earlier sensualism and indulgences. But what were these to a blinded partisan and sectary, who could trace out a parallel from the pages of the Bible between himself and Moses; dwelling upon the marvellous and princely perfections of them both, "ascending in their respective ages through thirty degrees to the height of honour." The German apostle of Protestantism had said *Pecca fortiter* to one of his adherents; nor could some of the Puritans in the seventeenth century bring themselves to forbear saying out *Amen* to the precept. All sense of real reverence towards Almighty God had vanished from these islands; and where was morality to be sought for when genuine faith was gone? The counterfeits of both were of course multiplied in the most disgusting forms. We will venture on two or three specimens of their pulpit eloquence. The blasphemy of some of them is so shocking, that we almost doubt as to the propriety of introducing them; but they are necessary as illustrations of the spirit of the times.

At Perth a military preacher avowed in his prayer before the army, that "unless God delivered them, He should not be their God." A Presbyterian wrestled, as it was termed, in his Sabbath prayer,—“O Lord! when wilt Thou take a chair, and sit among the Peers? When wilt Thou vote among the honourable Commons?” Another said, “We know, O Lord, that Abraham made a covenant, and Moses made a covenant, and David a covenant, and our Saviour a covenant; but the covenant of Thy parliament is the greatest of all covenants!” Oliver had once to listen to a regular roarer in England, who addressed his Maker thus: “Lord! what wilt Thou do with the malignants, the prelatists, the papists, and the rest of them? I’ll tell Thee:—e’en take them by the heels, and roast them in the chimney of hell. Lord! take the pestle of Thy vengeance, and the mortar-piece of Thy wrath, and make their brains a hodge-podge. But for Thine own bairns, Lord; feed them with the prunes and raisins of Thy promises; give them the boots of hope and the spurs of confidence.” His own chaplain, Hugh Peters, already mentioned, when alluding in his sermon to the late struggle between the English and Dutch, informed his audience that the conflict really “lasted so long that Almighty God was thrown upon *His hums and His haws* as to which side He should cast the victory.” And when one of the fifth-monarchy enthusiasts mentioned to this puritan Boanerges, or as another account has it, to his friend

and fellow-secretary, Streater, that Jesus Christ was soon coming in person to reign with the saints in London,—the preacher confidentially replied, with more seriousness than reverence, that “unless He came before Christmas, *it would be too late!*”

In truth, to all intents and purposes Oliver Cromwell was from this time the real regent or sovereign of the realm. It was resolved in October 1651, that the forces should be placed upon such an establishment as would reduce their expenses by 35,000*l. per mensem*. The parliament also proposed an amnesty, as well as a new electoral law, with various projects of civil and religious reform; when it presently appeared that its days were numbered. The members remained purblind to a most amusing degree, whilst their master was only giving them rope enough to strangle what yet remained to them of reputation. There were individuals amongst them of spotless integrity; but the majority had manifested little else than selfishness, narrow-mindedness, hypocrisy, and an utter incapacity for honest or effective government. Cromwell and his creatures had so managed public opinion, that the clamour for a dissolution appeared unanimous at the very period when the parliament was idly attempting to perpetuate its own existence. At length the crisis arrived; and the well-known scene occurred on the 20th of April, 1653, in which the sword of the executive overcame and put to flight the mace of the Speaker, with such a sentence as “Take away that bauble!” “When I went down to Westminster,” said the mendacious lord-general, “I did not think to have done this. But *perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult with flesh and blood.*” The Council of State was dissolved on the same afternoon. Hatred and contempt for that political gimcrack, the Commonwealth, which the foot of a conqueror had now kicked to pieces, aroused many partial movements of popular admiration, such as an audacious and successful line of conduct will almost always inspire. Congratulatory addresses awaited the dictator from various quarters: from the mystical sectaries, who hoped that the fall of the Parliament might introduce a reign of Christ and His saints (meaning by the latter term themselves); from the army in Scotland, whose leaders cordially approved the whole measure; from the army in Ireland, which at least signified its acquiescence; from the fleet, careless as it seemed of politics, and intent alone upon the acquisition of naval glory; from the City of London, where a few scrupulous aldermen lifted up their voices in vain; and generally from the richest and most influential towns in the three kingdoms. Cromwell

nevertheless condescended to justify his conduct in a long manifesto; convoked the Barebones assembly; demonstrated to its component members, as well as to the world, their unfitness both for counsel and action; accepted from them a resignation of the government into his own more able hands; and finally, on the 16th of December, 1653, assumed openly the office and powers of the Lord High Protector over England, Scotland, and Ireland, with all their colonies and territories. He was solemnly installed in a grand chair of state with extraordinary festivities, and after a very long sermon in the banqueting-hall. His town-residence henceforward was the palace of his late decapitated sovereign.

It had been newly furnished for the reception of the protectoral family upon a magnificent scale. The style and etiquette of a regular court were once more revived. Ambassadors were presented to his Highness, as he stood upon a platform raised three steps above the floor. They had to make a profound reverence thrice; the first time on entering the saloon, the second when they had advanced midway, and the third when they approached the foot of the elevation; where Cromwell, having given to each of their homages a slight inclination of his head, then allowed them at last respectfully to kiss his hand,—at least such a permission was sometimes awarded, though by no means as a matter of course; for on occasions he withheld such a mark of his condescension, and waved the representatives of foreign powers out of his presence with more than a royal bow. The expenditure of his household was 140,000*l. per annum*, equivalent to the civil list of Queen Victoria, when the differences in the value of money are taken into consideration. His equipages must have appeared truly regal: his wife, and his mother, with the junior members, all received the attention exacted by princes and princesses; whilst, notwithstanding the occasional coarseness which might now and then deform the manners of Oliver, or the coaxing familiarities which policy induced him to tolerate with “certain godly vessels of grace” booked on their journey to the New Jerusalem, there was an external grandeur throughout the entire affair which gratified superficial observers, and soothed the national pride. It contrasted strangely with the profligate and pitiful exhibition of Charles Stuart at Paris, a pensioner of the proud king, and wasting his allowance of 6000 francs a month upon Lucy Walters;—his grand lord-keeper the Marquis of Ormonde, and his equally grand chancellor of the exchequer Hyde, besides other right honourable officers and privy-councillors, being all the time without a pistole in their pockets, and

cheating the poor woman who boarded them through never paying her bills. Shoes and shirts even were not too plentiful with these proud and beggarly exiles; on account of whom, the bitter but honest Andrew Marvel compared their master to Saul the son of Cis, "in looking after the asses of his father."

In vain were base plots of assassination hatched against the Protector. He organised a system of espionage which let him know what Charles whispered in his bed-chamber; how that royal ladies were between their sheets for the hottest hours of a summer's day, because the laundress was washing the single linen garment they were so happy as to possess; how that an emissary from Mazarin was in London to confer with Gerrard and his fellow-conspirators; and in one word, exactly what was going forward against or in favour of the government throughout astonished Europe. He restored the finances, repaired the roads, reformed both law and equity, mitigated the sufferings of prisoners for debt, improved the jails, established a good police, regulated public amusements, prohibited duels, restrained the madness of Presbyterianism as well as the follies of fanaticism, did his best for a new representation of the people, nominated able judges, and, of course, persecuted Catholics. In so doing, he only worked out the natural instincts of his creed. Dyed red as he was with the purple martyrdoms of his Irish campaigns, he barbarously put to death a pious and elderly priest named Southworth, simply because he had fallen into the clutches of one of his officers, and had been convicted thirty-seven years before, at Lancaster, of no other crime than Papistry. Yet what was to be done? This worthy gentleman had since been to Rome, and taken holy orders. For this the fierce sordid sectarians demanded his blood, as a proof that Cromwell was sincere in professing himself a "Bible Christian." The French and Spanish ambassadors repeated their solicitations for mercy with incessant yet fruitless urgency; while such was the respect and sympathy displayed towards the innocent and reverend sufferer, that 200 carriages, with a multitude of gentlemen on horseback, followed the hurdle on which he was drawn to his glorious agony. On the scaffold he meekly mentioned the satisfaction with which, through the grace of God, he was enabled to lay down his life for the sake of truth; but he also pointed out the enormous inconsistency of his murderers, who, having pretended to take up arms for liberty of conscience, could nevertheless inflict such cruel penalties upon persons differing from themselves in religious opinions. And so this holy victim was hanged, disembowelled,

and quartered, by the very potentate about to be enshrined in the false flattery of anti-Catholic historians, for his subsequent interference on behalf of the Calvinistic insurgents at Nismes, and the Waldenses of Piedmont.

In less than nine months, the active and able Protector had issued above four score ordinances, bearing upon almost every part of the social organisation of the country; but the boasts of his domestic policy were such events as the execution of the brother of the Portuguese minister for riot and homicide, or the incorporation of Scotland and Ireland with England. Even these achievements, however, might subside into obscurity, as compared with the skilful management of foreign affairs. Schemes had been started for that sort of union between Holland and the three kingdoms which circumstances, little anticipated, at length effected for an interval of thirteen years, through the Revolution of 1688. No sooner was the helm openly in the grasp of Cromwell, than he set himself to effect what alone was at all possible under the then existing state of things: he aimed at a reasonable peace with the United Provinces, recognising indeed their national independence, but securing the trident of the ocean for his native land. Vane had superintended the Admiralty with the most prescient and disinterested ability. By uprooting abuses, and surrendering enormous emoluments, he contented himself with the modest salary of one, instead of thirty thousand pounds per annum; and at the same time laid deeply and immovably the foundations of our maritime greatness. True indeed it is, that for nearly a quarter of a century the Dutch maintained a struggle for naval supremacy with their more fortunate rivals; yet equally certain it also is, that they never recovered from their efforts, and that from the age of the protectorate, and the subsequent administration of James Duke of York, the British flag has permanently maintained its superiority.

Oliver's next object was a general Protestant alliance, by which Denmark, those of the Swiss cantons which were not Catholic, as also several of the petty Lutheran princes in the north of Germany, were included in the negotiation with the Batavian republic. With Sweden he had a more difficult part to act; for the subjects of Queen Christina were practical as well as theoretical opponents to the precepts and doctrines of religion, and their sovereign was contemplating a return to the fold of the faithful. Whitelock, the envoy of Oliver, and far from being a strict Puritan himself, any more than his master, was absolutely scandalised at their laxity of morals. The propositions from London, followed up by suitable in-

structions from the Protector, were nevertheless acceded to at Stockholm, just one month before the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus ceased to reign. They placed Oliver Cromwell, with regard to the Protestant interests of Europe, exactly in the position in which a confederation in our own age placed Napoleon with regard to the Germanic principalities. He became thereby an almost absolute umpire over the foreign relations of numerous adjacent states. Another special treaty with the court at Copenhagen opened the Sound for English commerce, depriving the merchants and herring-busses of Amsterdam and the Brill of their long-cherished monopoly.

France and Spain meanwhile were bidding against each other for the honour of his friendship. With Portugal he also effected an arrangement most beneficial to the trade of his people; so that, thus caressed and feared by the whole of Christendom, and victorious over all parties at home, he thought he might face without danger the seventh article of the Protectoral Constitution, which called upon him to issue writs for the convocation of a new parliament. No general election had now happened for fourteen years; but the former plan of Sir Harry Vane was adopted, and the summonses were made returnable for the 3d of September, 1654. Four hundred members were allotted for England and Wales; thirty for Scotland, and the same number for Ireland. Yet the expectations of the great autocrat were disappointed. After wearisome speeches which satisfied nobody, and party hostilities no longer possessing a shadow of interest, he dissolved the assembly in anger, that he might endeavour to govern alone. This proved no easy task; he had to baffle the royalist and republican conspiracies, resulting as they did in the insurrections of Salisbury, under Colonel Penruddock, and the northern counties, where Lord Rochester was to have carried all before him. Then followed his system of major-generals, —a set of satraps, who were to exercise all political and administrative powers, and to a certain point all judicial authority, in their respective districts, which were twelve in number. From their decisions there was to be no appeal but to the Protector and his council. The object was to overawe some legal attempts at resistance against the usurpations of Cromwell, and at the same time support a local militia devoted to the government, for which the ways and means had to be found in an income-tax of ten per-cent, levied on the Royalists alone. Connected with such arbitrary measures was an interference with the liberty of the press; but, as M. Guizot justly observes, Oliver Cromwell thus “tyrannically involved his power in a course of revolutionary violence, and set parties

once more at variance, not by civil war, but by a system of oppression. He appealed to necessity, and doubtless believed himself reduced by circumstances to act as he did; if he was right, his was one of those necessities inflicted by the justice of God, which reveal the innate viciousness of a government, and are the inevitable sentence of its condemnation."

Henceforward his administration was neither more nor less than a naked despotism, compared with which that of Charles and James, kings of England, had been the mildness of milk-and-water,—excepting that the former was so lost in the latter that the evil sank into the social constitution like the poison of a spring, which happens to be tasteless, though not the less deleterious. His endeavours to preserve popularity by a one-sided religious toleration could have deceived no one, not even himself, any more than his conduct towards Oxford and Cambridge. There might be hope through the dazzling effects of foreign conquests; and he had now made up his mind to act with France against Spain. Cardinal Mazarin and the Protector proceeded in the execution of a project which was destined effectually to humble the court of Madrid. Blake sailed into the Mediterranean, and performed wonders of policy and valour before Leghorn, against the Barbary States, and off the port of Malaga. But in the West Indies Admirals Penn and Venables failed against St. Domingo; and the capture of Jamaica, then estimated far beyond its genuine value, remained their only trophy. Yet still the popular mind seemed to some extent gratified. On the continent the prowess of Great Britain had never been so felt and lauded. External testimonies of respect reached the Protector from various parts; since, independently of the foreign ministers who had their usual residence in London, ambassadors-extraordinary were sent from Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Italy, to present him with the homage or overtures of their masters. Sagredo, the Venetian envoy, presents us with a picture of his impressions in 1656:—"I am now in England," he says: "the aspect of this country is very different from that of France; here we do not see ladies going to court, but gentlemen courting the chase; not elegant cavaliers, but cavalry and infantry; instead of music and ballets, they have trumpets and drums; they do not speak of love, but Mars; they have no comedies, but tragedies; no patches on their faces, but muskets on their shoulders; they do not neglect sleep for the sake of amusement, but severe ministers keep their adversaries in incessant wakefulness." There appears little of the attractive in this portrait; and Cromwell himself, surrounded as he seemed to be with secular grandeur and glory, must have inwardly re-

cognised the skeleton that marred it all, or dreamed of the sword of Damocles terrifically gleaming in the air. There could be no rest for his soul, as it mounted from one splendid misery to another.

Stern necessity at length compelled him to venture upon another parliament; nor could he complain this time of its results. The exclusion of nearly 100 members left the remainder at liberty to strengthen the sceptre of the Protector, and even tender him the real crown for his acceptance. We may well conceive how tempting must have been the offer; yet, after an agony of suspense, he declined it, accepting in its stead the *Humble Petition and Advice*, which was soon followed by the famous pamphlet entitled *Killing no Murder*. Colonel Saxby was probably its author; but it did not prevent a second installation of Oliver Cromwell, who by the new constitution, as arranged between himself and the commons, now enjoyed the right of appointing his successor, and governing with more concentrated powers. An upper house was also restored,—the illusive shadow of a peerage. It has been thought by some, and perhaps with justice, that he was never the same man again after the vain vision of recognised royalty had for ever withdrawn from his view. He still enjoyed the reality, it was true, or at least with regard to prerogative, and the extent of his renown and influence in Europe; but the golden circlet of a diadem, that symbol of venerable authority, with its hallowed associations of 1000 years, worn as it had been by Alfred, by the Conqueror, by the Henries and Edwards of English history,—that crown which confers the title of majesty, which religion consecrates and which the world worships, and which the representatives of an admiring people had positively pressed upon his brow,—had now vanished even from his imagination. The hard, cruel scruples of a few intimate friends had alone intervened between the dreams of an ambitious manhood and their fullest realisation. How bitterly he strove to overcome those scruples, to what humiliations and hypocritical artifices he condescended for that purpose, Whitelocke, in his *Memorials*, has almost unconsciously informed us.

“The Protector,” he says, “again and again advised with us about this affair of his accepting the title of king, and would sometimes be strangely cheerful with Lord Broghill, Pierrepoint, Sir Charles Wolseley, Thurloe, and myself; yea, now and then laying aside his greatness, he would become exceeding familiar, and by way of diversion would make verses with us, so that every one might try his fancy. He would then commonly call for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, or would now and then even take tobacco himself; *then he would fall again to his serious and great business*,”—that vanity of vanities; in

other words, of enjoying the name as well as the substance of sovereignty.

On another occasion, he invited himself to dinner with Colonel Desborough,—a very Brutus among the opponents of the proposed revival of avowed monarchy,—and after the meal he “drolled with the party present about kingship. Speaking slightly of it, he said, *it was but a feather in the cap of a man, and therefore wondered that folks would not please the children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle.*” This incident is mentioned by Ludlow. But all the tricks of the arch-actor were useless; so that the apex of his aspirations dissolved finally into air: and thus foiled in that single point he felt himself defeated. His health undoubtedly began to fail, whether from this particular cause or not can now scarcely be ascertained. He was getting into years, after a life of labour and care which would have told upon the energies of a Cæsar or a Samson. Henceforward he is said to have worn armour under his clothes, and to have seldom slept two nights consecutively in the same apartment. The parliament which had so flattered him began to get restive: in its second session it openly quarrelled with him; nor could the upper house long stand its ground. The old ancestral peers would not sit, or at least would not work with the new lords, some of whom had once been cobblers, clothiers, woollen-drapers, dry-salters, and little shop-keepers. His Highness at last dissolved his refractory chambers. The agitation of parties out of doors augmented every day. Payment of taxes was now and then resisted; the exchequer was getting low, particularly through the heavy expenses of the Spanish war. Admiral Blake had also died, after gaining the most brilliant of his naval victories in the Bay of Teneriffe. Some galleons had been taken at an earlier period with considerable, although exaggerated, treasures on board; but the public convoy which carried them from the sea-coast to the vaults of the Bank and the Tower deeply impressed the populace, and seemed to render the general burdens more tolerable.

Plots, however, revived with increasing frequency. The Protector, indeed, suppressed them, and entered with greater cordiality than ever before into the objects of his alliance with France. In fact, on the continent his policy had immense success, while the capture of Mardyke and Dunkirk threw gleams of transitory radiance upon the sinking sunset of his reign. He had sent his son-in-law, Lord Faulconbridge, on a splendid embassy to Louis XIV., and received the Duke de Cregin as representative of that potentate in London. Already was the convocation of another parliament occupying his mind, when family misfortunes, in connection with the cares of state, undermined his strength, and laid him more open to attacks of

intermittent fever, which had been his old disorder in Ireland and Scotland. He had removed for change of air, after the death of his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole, to Hampton Court, but was induced to return to Whitehall on the 24th of August 1658. From this day his danger became visible. It is to be feared that fanaticism alone upheld him in his last struggle. He had named his successor, and yet still clung to life. With all his crimes gathering around the ghastly recollections of the past, there seemed scarcely a semblance of any repentance, or humble apprehensions for the future. The Calvinistic and monstrous delusion, that, having felt himself to have been once in the grace of Almighty God, it was impossible for him ever to have fallen away, was the mermaid which held before his eyes her false and fatal mirror of hope, as his soul vainly battled with the awful billows of eternity. He expired on the 3d of September, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, with a deep sigh, amidst the wailings of his family and attendants, the half-frantic amazement of his chaplains, the shudder of three nations, and the roar of a violent tempest, which had been raging all through the previous night, with innumerable disasters over the sea and land.

Such was Oliver Cromwell, the hero and personification of Puritanism, and certainly one of the most remarkable men in the pages of British history. His funeral was performed with the pomp and parade which have usually accompanied the obsequies of our sovereigns. In some worldly respects, he truly towered amongst them as a giant amidst the great ones of the earth; conspicuous as he had been for military achievements, successful policy, and governmental talents. He had, moreover, carved out his own fortunes; and in doing so, had availed himself both of the strength and weakness of his fellow-countrymen. But the grand spell of his life, with which so many wonders had been wrought, it must be admitted, was a system of imposture. Astonishing genius was indeed, in his peculiar instance, the soul and essence of the fraud; yet there it glittered, an enormous cheat, after all. The personal character of the Protector, from his cradle to his grave, strikes the eye of the mind as a vast congeries of curious contrarieties; the grand mingles strangely with the base, and the grovelling with the sublime. He was generally coarse, yet could be most refined: at times full of tricks and antics, and making the most hideous grimaces in his prayers, or turning his eyes into fountains of tears, or filthily soiling the dresses of his ladies with practical jokes which ought to have brought him to the pump and the whipping-post, he

could nevertheless mould a senate to his will, or direct for his own purposes the waves of rebellion and the thunders of war. Beneath the garb of godliness he concealed outrageous vices; the less pardonable after his marriage with a lovely and pure-minded lady, who had too solid grounds for her jealousy, not perhaps against the Queen of Sweden, but certainly against other women.

It is remarkable that, as in the case of several enormous sensualists, no drugs of embalmment could preserve his body from overpowering and rapid corruption. The sere-cloths, though six times doubled, yet swelled and burst, with an offensiveness so far worse than the foetor of disease or the work of the worm, that immediate interment became necessary; and the final solemnities, both at Whitehall and Westminster Abbey, as is well known, presented, instead of the real remains of the deceased, a mere effigy to the public gaze. It was made of wax, fashioned to an admirable likeness, apparelled in rich velvet, laced with gold, furred with ermine, and adorned with purple. The kirtle was girded with an embroidered belt carrying a sword. In the right hand of the image was a sceptre, in the left a globe; and behind the head, when it lay in state, was a rich chair of tissue surmounted with an imperial crown. Surely this singular pageant affords an instructive hieroglyphic of the character and destinies of the personage whose portrait we have been attempting to draw.

Guizot observes, "that he departed in the plenitude of his power and greatness: having succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any other of those men ever succeeded, who by their genius have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years, he had alternately sown confusion and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored government in his own country. At every moment, under all the circumstances, he distinguished with admirable sagacity the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them the instruments of his own rule,—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct, so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explaining the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendent unity of his power. He is perhaps the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for the most various destinies." The wonder is, that he was never assassinated, nor his life ever actually attacked. The greatness of his family began and

died with him; for neither widow nor children could find favour, or even justice, amidst the popular frenzy of the Restoration. Yet his administration involved and partially developed the noblest germs of our national and naval prosperity. His name will never be forgotten. Abroad he intimidated Holland, humiliated Spain, overawed Sweden, overreached Mazarin, and punished the Barbary corsairs; whilst at home, in three kingdoms, he coerced their aristocracy, bridled their religious establishments, and subdued their factions. Walter Savage Landor declares, that "no agent of equal potency and equal moderation had appeared upon earth before him. He walked into a den of lions, and scourged them growling out: his imitator in modern times was pushed into a menagerie of monkeys, and fainted at their grimaces!" Napoleon, however, was a Cromwell upon a European scale; but then the latter *preceded* him. We owe much, beyond the possibility of doubt, in the way of mere worldly welfare, to the Great Protector: yet clearly enough it appears that, upon the whole, he was a bad man, who reaped, under the auspices of a lie, the rewards in this lower scene of enormous iniquity; whose soul, though endowed with so many gifts and talents, yet revolved in lonely selfishness upon its own centre; and who lived through a generation of hypocrisy, to leave his subjects no better alternative than a choice between anarchy or the Stuarts.

MAGIC.

The History of Magic. By Joseph Ennemoser. Translated from the German by W. Howitt. London, Bohn (Scientific Library).

THE profession of magic necessarily leads to quackery. Even allowing, for argument's sake, that there were any truth in it, that the *verbum mirificum* (which is generally arrant gibberish) had any real inherent power, this very fact would be enough to account for all the rest of the nonsense that authors on magic perpetrate; for their whole art rests on the assumption that the power of words is dependent on their sound, or their composition, or the will of their utterer, quite irrespectively of their sense. Once bring yourself to believe that "abrakas" and "abracadabra" have some mighty force in them, like "the words that cleft Eildon hills in three," and you will not have to take a very long journey before you come

to believe that there is, if not sense, at any rate use, in any other fustian, even though it should be as dark as the following oracles of the German Ennemoser: "The Germanic spiritual life took root in the Græco-Roman elements, and therefrom arose a highly remarkable process of fermentation, from which new shoots were put forth in all directions." "The Greeks and Romans were but the momentary links between old and new; and the East, already stationary and sunk into the night of the past, dreams in a sleep of a thousand years, until, awakened by the German spirit of the future, it will again arise to new existence. If, as occasionally happens, the belief is common that Germany stands upon the summit of civilisation, magic is peculiarly calculated to instruct us upon this point." "In fact, a great future lies before Germany in magic; in it German investigation and acuteness must labour," &c. &c. The power of writing nonsense of this kind we hold to be a useful accomplishment of any writer on magic; it is certainly one to which our author has directed his attention, and has developed with considerable success.

Herr Ennemoser's obscurity has not received much elucidation from the labours of his translator. Indeed, if the rendering of the German is as bad as that of the Latin sentences which here and there occur, it might plausibly be said that the translator is more in fault than the author. We suspect, however, that though the former may not be innocent, we have not been far wrong in our estimate of the author's own share of the offence, and that the original German labours under an obscurity which comes next-door to nonsense. Still the translator need not have made matters worse: it was quite a work of supererogation to translate "*procerissima mulier*," "a very *quick* woman" (p. 94); or "*divina correptio*," "a divine *prophetess*." The printer's devil, also, might have been contented to forego adding quite his fair share to the already unmanageable burden; he need not have written *vetus tale* for *vetustate*; or, "soothsaying is of two natures, kinds and artificial," instead of "two kinds, natural and artificial," both in one page (57); or *extacia* for *ecstasy* (p. 61); nor need he have made such fearful trash of Greek as in the four words which he has reduced to three in the next page. Names, of course, fall in for their fair share of distortion; and in this magical mirror we are presented to some old friends, under the new names of Permenides, Stobacus (Stobæus), Cleonithes, Silesius (Synesius), and the like; besides the introduction of others to English society (where they enjoy their own civil rights) in their Germanic dress, such as Apulejus and Origines.

So much for the manner of this book. For its matter, we

must admit that it is a work of truly Germanic investigation and acuteness, being a laborious collection of all kinds of heterogeneous facts and opinions, pervaded by a perverse kind of serpentine acuteness, in making them all agree in a shallow preconceived theory, which is as follows,—that the facts and pretensions of magic are neither fictions nor assumptions; they are sober truths; they are simply the results of magnetism, which was known and practised by the priests of all ancient religions. “Magnetism,” our author assures us, “leads the way back into the mysterious domain of exploded magic, gathers up old tales and long-forgotten laws of mysterious action from a transcendental world, which estimates, on one hand, the present standard of science as valueless, and on the other, orthodox dogmas as the work of the devil.” We suppose that by *orthodox dogmas* he means the doctrines of magnetism; for he says, that this school “resists boldly, in the anxious fear lest all miracles should cease to be miraculous.” This fear is quite justified in our author; he certainly does reduce all miracles to an act; all, according to him, are equally true, all equally the result of magnetism. There is no slashing and bold blasphemy in the book; but in an odious, creeping, apologetic tone, the miracles of our Lord, the Apostles and Prophets, are all referred to this one source, and grouped together with those of Æsculapius and Apollonius, of the Egyptian priest and the Chaldæan magus. The general run of the book is a kind of sleepy mesmeric verbiage, like a voice monotonously chanting nonsensical incantations, every now and then arousing you by the spasmodic enunciation of a conclusion which he asserts to be drawn from the premises, but which, for all we can see to the contrary, might as well be drawn, *ad libitum*, from any thing else. Conclusions and premises alike seem to belong exclusively to the world of dreams, as our author himself seems to allow. “If the world is a miracle,” he says, “the history of life is a dream; we know not whither it goes, nor do we know its beginning and end; all humanity plays to a certain extent a blind game, and is kept together less by clear knowledge than by the instinctive dream-pole. An internal hidden poet leads them by a secure thread through the labyrinths of time and space. Hidden in the breast of man lie the everlasting messengers of heaven and hell,” &c. &c. After upwards of 180 pages of stuff like the foregoing, the sleepy gurgling suddenly ceases, and we are pulled up with the following information: “If the conclusions already arrived at” (what they are goodness only knows) “rest upon a firm foundation, and, as it appears to me, are indisputable, we may conclude as follows:

"1. That there is an universal connection in nature, and a mutual reciprocity in sympathetical and antipathetical contrasts, but which cannot be perceived by the waking senses; so that there is, at all events, a something of which the senses do not give direct evidence.

"2. That the world is not a piece of mechanism, which runs down by an objectless necessity, and again winds itself up blindly; and that the world is also not of a *soulless nature*.

"3. That nothing is known concerning a spiritual world,"
&c.

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"8. Lastly, that in German science nothing is yet certain or fixed respecting nature and spirit, the soul or body, or the possibility or probability of reciprocal influences."

Then immediately after this confession of the ignorance of German science, the German philosopher announces dogmatically,—

"True magic lies in the most secret and inmost powers of the mind. Our spiritual nature is still, as it were, barred within us. All spiritual wonders in the end become but wonders of our own minds. In magnetism lies the key to unlock the future science of magic, to fertilise the growing germs in cultivated fields of knowledge, and reveal the wonders of the creative mind—

"Magnes, magia, imago!"

We have quoted enough of our author to let our readers understand why we cannot undertake to give them an analysis of what he says, and to follow him through the tangled maze of his aimless wanderings. We rather prefer to attack one or two of the principles on which he chiefly builds, and to give our own reasons for considering all magic whatever an impious imposture.

Our author says with some truth, that among the ancients magic was considered as the higher knowledge of nature. Their religion was magic; the magus was the wise priest, who had power over nature. But when he goes on to say, that all things which were formerly accounted magical are now called magnetic, that is, that all which was formerly within the province of the magus is now within the province of the magnetiser, and that this new art solves all the symbolic enigmas of ancient mysteries, he is certainly in error. The magician of old pretended to a much vaster field of power than any modern magnetiser, even the most insane, probably ever aspired to. We can easily prove this from the *Vedas*, which are much earlier records than those which our author,

with an ignorance very disreputable in an historian, asserts to be the earliest that bear on the subject of magic, viz. the *Zendavesta*, the *Laws of Menu*, and the *Cabala*.* Yet after this, he has the inconsistency to attribute all the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament to the same source, forgetting that either the Old Testament is a magical record, and then it is the earliest, or else it is not a magical record, and then the things that it records are not magical. We suppose that Herr Ennemoser believes it to be the earliest magical record, since he uses it as such, but that he has not courage to say so openly; and this is a good specimen of the underhand way in which he elsewhere rather insinuates blasphemies than states them boldly.

But to return to the *Vedas*. One *Veda* (the *Sama*) is altogether, and others (such as the *Rig*, generally esteemed the earliest) are partially, made up of hymns intended to be recited by a chorus of seven priests, who unite together to perform a certain sacrifice, by means of which they profess to enable the sun to rise, and nature to perform all her operations; in such a sense, that were the Vedantic ritual to cease the world would fall into a state of collapse. Much the same was the case with the Etruscan priest with regard to the lightning, which he professed to guide. In like manner the Druids

* It may be as well to say what these books are. The *Vedas* constitute the Bible of the Brahmins. They are four in number, each consisting of hymns, treatises, rubrics, &c., applicable to different occasions. Of these parts the hymns, as a whole, are by far the most ancient; many, if not most of them, having been written long before the religion of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, came into vogue. These deities hold but a very subordinate place in the ancient hymns, which are chiefly addressed to *Soma*, the universal spirit, symbolised by the intoxicating juice of the moon-plant; *Agni* (*Ignis*), the element of fire; *Indra*, the firmament, the winds, &c. &c.

The *Laws of Menu* belong to a much later period of Indian literature; and consist, first, of an exposition of doctrine, and next, of the civil laws of the Brahmins; their antiquity is considerable, but not so great, probably, by about a thousand years, as that of the most ancient hymns of the *Vedas*.

The *Zendavesta* is the Bible of the Parsees, or Persian fire-worshippers, and is supposed to be the composition of Zoroaster, and to date from the time of Darius Hystaspes. Much of it is of a far later date; and a great deal of the doctrine of the treatises (some of which are comparatively modern) is copied from the Hebrew Scriptures. The language is nearly the same as that used in the cuneiform inscriptions at Persepolis and elsewhere.

The *Cabala* is partly medieval, partly of the same date as the Gnostic heresies of Christianity. Its doctrine is a species of Jewish Gnosticism, with a great deal about arms, legs, &c., which may still be read in *Moore's Almanac*. Among its dogmas we find the creation of the world out of the letters of the alphabet, and several other notions derived from heathenism, though no doubt it had mixed with it a great deal of real Hebrew tradition.

Lao-Tseu, mentioned further on, was a Chinese philosopher, who flourished B.C. 604, a few years earlier than Confucius, and who founded a rival sect, though agreeing with him in his fundamental metaphysical ideas.

ridiculed the Christian missionaries, not because they knew not how to magnetise, but because they had no science about the winds and other natural phenomena.

"Monks," sings Taliesin, "congregate like wolves, wrangling with their instructors. They know not when the darkness and dawn divide, nor what is the course of the wind, nor the cause of its agitation; in what place it dies away, or in what region it expands."

So the Buddhists abstract themselves from all sublunary matters; not to be able to perform cures, or read at second-sight, like your vulgar mesmerists, but to attain "the weapons of knowledge that annihilate the three worlds," and "the lamp of divine wisdom, which dries up the waters of the three worlds." The followers of Lao-Tseu practised quietism, in hopes of becoming identified with the all-pervading Tao, the intellectual æther which produces and annihilates all things. A very little trouble would suffice to prove that this was the pretension of all the Pagan religions; the priest, forsooth, was necessary to God, who, without his aid, could never succeed in preserving the universe; the chants and the sacrifices, by some mighty and irresistible power, compelled the powers of nature to fulfil their end. At first the mystery of cures and oracles was quite subordinate to this great trust; indeed it is wonderful that men, on whose shoulders a burden like that of Atlas was placed, and on whom it depended to keep the axle of the heavens spinning, and to whom the regularity of the seasons and the winds were intrusted,—that they should ever condescend to such sublunary matters as to mix love-potions, to interpret dreams, and to write amulets. They did so, however; and probably found it easier to establish their empire on facts which depended for the most part on fancy, than on those sublime operations of nature which at first they had pretended to control.

The early magic was a much more daring blasphemy than modern magnetism, which has never, so far as we have ever heard, pretended to control the moon by decoctions of herbs, or to put an end to eclipses by the music of the tongs and bones, or to sell winds to mariners, or to cleave mountains by a subtler process than the famous chemistry of Hannibal, who dissolved the Alps in vinegar. Probably it was only as faith in these very extraordinary powers became small, that magic bethought itself of patching up its foundering reputation by having recourse to the minor quackeries of the magnetiser and sleep-walker. The priest who could not insure a good harvest, or a sufficient rise of the Nile, was content to com-

promise matters by charming away warts, and allowing the infirm to dream of the remedies that were to cure them in the Temple of Asclepius.

We will go further than this, and assert, that with the early metaphysics, including even those of Aristotle and St. Thomas, it was impossible to divest the will of man of the powers which the belief in magic attributed to it. The belief in magic was a necessary result of the metaphysical ideas of the ancient philosophies, as we hope to be able to make clear in the following remarks. Let us begin at the beginning.

Man knows nothing of the *essence* of any external thing, except so far as it resembles himself, and is capable of being reflected in the mirror of his own mind. His ideas of substance, matter, force, action, passion, causation, are all transcripts and applications of that which he knows to exist and to be done in the sphere of his own consciousness.

In accordance with this principle, we find, as a matter of fact, that the original impulse of the human mind is to attribute to all phenomena the life and powers which it feels itself to possess. To the infant every thing is an agent; so also to the savage, not in a mere poetical sense, as to the civilised man, but really; trees, rocks, the earth, the heavenly bodies, even their barbarous idols and fetishes, are instinct with life, are supposed to be agents possessing power, knowledge, and will. And this, because the first action of the human mind is to see itself reflected in all that strikes the senses; to attribute to every thing visible, or tangible, or audible, some characteristic of the life of which itself is conscious. It is only by a second act, learned by gradual experience, that the mind comes to abstract first one such characteristic, and afterwards another, from the things which it perceives; till at last, instead of the living agents which it had at first assumed them to be, it comes to know that they are motionless and lifeless, and that they resemble itself in nothing except in the ultimate fact that they, like it, exist. Thus the idea of simple existence is ultimate, not primary, as Rosmini will have it to be. It is the result of long abstraction, not the first spontaneous idea of the understanding.

Thus, at first, every thing is imagined to be literally *actus*; not merely *actually existing*, as the words have now come to mean, but a principle of activity, an agent endowed with a certain life. In such a stage of philosophy, before the human mind had reached its present grade of abstraction there could be no recognised distinction between matter and spirit. The duality of essences would be unknown, not because men then

doubted the existence of spirit, but because all things appeared to them to be gifted with vital and spiritual powers.

It may be true that the first philosophers believed only one kind of substance to exist; but this was not matter, in our sense of the term. They looked out on the world, and believed that every thing they saw had the nature they felt within themselves, and was endowed with consciousness, will, and power; in fact, to be rather spirit than matter. Modern materialists, on the other hand, after having, by a process of abstraction, cut off all these spiritual qualities from the conception of matter, and having reduced it to a system of molecules gifted with mechanical forces, go on to consider the manifestations of life and mind to be mere evolutions and developments of these forces, compounded in some extraordinary way, but precisely of the same nature as heat or colour in inorganic, and growth and digestion in organic, bodies. This is real materialism, a conscious and deliberate negation of spirit; that of the first philosophers was but a confusion of two substances, whose distinction had never been defined. If, however, they had realised the difference of the ideas of matter and spirit, they would have been much more likely to declare, with Berkeley, that spirit was the only true substance, than to give this prerogative to matter; for when they attributed spiritual qualities to all material things, they showed that the idea of spirit was so natural to them, that they supposed all phenomena to be manifestations of it. Hence, when they represented the soul as compounded of the elements, they did not materialise the soul, but they spiritualised the elements. The famous verses of Heraclitus, in which he says, that the soul, by means of the particles of the four elements of which it was composed, knows the masses of these elements which make up the world, while they attribute spiritual faculties to the elements, and therefore cannot be called, in the modern sense, materialistic, at the same time bear witness to the earliest and most universal of philosophical axioms,—*like is only to be known by like*. In order to explain the intelligibility of matter, it must be represented as a knowing and active substance, of the same nature as the cognitive faculty in man: The world is considered to be one great mind, expressing its passing thoughts in varying phenomena, which, considered apart from the mind, would be mere illusion, unsubstantial and unreal, having their only foundation of reality and of substance in the will of the Universal and only substantial mind. With this Universal mind the human mind is consubstantial; it is a part of it—*divinæ particulum auræ*. It

has the same power of producing phenomena as the universal mind has. In early days, as we may see from Homer and Hesiod, men considered the passing states of their own minds to be real entities; dreams were not transitory modifications, but substantial *idola* visiting the mind, or produced by it, and thrown off into space like a cast skin, where they were free to visit other persons. Sleep, death, and the various passions, were personified, not as beings who presided over such states, but as the states themselves, while space and time were considered to be active powers of nature. In such a state of things, when man fails to distinguish between his own ideas and external realities,—attributing to his ideas a reality equal to that of external phenomena, it is quite clear that he must consider the production of natural phenomena an act of precisely the same kind in the universal mind as is the production of any ideal phenomena in his own; that is, he will claim for himself a creative power identical in kind, though differing in degree, with the creative power of the universal intelligence.

This claim is the foundation of the pretence of magic. It is an impious assumption that the human mind partakes of the creative power of God.

A further investigation of the spheres in which the human mind possesses what is usually called creative power, will throw light on the means by which magicians pretended to control the course of events. First, then, we must separate the productions of the mind from those which we execute with our hands. In pure thought the mind has a kind of creative power, but in mechanical formation we require a subject-matter, the mass of which is given, and which we cannot increase or diminish at will: when we come to the end of our materials our work is over; whereas in thought, when we once begin there is no end to the series which we can evolve. We can fill space with figures; we can imagine an infinite succession of numbers; we can form an indefinite number of combinations of letters, words, and sounds. It is only in these spheres that our thought is creative; therefore, if the universal mind is of the same nature as ours, it is only in these spheres that it is creative; or, in other words, all phenomena may be defined to be figures or numbers (with Pythagoras), or articulate sound (with the Buddhists), or a musical harmony, according to a very general idea of the ancients.

Men who had such an idea of creation thought very differently of matter from the modern physical philosophers. With the latter, whatever changes the world may undergo, whether it is a cosmos or a chaos, the quantity of matter is

always the same, molecule for molecule ; whereas the "theologians" (as Aristotle calls them) only allow empty space and abstract unity to be unchangeable, while the elements (or figures) pass into one another, and vanish and develop again, being sometimes infinite and then nothing. The *monad*, according to some schools, or the alphabet, according to others, is the seed of the universe, which develops, not by mechanical arrangement of parts, nor by the aggregation of matter from without, but by an internal endogenous growth ; the elements are not given quantities, but shapes or sounds, the forms, not the solid matter, of things produced.

Men who thought thus of matter, could only define it to be number, figure, or elements of sound. Given unity and division (the *duad*), and an infinite series of numbers is possible ; given a point moving in empty space, an infinity of figures can be drawn ; given the letters of the alphabet and voice, and an infinite combination of sounds may be produced. And such were all phenomena supposed to be ; they were either numerical harmony, or figure in space, or articulate or rhythmical sound, produced by the combination of the simplest and fewest possible elements.

Such are the usual representations of the productive agency of the universal mind which we find in antiquity. The universe is generated by the thought (*logos*) of the first intelligence ; this thought is in all respects similar to human thought ; and human thought has creative activity only in the spheres of number, figure, and sound ; therefore they concluded that all the phenomena of the universe are produced, in the same way, by the thought of the *demiurge* ; and thus they defined the world to be either,—

1. Form occupying space, generated by the *monad* or point ; or,
2. A numerical harmony, or collection of forces expressed by numbers ; or,
3. The pronunciation of the Creator, its elements being the letters of the alphabet ; or,
4. A harmony or melody, produced by the Creator from the elements, as from the strings of a lyre.

Now magic rests on the assumption that the mind of man can also create in these four methods ; as the Creator produces phenomena by producing figures in his thought, so do the magicians ; as he pronounces, and his words come to have a reality of their own, so it is with the word of men. Their thoughts and words have power over matter : they can command nature, not after the slow and laborious Baconian method of obedience to her laws, but by an acquaintance with the

magic formula on which she depends. Matter itself is no positive quantity, but only a function of thought, dependent on a formula; bodies may be transformed at will by him who knows the secret of their being, without any regard to their bulk or their organisation, as if the material body were nothing in itself, but only the expression of the will or thought which it symbolised.

The universality of this opinion of the convertibility of matter, according to the will of a man versed in the occult sciences, shows how very different the popular idea of matter in past ages was from that at which we have now arrived after long investigation. The only metamorphose of matter which the physical philosopher admits is the change of one material equivalent into another; but the "theologian" supposed the possibility of that sudden and magical change which abounds in ancient mythology and in Eastern tales, where a man has power to transform himself at will into an elephant, a fly, or a flame of fire. And as to the mode in which these changes were accomplished, the rule was—find the formula on which such a thing depends, whether figure, number, word, or sound, and the use of this formula will give you power over the thing. This is the *rationale* of the divine offices of heathendom. "The ceremonial of the *Tantras* (Buddhist prayer-books) is distinguished by the repetition of *mystical syllables*, the employment of *yautras*, or diagrams, a superabundance of gesticulations (a kind of acted diagram), the adoration of the spiritual teacher, and the identification of the worshipper with the divinity worshipped." (*Asiatic Researches*, vol. xvi. p. 474.) Mystical members are employed in all ancient religions; also, verbal formulas, and written words, or even the letters of the alphabet, as in Etruscan and Egyptian tombs, and on Hebrew cabalistic cups brought home by Layard from Babylonia. The Cabalists hold that God created the world by means of the letters of the alphabet; and this system was introduced among the Gnostic sects by Marcus, whose absurd fancies may be seen in *Irenæus*, vol. i. p. 66, or in the so-called *Philosophumena* of Origen, p. 203. Music, too, from the time that Orpheus made stones and trees dance to his fiddling, was always a great magical instrument. The world being harmony, how should it not hang on the tunable catgut, or the melodious recitation of the metres of the *Vedas* through the noses of starved Brahmins?

There is one more magical ceremony, more dark than any of these, to which we must give a glance; this is the employment of blood. We trace this to a doctrine which we find in all mythologies without exception, to the effect that the world

is produced by the immolation of some great and divine being, who sacrifices himself, in order that out of his members a new order of things may spring. The world depended originally on a sacrifice, and therefore by sacrifice the world may still be ruled. But we will not enlarge on this point, as we have to pass on to a consideration of the Aristotelian metaphysics in their relation to magical pretence.

It will be seen by what has gone before, that the assertion or negation of magical power to the will of man must ultimately depend on our metaphysical determination of the manner in which the mind knows external objects. It is ruled that "like only knows like." Do we then really know the essence of external phenomena, or do we attribute to them an essence the notion of which arises not from them but from our own consciousness? If the former, then we possess within ourselves something of the essence of external things, and in so far as we possess it we have power over it. If, however, our knowledge of external things is only symbolical, derived from ourselves, then we have no reason whatever to assume that we have any power whatever over that of whose real essence we are completely ignorant. Knowledge is power: if we know a thing in its substance, it may easily be inferred that we have power over its substance; if we know nothing of what it is in itself, but only interpret it according to the rule of our own mind, we have no power over it, as not knowing it.

Now, the Aristotelian philosophy, which St. Thomas attempted to harmonise with Christianity, falls into the error of assuming for the human mind a real knowledge of the substance of external things, and therefore of making the human mind specifically similar to the Divine, differing only in degree and power. In his *Summa* (I. q. 84, art. 2), he inquires, "whether the soul understands material things by means of its own essence?" and says, that in ancient times there were two theories on the subject;—one, that of the first philosophers, "who, considering that the objects of human knowledge were corporeal and material things, laid it down as necessary that the things known should exist in the knowing soul in a material way;" whereas Plato, "who saw that the intellectual soul must be immaterial, and must know in an immaterial manner, affirmed the existence of immaterial *ideas* of all known things." St. Thomas himself concludes, "material objects of knowledge must exist in the knowing soul, not in a material but in an immaterial way. . . . Hence we may see, that if there is any intellect which by its own essence knows all things, this essence must contain all things in an

immaterial way, as the ancients asserted that the essence of the soul is actually composed of the principles of all material things, in order that it may be capable of knowing all. But this is a special prerogative of God, that His essence should comprehend *all things* in an immaterial way, *as the effect pre-exists in its cause*. God, therefore, alone understands *every* thing by His own essence; but not the human soul, nor even the angel." Here we have the admission that the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it; and though God alone has this power and knowledge in perfection, yet a share of it is attributed to all intellectual creatures, as he asserts (*Summa*, I. q. 14, art. 6, ad 1), "the intellect knows an external object by the intelligible (immaterial) essence which it has in the intellect, in so far as it knows that it understands; *but nevertheless it also knows the essence of the external object in propria natura*." "The perfection of the mode of knowledge depends on the perfection of the mode in which the object known is contained in the knowing subject." That is, all knowledge requires a certain *possession* of the thing known in its own essence; and hence it follows, that the intellect has a certain direct power over every thing it knows,—not over its mere representation, but over its essence. Hence all intelligent creatures share in some measure the creative power of God, as St. Thomas himself seems to allow in the following passage (*Summa*, I. q. 14, art. 6, 0): "Since God contains all perfections in Himself, the essence of God is compared to all the essences of things, not in the way of a common nature (*commune ad propria*) to the individuals into whose composition it enters, as unity to numbers, or the centre to the radii, but as a *perfect act to imperfect acts*; for instance, *as man to animal*, or the *perfect number six to the imperfect numbers contained in it*." Without any disrespect for the great St. Thomas, we think we may fairly assert, that even his authority cannot insure a lasting union with Christianity for a philosophy which carries one into such strange conclusions as these,—man is to God as monkey to man; or as one, two, or three, to six. Such a philosophy does not really distinguish between God and creature. Admitting it, the conclusion is inevitable, that created intellect is capable of becoming God after a series (perhaps infinite, still possible,) of approximations; for however inferior it may allow created intellect to be, it lays down that it is of the same nature with the Divine, and not a mere representation, image, or symbol.

The Aristotelian philosophy of St. Thomas, therefore, neither did nor could offer any serious opposition to the pre-

tence of magic. It never once turned aside its followers from the search for the philosopher's stone, the possession of which was to enable them to transform substances at will, while it withheld men from that which all must allow to be the true method of becoming acquainted with nature, the Baconian induction. Ancient philosophy sought the knowledge of nature in the microcosm of the human mind; modern philosophy utterly denies that the mind is a microcosm. It is made after the image and similitude of God, not after that of nature. It is not of similar substance to that of God, otherwise it could understand and control all things in their essence; but it is similar by imitation and symbol, so that its creative power enables it to comprehend how God may be a Creator, and to see Him enigmatically in the mirror of its own essence. But the imitative creative powers of man do not produce things that have any real connection with nature; we can neither know nor control nature through these creations, which are simply fancies and imaginations; nature must be studied by observation, and ruled by obedience to its laws.

Our space warns us that we must stop here for the present. We have up to this time shown that the ancient metaphysics were the real root of magic, and that the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages is itself liable to this objection. In an early Number we intend to return to our subject, and show that metaphysics are wrong where they afford an entrance to the pretence; and that, as we have already said, magic is unreal, a mere imposture, or, what is worse, a blasphemous assumption of Divine prerogatives for the human mind. In doing so we shall have occasion to build up instead of to destroy,—to erect, perhaps, a house of glass, to be demolished by the stones of those whom we may have offended by objecting to any opinion of him who in the region of pure theology is venerated as unrivalled by Catholic metaphysicians of every school of philosophy.

HUC'S CHINESE EMPIRE.

The Chinese Empire; being a continuation of the work entitled "Recollections of Travel in Tartary and Thibet." By M. Huc, late Missionary Apostolic in China. 2 vols. Paris (Imperial Press), Gaume Frères.

M. Huc's new work (*L'Empire Chinois, &c.*), not as yet presented to the reader in an English dress, is of a very different character from his first. That was chiefly an account of adventures in lands almost unknown to Europeans. This takes up the narrative from the entrance of the two missionaries into China on their return from Lla-ssa, recounts a simple journey from the frontiers of Thibet to Canton, and takes advantage of every opportunity of digression to expatiate on the wide field of Chinese history and manners. When we have read to the end, we have before us a pretty complete picture of the Chinese Empire; but it is made up of fragments presented without order, and loosely strung together on the thread of the narrative.

The whole may then be divided into two parts. The personal adventures of MM. Huc and Gabet in a journey through China under very peculiar circumstances, and the digressions on the constitution, religion, literature, manners, and peculiarities of the Chinese. In our present article we shall only be able to give a few specimens of the curious situations in which the good fathers found themselves involved, without entering much into the second part of the subject.

Most of our readers will probably remember that our two missionaries penetrated by the north of China and Mongolia to the religious centre of Buddhism, the sacred city of Lla-ssa; then when there they became objects of suspicion to the Chinese commissioner, Ki-chou, who sent them back to China, to have their case adjudicated by the emperor. M. Huc's former work relates their travels as far as the Chinese frontier; the present work takes them up there, and relates their six-months' journey to Canton; interrupted by their examination and acquittal before the viceroy of Tching-too-foo, and various incidents which take quite a comical cast when narrated in M. Huc's humorous language.

The peculiarity of this journey was, that our missionaries found themselves travelling through the celestial empire in quite an exceptional style; instead of sneaking about in secret, smuggled from the cabin of one poor Christian to that of

another, they went openly and with all marks of honour, travelling as mandarins of the first class, at the expense of the country, and with an escort of soldiers. In fact, they had quite a new experience of the Chinese character, living now in fashionable society, instead of that of the poor and despised Christians, to which alone, for many years before, they had been accustomed, and in which they served their apprenticeship to the art and mystery of managing the Chinese.

For it must not be supposed that our friends were in any way dazzled with the honours which they received, or that they had learned great respect for the mandarins during the years in which they had employed every possible precaution to avoid their august presence. On the contrary, they had not penetrated above three days' journey into the celestial empire before the mandarin who escorted them (who happened to be a Mahometan) learned the following lesson at their hands. They were passing a night at Ya-tchew, the fourth town after the frontier, where the curiosity of the population to see the two "devils of the western seas" seemed to threaten a riot, the consequences of which might have been most disastrous, if not fatal to our travellers. They were obliged then somehow to quell the disturbance, and as a preliminary measure it was necessary to clear the court-yard of the hotel of the multitudes who thronged it. M. Huc shall describe how this was done:

"One of us presented himself at the door of our room, and spoke to the crowd a few words, accompanied by a gesture so energetic and imperious, that its success was complete and instantaneous. The crowd was seized with a panic, and fled. As soon as the court was completely evacuated, we had the great gate shut, to avoid any further invasion. Nevertheless we heard the tumult gradually recommence in the street; first we could hear the mute agitation of the multitude, and soon clamours arose from all sides. Somehow or other these excellent Chinese insisted on seeing the Europeans. They redoubled their raps at the gate, and shook it so violently that it soon fell, and the popular torrent again rushed tumultuously into the court. The affair was serious, and it was of great consequence that we should have the upper hand. By some inspiration, we seized a long and thick bamboo which we found by chance at hand. The poor Chinese imagined that we were going to lay it on to them, and they tumbled on end, and over one another, and ran off in disorder. We rushed to the room of our mandarin conductor, who, not knowing what part to play in the midst of all this scrimmage, had prudently concealed himself. As soon as we had found him, without giving any time for speaking, or even for reflection, we placed on his head his cap of ceremony, and seizing him by the arms, we dragged him at full speed to the great gate of the hotel.

There we placed in his hands the enormous bamboo with which we were armed, and we commanded him to act the sentinel. 'If a single person passes,' we told him, 'you are a dead man.' This we did with such self-possession, that the poor Mussulman took it seriously, and did not dare to budge. The people in the street laughed ready to split themselves; for, in fact, it was a very absurd thing to see a military mandarin mounting guard with a long bamboo at the gate of an hotel. Perfect order was preserved till bed-time; then we relieved him from his guard, our warrior laid down his arms, and retired to his chamber to console himself for his misfortune by sundry pipes of tobacco.

"Those who do not know the Chinese well will perhaps be scandalised, and inclined to blame our conduct. They will ask what right we had to make this mandarin ridiculous, and to expose him to the laughter of the people? We had the right which every man has to provide for his personal safety. This first triumph, absurd as it was, gave us a great moral power, of which we stood absolutely in need in order to arrive safe and sound at our journey's end. To reason and act in China as one does in Europe, would be either madness or childishness. However, this incident was but a small affair; others will be found of a far different calibre in the course of our story."

At Tching-too-foo, the capital of the province they were now in, they had to undergo the inquiry for which they had been sent back from Lla-ssa. Pao-king, a brother of the late emperor, viceroy of the province, an old man simple in his habits and favourably distinguished from the Chinese by his fairness and truthfulness, wrote an impartial report of the case to the emperor, in which he acknowledged the purity of their motives for travelling, and the truth of their statement that they were not Chinese subjects. He moreover took care to make their journey to Canton (for they were not allowed to return to Thibet as they wished) as agreeable for them as possible: they were to travel and to be lodged at the expense of the government, and to enjoy on their route all the privileges of mandarins of the first class.

From this moment the journey becomes quite a comedy: a continual struggle against the trickery and finesse of the conductors, who are determined somehow to turn an honest penny by the journey. Their diplomacy reminds one rather of that of the hoary old thief in a pantomime, whose capacious pockets get stuffed with every thing that comes in his way, from sucking-pigs to cucumbers; while their imperturbable effrontery exceeds that of the amusing individual in question. Their trials soon began:

"It was only the first day of our journey, and we already had

abundant cause to be dissatisfied with our conductor, the mandarin Ting;—we were much too sharp to neglect the opportunity. On our way we found out that our palanquins were not the same as had been shown us for our approval at Tching-too-foo. Master Ting had received the money to buy them, but he had unfortunately yielded to the temptation of keeping half for himself, and had spent the rest in patching up and varnishing two old narrow broken-backed inconvenient ones, that had nearly broken our backs already. Nor was Master Ting contented with speculating on the palanquins—he must get something also by the bearers. According to our agreement each was to have four; but our prudent conductor had given us only three, two in front and one behind,—thus economising to his own benefit the salaries of two bearers. This trickery did not much surprise us; we had long known that the Chinese are too weak to follow invariably the straight road, and that they have often to be conducted back into it; but to begin with the first day—it did not augur much good.

“That evening at tea, we told our conductor that we had made a plan for the next day.

“‘Oh, I understand,’ said he, as if he thought himself very sagacious, ‘you don’t like the heat, and you wish to start early to-morrow, to enjoy the cool of the morning.’

“‘Not at all.—To-morrow you will set off by yourself, and return to Tching-too-foo.’

“‘Perhaps you have forgotten something important?’

“‘No, we have forgotten nothing. You will return, as we have told you, to Tching-too-foo; you will go to the Viceroy, and will tell him that we will not have any thing more to do with you.’ We said this so seriously, that Ting could not possibly think it was a joke. He started up, and looked at us with open mouth and staring eyes. We continued, ‘You will say to the Viceroy that we will have no more of you, and that we beg him to send us another guide; and if he asks why, you may tell him, if you like, that it is because you have cheated us, in changing the palanquins and giving us two porters short.’

“‘It is true, it is true,’ cried he, his heart beginning to beat again a little, ‘I noticed on the road that those palanquins were not fit for people of your quality. Of course you should have first-rate palanquins with four bearers. I noticed this morning that there was a confusion at the Justice’s (their host). Things have not been done as they ought. The ‘Hidden treasure’ (their host’s name) is a man who loves money—nobody can deny it; but why push his greediness to the extent of furnishing you with inconvenient palanquins? It proves that he is very careless of his honour and reputation. We are not people of that sort; we will rectify his error, and give you good palanquins instead of the bad ones.’

“This speech was completely Chinese, *i. e.* a lie from one end to the other.”

Other palanquins were promised for the next day; but the

next day the astute Ting contrived to put our friends into a boat, and conduct them in a speedier and cheaper way,—pocketing, as usual, the difference. On their arrival at the next town, Kiew-tchew, they managed to get their revenge. The mandarins, with no very good grace, supplied them with food and lodging, and then set their wits to work to get rid of them as soon as possible. Only get to Tchoung-king, said they; it is the best town in the province; there you will be able to change your palanquins, and to get every thing you wish. Order the bearers to be ready:

“‘Wait a moment,’ said we; ‘no hurry, if you please. It seems that no one here is quite acquainted with our affairs. First, we must change our palanquins; this is the place to do so, is it not?’

“‘No, no,’ cried all the mandarins in concert. ‘How can you expect to find good palanquins in a little place like this? They must be bespoke.’

“‘Bespeak them then. To arrive a moon earlier or later in Canton is not much in the course of our existence; in the mean time, we can amuse ourselves here.’”

In short, they refused to budge an inch without fresh palanquins; which, after fifty protestations of impossibility, were found ready at the door. Then arose the question who was to pay:

“The discussion was warm; and we, though quite disinterested on the question, asked leave to give our opinion.—‘It is evident,’ said we, ‘that the town of Kien-tchew is not obliged to furnish us with palanquins.’

“‘That is spoken conformably to the right,’ said the mandarins of Kien-tchew.

“‘That was the business of the administration of Tching-too-foo, which was charged with the organisation of our expedition; but it appears that the purchaser of the first palanquins did not observe the rules of honour.’

“‘That is true,’ said the mandarins; ‘he must have kept part of the money allowed for the purpose.’

“‘Now, however, the mischief must be repaired; and the affair, we think, presents no difficulty. Yesterday, on the Blue river, we sailed over two stages of our route; Master Ting has pocketed the money for these two stages, and has only had to pay the hire of a junk; it appears to us, therefore, that he both can and must pay for our new palanquins.’

“The mandarins of Kien-tchew laughed aloud, and found our solution of the difficulty to be superb. Master Ting stamped with fury.”

The next day, however, the mandarins of Kien-tchew had their turn. For economy's sake they had lodged the travellers

in a common inn, instead of in the town-hall, as the ordinance of the viceroy had prescribed. M. Huc and his companion demanded the next day to have, as their right, a day's maintenance in the public hall. It could not be; it was out of repair; it had no less than six dead prefects in it, waiting for their friends to take them away. "Very well then, as you please," said they, "provided you write and sign a note, to certify that when we desired to remain a day at Kientchew you would not allow us to do so, because the town-hall was uninhabitable." The prefect of the town understood them in a moment; he ordered the coffins to be removed, and in ten minutes our friends were installed in the most magnificent palace they had yet seen in China. On going, they whispered to Ting that if they were not properly treated, they would wait two days instead of one. Strange country, it must be allowed, where, in order to escape oppression, you must use such methods as these.

But perhaps the most striking incident of their route was the following. At a town called Leang-chou, while they were lodged in the town-hall, a letter and a basket of fruit were brought to them from the head of a Christian family named Tchao. The military mandarin who commanded their escort, finding this packet in their room, and hoping perhaps to find some accusation on its contents, opened it, and read the letter. At this moment our travellers entered, and surprised the honourable Lu in the very act; they cried out "thieves," and seized a thick cord to bind him, when he in his turn shouted for help, and the town-hall was filled with tumult and disorder. The magistrates thought to settle matters by seizing the head of the house of Tchao, and putting him in prison as the source of the confusion; so our friends were obliged to demand a trial: and a trial they had, though with great difficulty; for the prefect of the town wished to hold it without them, while they insisted on their right to be present. After hours of delay they prevailed, and were summoned to the tribunal about midnight:

"We were introduced into the audience-chamber, which was brightly lighted up with great lanterns of different coloured papers. A multitude of spectators, among whom were a number of Christians, filled the bottom of the hall: the principal mandarins of the town, and our three conductors, were at the upper end, on a kind of dais, where several seats were arranged before a long table."

Now began the question of precedence, which was at length cut short by our friends having the brass to instal themselves in the seats of honour:

"We went and seated ourselves with confidence on the president's seat, and pointed out to our assessors their places on our right and left, each 'according to his dignity' (which is easily recognised in China by the ball of different colours which is worn on the cap). There was among the audience a slight movement of surprise and amusement, which, however, had no appearance of opposition. The mandarins were completely non-plussed, and seated themselves mechanically where they were told."

Next the letter and basket of fruits were placed before the missionaries, sent to the mandarin Lu to recognise as those he had seen, and then passed round to all the other judges; after this the accused was brought in and placed at the bar:

"As soon as he had come to the foot of the dais, he looked rapidly round the court, and saw at once that he was not to be judged by a mandarin of the celestial empire. He prostrated himself with a smile, and after saluting the president by striking the ground three times with his forehead, he raised himself up, and bowed profoundly to each of his judges. After performing this series of salutations with the best possible grace, he knelt down—for that is the position which the law of China prescribes for the accused before his judge. We invited him to rise, as we should be grieved to see him on his knees before us, such not being the custom of our country.

"'Yes,' said the prefect, 'you may stand. Now,' added he, 'as the men of these distant countries doubtless find a difficulty in understanding your language, I will examine you.'

"'No,' said we, 'that cannot be; your fears are unfounded; you will see that ourselves and the accused perfectly understand one another.'

"'Yes,' said the accused, 'this language is to me whiteness and light; I understand it without hesitation.'

"'Since that is the case,' said the prefect, a little disconcerted, 'you have only to answer with straightforwardness and simplicity of heart to the questions put to you.'

"We therefore proceeded with the examination as follows:

"'What is your name?'

"'The very insignificant bears the vile and contemptible name of Tchao; the name which I received in my baptism is Simon.'

"'How old are you? Whence are you?'

"'For thirty-eight years the very insignificant has endured the miseries of life in the poor town of Leang-chou.'

"'Are you a Christian?'

"'I, a sinner, have obtained the grace to know and to worship the Lord of heaven.'

"'Here is a letter; do you recognise it? Who wrote it?'

"'I do recognise it; it was the very insignificant that traced its graceless characters with his clumsy brush.'

"'Examine this package: Do you know it?'

"'I know it.'

“‘To whom did you address the package and the letter?’

“‘To the spiritual fathers of the great kingdom of France.’

“‘What was your object in sending them to us?’

“‘The humble family of Tchao wished to express to the spiritual fathers its sentiments of filial piety.’

“‘How can that be? you do not know us, and we have never seen you.’

“‘That is true; but those who are of the same religion are not strangers to one another; they form but one family; and when Christians meet, their hearts soon understand each other.’

“‘You see,’ said we to the prefect, ‘that this man understands our language perfectly, and answers all our questions clearly.’”

Then M. Huc went into a short digression on the unity of the human race, and the especial unity of all Christian peoples; after this he returned to the examination:

“‘We are strangers to the empire of the centre; and though we have lived here long enough to know the greater part of your laws, yet there are doubtless many which we never heard of,—therefore tell us whether, in sending us a letter and a basket of fruit, you think you were acting contrary to the laws?’

“‘I think not; on the contrary, I think I did a good action, which our laws do not forbid.’

“‘As you are one of the people, you might be deceived, and not know thoroughly the laws of the empire.’

“So addressing ourselves to the magistrates, we asked them if the man had done an unlawful act? They all answered unanimously that his conduct was worthy of praise. Then we asked Lu what his opinion was?

“‘There can be no doubt that the action of the family of Tchao was virtuous and holy. Who could be senseless enough to maintain the contrary?’

“‘See now,’ said we to the accused, ‘all is clear; error has been carefully separated from the truth. According to the testimony of the superior and inferior mandarins, you had the right to obey the sentiments of your heart, and to make us this offering; and such being the case, we here receive it openly, in the presence of all the world: we shall preserve your letter with the greatest care, as a precious relic.’”

Poetical justice only required that the over-curious Lu should have his knuckles rapped; and Astræa was not disappointed. After a verdict of not guilty on Simon Tchao, the mandarins were about to prorogue the court; but—

“‘We stretched out our arms, and begged to be permitted to express our opinion. ‘Since,’ said we, ‘the action of the head of the family Tchao was according to law, and irreproachable, it is evident that the conduct of the mandarin Lu was blameworthy. He introduced himself like a thief into our chamber, and covered his face

with shame in opening a letter that was addressed to us. The mandarin Lu was appointed as our military escort from the town of Tchoung-king to the frontier of the province; but as it is clear that he has not received a good education, and that his ignorance of the rites may lead him to commit great faults, we declare here that we will have no more of him: our declaration shall be written, and sent to the superior authorities of Tchoung-king.' With these words we adjourned the sitting."

What a funny people the Chinese must be, to be so easily twisted round the finger of a couple of strangers! But they could not have succeeded unless they had been fortified with the rescripts of the viceroy. The principle of authority is most deeply respected by the Chinese people; and their fear of compromising themselves with their superiors is something ridiculous, amounting to a national pusillanimity, of which our travellers knew how to avail themselves.

The Chinese character is a curious and interesting study for the moral philosopher. It is perhaps the only living representative of that of the ancient civilisations of the Nile and the Euphrates; and its intellectual, or rather literary phase, is altogether founded on the ancient and mediæval metaphysical notions which we have developed in another article in this present number: while its natural science is founded on no plan, it has no notion of interrogating nature on a certain preconceived principle; but it simply collects together a mass of recipes as heterogeneously as our grandmothers did in their cookery-books, where in one and the same page you meet with recipes for cosmetics, remedies for consumption, and devices for slaughtering black-beetles, and for mending crockery and broken legs. Nevertheless, as observers of nature, mere noters of phenomena which happen to turn up, the Chinese seem the cleverest fellows in the world. Every body knows that they knew the use of gunpowder, the magnetic needle, and blocks for printing, ages before these inventions were introduced into Europe. But they used them as individual and independent recipes, the result of the experience of some sharp empiric, not as parts of a great system, where the relative values of things were duly appreciated and noted. System certainly the Chinese have, but it is only ideal, not natural; they have woven a world out of their heads, as spiders weave a web from their tails, and insist that all life shall be conformable to this artificial rule. Hence their great respect for literature, and the men of letters, who are the only nobility of the empire, and who are looked upon almost as sacred characters,—as sacred, that is, as the infidel Chinese mind can reckon any thing; hence we may naturally suppose that this

order is well filled, and that the pedantic literati give themselves great airs,—much the same, we should think, as the learned clerks of the middle ages gave themselves in Europe. Here is M. Huc's description of the class :

“The old Chinese man of letters is very like our *savant* of former times, whose conversation was stuck full of Greek and Latin quotations. In France they have almost entirely disappeared, and a specimen cannot be found without great difficulty.—The type, however, exists in China in all its glory. The classical *savant* presents himself in all societies with assurance, we might even say with a certain vanity and pride,—so firmly is he convinced of his importance. He is the *diapason* of all conversations; for he is learned, and especially is he a good speaker. His vocal organs are usually of a wonderful flexibility; he generally accompanies his words with much action, and he loves to sustain his voice on the accented syllables, and to make the different intonations distinctly heard. His language, interspersed with expressions belonging to the sublime style, is often somewhat unintelligible; but this again is an advantage, for it gives him the opportunity of explaining himself to his auditors by tracing with his finger in the air the words which he is using. If any one attempts to speak in his presence, he listens, wagging his head in a patronising way, while a sneering smile seems to say, ‘You are not eloquent.’ When such a man acts as tutor, he retains at bottom the same *quantum* of conceit; but he is forced to exhibit, externally at least, a small modicum of modesty; for if he teaches, it is to gain his bread, and he understands that it will not do to exhibit his pride before those on whom he depends.”

For those people who feel any hankering after the mediæval system, these volumes will be a wholesome study. It will show them that the philosophy which they have been accustomed to consider as the only one compatible with faith is quite as liable to the grossest perversion as the modern materialism. Human nature is much the same, whether it gives the post of honour to the study of books, and the opinions of the ancients, or to the study of nature and material progress: the one can just as easily become utterly godless and infidel as the other; the one degrades man to a mere animal quite as ruthlessly as the other. It sounds very fine to spout against our utilitarianism, and to regret the ages of faith, when the learned, instead of inventing spinning-jennys, went about disputing *de omni scibili* in every European university; when there was no Manchester or Glasgow, with its swarming population, degraded alike in mind and body, used as mere instruments to help to build up the edifice of a materialistic civilisation, and when each sage sat snugly under the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, and grey-beards wagged solemnly in the ex-

position of a charade or the solution of an enigma. These ideas are still rife in China, and yet what do we see?

"You meet every minute on these narrow paths interminable files of porters laden with bricks of tea, pressed and packed up in coarse matting, secured to their backs by straps of leather. These porters usually carry outrageous loads. You may see these poor devils, among whom are numbers of women, children, and old men, climbing one behind another up the steep sides of the mountain. They creep on in silence, supporting themselves on great sticks shod with iron, and with their eyes continually fixed on the ground. Beasts of burden could scarcely support the daily and excessive labour to which these convicts of poverty are condemned. From time to time the leader of the file gives the signal for a short halt by striking the rock a hard blow with his staff; the signal is repeated in succession along the whole line. Soon every body stops; and each person, after placing his staff behind his back to give some little support to his load, slowly raises his head, and blows out a long breath, which sounds like a sigh of pain. In this way they try to renew their strength, and to *recal* a little breath into their exhausted lungs. After a minute's rest, the heavy load falls back on the head of these poor creatures, their bodies bend again towards the earth, and the caravan moves off to continue its route.

"Whenever we met these wretched porters, they had to stop and stand stiff against the rock to give us free passage. As our palanquins advanced, they raised their heads a little, and cast on us a furtive glance full of the most frightful stupidity. . . . This is what a corrupt and infidel civilisation has been able to make of man, who was created in the image of God."

In this pleasant gossiping way does M. Huc conduct us through three provinces of China, like a sagacious hound smelling out all that can interest his European readers—literally smelling out, for among his other observations we find the following rather original one:

"Travellers in foreign countries must have remarked that all races have a peculiar smell. By this sense one has no difficulty in distinguishing Negroes, Chinese, Tartars, Thibetians, Indians, and Arabs. The country itself, the soil which these different peoples inhabit, emits similar exhalations, which can be best appreciated in the morning, walking through the towns or country. . . . In the same way the Chinese notice a special smell in the European, but less strong, they say, and less noticeable than that of the other races with whom they come in contact. Any how, in all our journeys through China we were never recognised as foreigners, except by the dogs, which invariably yelped at our heels. These animals alone had sufficient delicacy of scent to discover that we did not belong to the great nation of the centre."

The peculiar odour of the Chinese and their land is that of musk; and we remember reading the same of the smell of some South American countries, though we do not recollect that the remark applied to their inhabitants. It would certainly be a novel feature in ethnology, if a column were to be devoted to the essential oil representative of each nationality; so that as valerian is typical of tom-cats, musk should represent the Chinaman, and (what shall we say?) attar of roses the Negro. We recommend the hint to our learned societies.

Musky, cowardly, untruthful, faithless, and altogether devoted to the present life as our author represents the Chinaman to be, it is a curious thing that he has no horror whatever of death. Nay, unlike the western nations, he will usually satisfy his spite, not by murder, but by suicide. He always meets death with calmness; and has so little disgust at its memorials, that a favourite present for children to make to their parents, and friends to one another, is a coffin.

"Persons of good family consider the present of a coffin an excellent way of testifying the vivacity of their filial affection for the authors of their being. It is a sweet consolation for the heart of a son to purchase a coffin for an old mother or father, and to offer it to them solemnly when they least expect it: when you love a person, you are always ingenious in inventing methods of giving him an agreeable surprise. If a man is not lucky enough to have a coffin in reserve, it is not the thing to wait for his last breath, but before he bids farewell to the world to let him have the satisfaction of setting eyes on his last home; therefore when a sick person is pronounced incurable, if he has the happiness to be surrounded by devoted and affectionate attendants, they do not fail to buy him a coffin, and to place it by his bedside."

We cannot do better than follow up this vivacious subject by giving the Chinese account of the origin of the cholera, which will no doubt be acceptable to the favourers of the fungoid theory, to whom we humbly recommend it. We met one of these gentlemen the other day, a learned but fanciful M.D., who has a notion that the "myth" of Eve and the forbidden fruit is an enigmatical revelation of the fact, that all the great and dangerous poisons by which the human frame becomes gradually degenerate are vegetable substances; to wit, alcohol, opium, tobacco, tea, and coffee. To these he now adds the cholera poison, which he decides dogmatically to be "an aerial parasitic plant." Here, then, is an account of the first emergence of this fresh variety of Eve's apple from the depths of the abyss:

"The first year of the reign of the late emperor (1820), there appeared one day over the whole surface of the Yellow Sea a mass of

reddish fog. This extraordinary phenomenon was noticed by the Chinese of the province of Chan-tong, who inhabit the neighbourhood of the coasts of this sea. These vapours were at first light, but insensibly increased, became thicker, and gradually lifted themselves above the level of the waters, and ended by forming an immense red cloud, which floated for several hours in the air. The Chinese, as usual, in all the wonderful appearances of natural phenomena, were seized with fear, and tried to avert the threatened calamity by the superstitious rites of the bonzes. They burned a prodigious quantity of magic paper, which they threw into the sea; they got up extempore processions to carry the figure of the Great Dragon, for they attributed these sinister presages to the wrath of that fabulous being. At length they came to the last resort of the Chinese in like circumstances, which was, to execute a monster *charivari* along the coasts of the sea. Men, women, and children were all beating like mad on whatever instrument would make the greatest noise, gongs and brass kettles being the favourites. The most savage cries that an innumerable multitude could howl forth were added to the din of this infernal uproar.

"While the inhabitants of Chan-tong sought to conjure this unknown evil, which every body foreboded, a violent wind suddenly arose, which made the cloud heave and roll, and divided it into vast columns which it blew to the earth. The ruddy vapours spread like snakes over the hills and through the valleys, grazing the towns and the villages; and wherever they passed, the next day the inhabitants were attacked by a frightful disease, which instantly disorganised their whole system, and soon reduced them to discoloured corpses. The doctors turned over their books in vain, no account was found in them of this new and mysterious plague. All remedies were fruitless. The scourge first desolated the province of Chan-tong, and then went north to Peking, from which place it passed the great wall, and the Chinese say that it went into Tartary and disappeared in 'the land of grass.'"

This seems to be a truer account than that which is commonly received, and which fixes its origin in some obscure village of Thibet in the year 1822. No doubt it came into India from Tartary; but one would rather suppose its origin to have been in the swarming cities of China than in the elevated and desert table-land of Central Asia. True to its origin, it still prefers low levels, crowded populations, and the neighbourhood of masses of water. As to the red cloud—*transeat*; the date and locality of the origin of the disease are, we doubt not, true enough.

Here we stop. We have given a fair specimen of M. Huc's style, which our readers will see is rather prone to prolixity, a fault that it has possibly contracted from the author's habit of speaking Chinese, which, in common with all languages

where the forms of politeness are fixed, is roundabout and tedious. But we have hitherto given but a very partial picture of the contents of these charming volumes, and have merely sipped off some of the froth. On another occasion we hope to introduce our readers to some of the graver discussions, the more solid fare with which the work abounds.

THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER ON MEDLÆVAL AND PROTESTANT PREACHING.

The Christian Remembrancer for July 1854. London:
Mozley.

SOME little time ago it was our duty to offer some observations in reply to an ill-informed and disingenuous article in the leading High-Church Review on the subject of Equivocation.* We have to-day the more agreeable task of calling our readers' attention to a paper of a very different kind in the same periodical. Since the conversions which began in 1845, a tendency to bitterness and unfairness has been so much on the increase in publications of the *Christian Remembrancer* school, that it is not often that the attention of Catholics could have been attracted to them with the same deep interest which was aroused by the earlier writings to which the Oxford-Tract movement gave birth. With some exceptions, Dr. Pusey's disciples have shown so few signs of any desire for consistency, for a thorough mastery over the elements of the controversy, or for an acquaintance with real facts, that the Catholic has too often turned away from their writings in sorrow and indignation, lamenting that so much ability should be devoted to so bad a purpose, and wondering at the credulity of readers who could follow without questioning the guidance of such teachers.

Now and then, it is true, a most agreeable and interesting exception occurs in periodicals of this class. Such an exception is a paper on "Mediæval Preaching" in the last Number of the *Remembrancer*; and so curious and instructive it is, that we are sure our own readers will be as much surprised as ourselves at lighting on so much truth in such a quarter. We can, of course, only indicate the general character of the article in question; but we may premise that the whole is well worth the study of any one who may be disposed to turn

* See Rambler, April 1854.

to it. The author—who, from one or two rather good stories which he tells of his own exploits in the preaching way, appears to be an Anglican clergyman—has examined with considerable attention the sermons of some of the celebrated middle-age preachers; and with hearty gusto points out their contrast with the average class of preachers of his own communion, *very considerably* to the disadvantage of the latter. Indeed, were it his sole object—to use a somewhat slang phrase—to “take the shine out of” Protestant preachers altogether, he could not have succeeded more completely to his heart’s content. Undoubtedly he has a few words of eulogy for two or three of the best men of his own school, who lived in distant times, and approached nearest to positive Popery. But even these he almost “damns with faint praise;” his undivided and hearty admiration being given to the Saints and dignitaries of the Catholic Church. Andrewes is somebody; Cosin is not to be despised; Wilson is a dealer in wooden platitudes; while as for Horsley, Milner, and Paley, they are simply intolerable; and the renowned leaders of the “scriptural” Evangelicals, Newton and Scott, are the veriest neglecters and murderers of Scripture, in presence of the Bible-hating sons of Rome. If we want to know how to preach scripturally, spiritually, and practically, we must go to Guibert de Nogent (in the twelfth century); Humbert de Romanis, the General of the Dominicans; Venerable Bede; St. Hildebert of Tours (an archbishop of the twelfth century); Guarrie of Igniac (another twelfth-century preacher); Vieyra, the celebrated Portuguese; Peter of Blois, archdeacon of Bath 700 years ago; Peter of Celles, of the same date; St. Fulbert of Chartres; and above all, perhaps, to St. Antony of Padua. Here is our reviewer’s prescription for an episcopal visitation sermon. It is not the less valuable as a piece of advice to his brother clergymen, on account of the hint with which it is introduced, as to the folly of the notion that the middle ages realised a millennial perfection.

“To any one who entertains these opinions we would recommend a prescription, which should not involve any great degree of trouble, and which may have other advantages besides the specific one for which we would advise its adoption. We would prescribe a course of sermons, say of the eleventh or twelfth centuries, delivered to synods, whether diocesan or provincial. It is curious to see how the same complaints have been made, in all ages, of remissness in supporting the faith, of negligence in the cure of souls, of degeneracy from primitive times. St. Hildebert, in addressing the clergy of Angers or Tours; St. Fulbert, in his diocesan synods of Chartres; St. Norbert, preaching before the

priests of Magdeburg; St. Anselm in Normandy and at Canterbury; St. Arnoul at Soissons; St. Frederick at Utrecht;—all bear witness to the same thing. True, it is with no uncertain sound that those charges for the most part spoke. They were not quite of the same kind with that of a clergyman who preached a visitation sermon before Bishop North of Winchester, and chose for his subject ‘The Existence of a God.’ When it was afterwards gently hinted by some of his brethren that he might have chosen a more edifying topic, ‘Why,’ said he, ‘to tell you the truth, it was the only subject of which I could think on which we were likely to be agreed.’

“Thus it is that Peter of Blois speaks to the clergy of that era :— ‘Oh, how dreadful, how dangerous a thing, my brethren, is the administration of your office! Ye are held to answer not only for yourselves, but for the souls of those that are committed to you in the day of tremendous judgment; and how shall he keep another man’s conscience who cannot keep his own? For conscience is an inscrutable abyss, a most obscure night; and yet it is this night in which that miserable priest is concerned, and about which he is occupied. ‘Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?’ What will that priest do who feels himself loaded with sins, involved in cares, infected with the vileness of carnal desires, blind, bowed down, infirm, pressed with a thousand difficulties, struggling against a thousand necessities, troubled with a thousand doubts, propense to vice, weak to virtue? What will he do, the son of grief, the son of eternal despair, who neither kindles in himself nor in others the fire of charity? Surely he is prepared to be the food for the consumption of fire.’

“Many are the thrilling passages which those old writers have when they are addressing their brother clergy; and many a lesson is to be learnt from such discourses, both curious historically and interesting practically. He would surely not be misspending his time who would give an edition of some of the discourses *ad Clerum* of English divines, from Lanfranc to Warham, tracing the gradual corruption of discipline, the gradual rise of heresy, the fuller and fuller development of worldliness, the signs of the gathering storm as early as the age of Henry V., the disregard shown of its warnings, and the final crash.”

One of the chief points which has struck the reviewer as characterising the mediæval sermons is, as we should have expected, their wonderful knowledge of Scripture, and facility in its application. We use the word “wonderful,” as expressing the impression which the fact would produce on a Protestant reader who for the first time in his life turned from declamations against Popery to the writings of actual Catholics. To us there is nothing at all wonderful in a sermon, or a religious work of any kind, which overflows with the aptest quotations from the Bible. It is one of the most natural and necessary

results of our faith, that ceasing to use the Bible as a magazine of controversial weapons, we should devote ourselves to the absorbing of it, so to say, in its completeness, into our spiritual existence. The Bible being what it undeniably is, those who are perpetually striving to prove *every thing* that they hold from its contents, are compelled to confine their attention to certain fragmentary portions, and (with whatever twinges of conscience) to look somewhat askance at those other parts of the Inspired Book which apparently favour those very doctrines which they desire, "scripturally," to demolish. We, on the contrary, are not afraid of the Bible. It is to us simply the Word of God; and we read it for our own instruction and edification, far less than for the sake of destroying the theories of an adversary.

Hence that remarkable *possession* of the entire Scriptures which appears in so many of our great writers and preachers, from the Fathers till now. They do not merely *know* the Bible, it has become a part of themselves; its words enter naturally into their language; its histories recur as naturally to their recollection as the events of the last week to a person who is conversing with a friend: if a theologian quotes more freely from one of the Inspired Books than from another, it is simply because, as a matter of personal predilection, his tastes lead him in one direction above others; just as if the twelve Apostles were now alive, every Christian would probably prefer the instructions or society of some of the number to those of the rest. Indeed it may be stated, as a universally accepted truth, that in proportion as the Catholic preachers of any age or country are thus habitually familiar with the Holy Scriptures, and habituated to their use, just so far are they entitled to rank among the most instructive, delightful, and influential teachers of the Catholic faith. The *Remembrancer's* remarks on the contrast between Mediæval and Protestant preachers in this particular are well worth quoting.

"If any one, to take the lowest view of the subject, will be at the trouble of comparing the number of references to be found in a modern, with those which occur in an ancient sermon, he will find that ten to one is by no means an exaggerated estimate of their relative proportions. Nor is this all. Modern quotations are almost entirely taken from certain books or chapters of the Bible; the more important portions, as men now-a-days irreverently, not to say profanely, call them. The ancient preachers drew their citations from all parts of Scripture alike; equally imbued with the spirit of all, it was impossible that they should quote otherwise than according to analogy. And those who more especially pique themselves on

their knowledge of the Bible, and on declaring 'the whole counsel of God'—we mean, of course, the so-called Evangelicals—would do well to consider, how and why it is that their sermons, in comparison with those of which we are writing, are so jejune in references to the Word of God, and so shallow and commonplace in their application when they quote it—why they evince, in short, rather the knowledge of a child than the full grasp of a theologian. Let us be fair, and give an example or two to prove the truth of what we say. We will take an unexceptionable writer on either side. The modern school cannot complain if we bring forward John Newton as their champion; and we will match him, not with S. Bernard, nor with any other such giant in divinity, but with a mere commonplace pious writer of the twelfth century, Guarrie, Abbot of Igniac. We will take them on the same subject and on the same text, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' In Newton's sermon we find nine references to the Gospels, two to the Epistles, nine to the Prophets, one to the Psalms; while no allusion is made to any other part of Holy Scripture. In the sermon of Guarrie there are seven references to the Gospels, one to the Epistles, twenty-two to the Psalms, nine to the Prophets, and eighteen to other parts of Scripture. Thus, the total number of quotations made by the Evangelical preacher is twenty-one; by Guarrie, fifty-seven; and this in sermons of about equal length. Or, to take a more striking example of the same thing. In 1784, when the oratorio of the 'Messiah' was performed with great splendour in Westminster Abbey, it pleased the same John Newton to deliver a series of discourses on the texts which formed the subject of Handel's music. As those passages of Holy Scripture are so admirably well chosen, the sermons grounded on them were naturally intended to form a complete body of divinity, and as such were published together. By way of index, the author drew up a list of texts quoted or referred to, such as we see universally appended to the earlier editions of the Fathers. It is odd to remark how unequally the evangelical preacher makes his citations. From that part of the Bible which precedes the Psalms he quotes very sparingly. The minor Prophets hardly furnish him with one passage; the Books of Joel, Obadiah, Nahum, and Jonah, absolutely with none. He nowhere refers to the Song of Solomon. To the Apocrypha, as might be expected, he makes but one allusion. The Epistles, especially those to the Romans, Galatians, and Ephesians, occupy a most disproportionable space as regards the New Testament, and the prophecy of Isaiah in reference to the Old. Now if we turn to the same index in the works of S. Antony of Padua, we find at once that Holy Scripture is quoted evenly and according to analogy. The historical books assume their due prominence; the Epistles are reduced to a lower level; and the quotations from each bear proportion to the length of the book, and not to the preconceived system of the preacher. The one point of similarity between S. Antony and Newton is the greater frequency with which both turn to the Psalms; and their most striking con-

trast, next to that which we have already specified, consists in the numerous references which the one makes to the Sapiential books, and above all to the Canticles, while by the other they are comparatively passed over."

The contrast is then illustrated by the commencement of a sermon on Advent by the "scriptural" and "evangelical" Newton, followed by the exordium of another on the same topic by the "Bible-hating" writer of the dark ages. We only regret that we have not space to reprint them here.

Another practice which the reviewer much commends in the Mediæval preachers is their care in adapting their sermons to the capacities and characters of their audience. He also remarks in them the excellent practice of making one sermon the exposition of one truth, and one only. He quotes two striking passages from Vieyra and Guibert of Nogent in support of this practice, and in opposition to the lamentable habit of converting a sermon into an interminable rigmarole of odds and ends, just as they happen to present themselves to the preacher's thoughts; a habit, it need hardly be said, eminently conducive to the indulgence of the preacher's laziness, but equally fatal to the production of any definite impression on his hearers. As Vieyra says, what sort of a crop would you have in your fields, if you sowed first wheat, then on the top of that rye, then again millet, and over the millet some barley?

Some of our reviewer's stories of the perfections of Anglican preaching are too good to be omitted:

"One is related by an eminent living prelate, who, with the greatest good humour, is in the habit of telling it as a warning to his clergy to preach plainly. While he was still serving a curacy, he was anxious to try his hand at extempore preaching, and accordingly took for his text, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' On this subject he dwelt, much to his satisfaction, for the usual time; he proved from the works of creation, from the construction of our own bodies, and from the other usual topics, that there must be a creative power, and that that creative power is God. He came down from the pulpit with the comfortable conviction that he had not done so badly after all. Happening to walk home with a farmer who had attended the service, he was anxious to learn what impression he had produced, and accordingly made some observation which led to the point he wished to introduce. 'A very capital sermon you gave us, Mr. B.,' remarked his companion; 'but somehow I can't help thinking there be a God, for all you said.'

"The other anecdote was related to us by another prelate of our Church. He happened to be staying in a country village,

when a stranger was accidentally called in to preach. His text was, 'There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night.' His sermon was very much to the point, so far as educated persons were concerned. But on the following day the Bishop happened to inquire of an old woman in the parish, if she had understood, and how she had liked the discourse. 'Very much indeed,' was her reply; 'and I always *did* hear say that it was by night the fairies danced on Harborough Hill.' So much for the preacher's description of the character of the Pharisees.

"The present writer may lay claim to the praise which Dryden bestowed on Milbourne, that of being the 'fairest of critics,' by relating a somewhat similar circumstance which happened to—the reviewer's mysterious singular plurality—'ourselves.' We had been preaching on the subject of baptism, and had tried to explain, in the most popular way we could, the distinction between regeneration and conversion, dwelling particularly on the difference between the *one* baptism and the repeated repentances. We thought, like the excellent prelate to whom we have referred, that we had been particularly intelligible; and, perhaps with some little idea of being praised for our plainness, we afterwards made some observation to the most intelligent auditor in a very ignorant congregation. 'The very best sermon I ever heard preached,' was his remark; 'I had never seen so clearly before that, when we have fallen into sin, we can be baptised again to get out of it.'"^{*}

As we have just mentioned Vieyra's teaching, we must not omit a specimen of his own practice, from a sermon delivered at Maranhão, a town in Brazil, of most lax morals at the time Vieyra thus admonished its people:

"It was St. Antony's day, and the church of St. Luiz was close to the sea. 'I have long thought,' said the preacher, 'that on the festivals of saints, it is better to preach *like* them than to preach *of* them. St. Antony addressed himself to the fishes, and so shall I. The church is so near to the sea that they can hear me. And, at all events, I shall have two good qualities in my auditors—they can hear, and they cannot answer. And if,' he continues with bitter irony, 'it be said that fishes are a race who cannot be converted and saved, a preacher in Maranhão must be so much accustomed to that circumstance that it can affect him but little. Therefore, fishes and brethren, I now address myself to you.' He divides his sermon into two parts, the first containing the praise, the second the blame of his auditors; every circum-

^{*} We can almost cap these stories from our own experience. A few years ago we knew of a most respectable and religious domestic servant, who went one Good Friday to hear a very celebrated Catholic preacher in London, and after listening (as we could bear witness) with all her might to his discourse, came away with the conviction that Father —— considered that *neither* of the two crucified thieves was saved!

stance being selected so as to reflect in the most biting manner on the inhabitants of the city. 'The first thing,' he says, 'which does not edify me, fishes, in your conduct is, that you devour one another. I confess that you have your excuse in the actions of men. Let a man be in trouble, the solicitor devours him, the solicitor's clerk devours him, so does the notary, so does the sheriff, so does the advocate, so does the commissioner, so does the judge; he is devoured before he is sentenced. If a man dies, he is devoured by his heirs, by his creditors, by his legatees, by the commissioners of orphans, by the lawyer, by the physician that helped to kill him, by the grave-digger, by the bell-ringer, and by the priest that sings the service; the poor man is not yet in his grave, and he is already devoured.' Thus he proceeds; and in like manner, while lecturing the fishes for their folly in being taken by a hook, he does not forget to justify them by the hook which the spiritual enemy of man baits for his soul, and by the eagerness with which it is swallowed."

We are really quoting almost too freely from a contemporary periodical; but the *Remembrancer* gives us so many charming specimens of Anglican "pulpit eloquence," that we cannot forbear taking one more. It is an anecdote from the writer's personal recollections:

"We were once spending a Sunday in Lent in a country parish, where the clergyman was of the old school, and not a bad specimen of it. In the morning he requested us to preach, with a special injunction to be as plain and simple as possible, 'because,' said he, 'my people are very ignorant, and require the most elementary teaching.' Accordingly, we endeavoured to comply with his wishes, and hoped that, in some degree, we had succeeded. 'It was not so bad,' said our friend, as we walked home from church, 'but still not quite so plain as I could have wished. If you will listen to me in the afternoon, I will endeavour to show you the way in which I think that such a congregation ought to be addressed.' After such an invitation, when the worthy rector ascended the pulpit, we were—as the saying is—all attention, and heard him begin, nearly word for word, in the following manner: 'To those who will consider the harmony which reigns in the various accounts dictated by inspiration of Christ's Passion, confirmed as those accounts are by the antecedent testimonies of Prophets on the one hand, and by the concurrent testimonies of the Epistles on the other, it will appear in the highest degree probable, that our Blessed Lord was not an impostor, but was in reality what He gave Himself out to be, the Son of God.'"

And now for our reviewer himself. He is so acute, so well-informed, and so sensible, and possesses so keen a perception for the ridiculous, that we opened our own eyes with amazement when we lighted upon the following sentence,

uttered evidently in the most serious earnest: "Every one who has studied the ritual and the calendar of the (Anglican) Church, must have speedily convinced himself that its whole aim and design is to be *dramatic!*" The italics and the note of admiration are, of course, our own; but what accumulation of typographical astonishment can express one's sense of the inimitable coolness which could utter such a sentence as this? A serious refutation is out of the question. We can only suggest to this clever and observant writer that, after all, the peculiarities of the Mediæval Church are not altogether extinct among men. He must not imagine, because the peers, colonels, spinsters, and churchwardens of Belgravia are furious against the very mild resuscitation of Mediævalism which has recently taken place at Knightsbridge, that the faith and the system which produced Venerable Bede, Peter of Blois, and St. Antony of Padua, is not bearing its living fruits even in this degenerate city of London. There is a Church in England whose bishops do not denounce the proceedings of their clergy as "histrionic," while reviewers under their jurisdiction rejoice to believe that their prayers are "dramatic." Mediæval Christianity is not yet a subject for ecclesiastical archæological institutes; nor need a man go very far who wishes to "revive" the days gone by. The only "revival" that is needed is in the opinions and feelings of those who would fain be the children of the middle ages, while they are really the slaves of the 19th century. The faith of Bede and Antony and Vieyra needs not reviving, for it has never died. Those characteristics which our reviewer finds so excellent in the Mediæval preachers and Saints, he may find both taught and practised even in Rome's latest preachers and Saints. If the editor of the *Christian Remembrancer* has not taught him that the very name of Liguori is synonymous with all that is unscriptural, crafty, stupid, and unspiritual, we would recommend him to study a certain essay by that modern bishop on apostolical preaching and the true way of converting souls;* and in the published sermons of the same saint he will find precisely those very merits of unity of subject, simplicity of style, and abundant use of the Holy Scriptures, which he has remarked in the great preachers of ancient times. The *Remembrancer* has contrasted the number of Scripture quotations in sermons by the Catholic Guarric and the Protestant Newton. We open at hazard the volume of St. Alphonsus' sermons for every Sunday in the year, and take the first that presents itself, namely that for the first Sunday in Lent, on the text, "Thou shalt not

* "Lettera ad un religioso amico, ove si tratta del modo di predicar all' apostolica con semplicità, evitando lo stilo alto e fiorito."

tempt the Lord thy God." As it stands, the slowest preacher could hardly be a quarter of an hour in delivering this sermon; *but it contains not less than twenty-seven quotations from different parts of the Scriptures.* If the ingenious writer on whose reflections we are remarking will himself take this sermon of St. Alphonsus the next time he is at a loss for a discourse, and preach it, with the omission of two or three quotations from the Fathers, in order not to make his audience suspect the presence of either Popery or Puseyism, we have no doubt that he will, for once at any rate, be congratulated on having made himself perfectly understood, and on having preached a most awakening, instructive, and *scriptural* sermon.

Indeed, we think that Anglican preachers who are at a loss for sound, simple, and practical sermons, cannot do better than avail themselves of this series by St. Alphonsus. We can assure them, without banter or insincerity, that they will find them far more *useful* than any thing they can obtain from Protestant sources. Of course they will have now and then to omit a sentence or two about some Popish saint, or some quotation from the Fathers, or a reference to the doctrines of Invocation, Purgatory, and so forth. The general subjects of the sermons will suit them admirably. Out of the whole fifty-three, there are only three on subjects which they will not approve. These three are on Confidence in the Mother of God, on Sacrilege in Confession, and on Obedience to one's Confessor. All the rest are on topics which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter would agree in considering "*scriptural*." At the end of the edition which lies before us—a thin quarto printed at Bassano in 1841—are four additional sermons on St. Joseph, on the Annunciation, on the Dolours of Mary, and on the Clothing of a Young Nun, which of course would hardly be counted "*scriptural*." But they might be put aside, or cut out and burnt, lest perchance any impertinent or curious eye should light upon them. The rest we seriously recommend to the attention and use of every one who, whether truly or erroneously, believes himself called to feed the flock of Christ with the pure Word of God.

DUBLIN PALACE "FICTION."

Quicksands on Foreign Shores. Blackader & Co.

IF Archbishop Whately has not yet succeeded in converting all the world to believe in him as their "guide, philosopher,

and friend," it is certainly not from any lack of self-recommendation, or any deficient estimate of the benefits he is formed to confer on mankind. He has recently been favouring us with one of his most characteristic specimens of Whatelyism, in the shape of a volume of *Remains of the late Bishop Copleston*, in which he has quoted himself, either *propria motu* or through the Coplestonian trumpet, to the truly Whatelyian amount of *forty-one times*,—once to the extent of three pages, and again to the extent of nine pages! What, we may ask, had Copleston done to Whately that he should serve him thus?

The Archbishop now comes forth in a newer light, warning us from the "quicksands on foreign shores" by editing a novel. At least we think we cannot possibly be in error in attributing the editorship of this very wise production to any personage of minor importance; and certainly, if Dr. Whately does not edit, he patronises it with the full force of his name and reputation, by permitting the editor to date his preface at the "Palace, Dublin." We feel confident, however, that the story enjoys the advantage of archiepiscopal editing, for its introduction can come but from one hand. It announces that the editor "does really confer a benefit on society in undertaking to edit the tale contained in this volume, the first of a series which the publishers intend to offer to the public, with a view of meeting the demand for light reading by a safe, agreeable, and beneficial supply; one altogether suitable to the requisitions of a Christian community, under the title of great truths popularly illustrated." As it is not every day that novels come forth thus recommended, it may be worth while to inquire what that supply of light reading is likely to be which Dr. Whately considers *safe, agreeable, and beneficial*. We have accomplished the task, and proceed to give our readers the results of our labour through these Dublin Palace "quicksands."

Mrs. Courtney, a widow lady left in comfortable circumstances, is ruined by the villany of the family lawyer. This lady is the authoress's ideal of a worldling, although to our mind she approaches much nearer the heroic type than the saint of the story. The late Mr. Courtney left his very sensible relict, in addition to an easy competency, three daughters, Agatha, Clara, and Emily. The eldest of these, as the etymology of the name imports, is expressly designed as an embodiment of ideal perfection. Clara is a sketch of the same idea in a slightly deteriorated form; and the youngest, Emily, stands before us as the prototype of the Protestant prodigal.

Mrs. Courtney, unable to live as she has been accustomed in money-worshipping England, casts about for a change of

residence. The south of France enjoys her preference. The novel opens at an inn, at which the family rest on their road to St. André in Languedoc. Mrs. Courtney is a woman of the world, and is represented as possessing a considerable stock of common sense, yet she is described as in a condition of deep disappointment at finding that it is winter in Languedoc. She desponds at seeing snow and at feeling an east wind in that southern latitude in the dead of winter. Agatha, too, feels desperately lonely, although she has a "Protestant version" in her bandbox.

After surmounting the disappointment of not meeting with "groves of myrtles, and maize-trees beside every cottage, and people playing on guitars," the family reached St. André. Here Agatha distinguishes herself in arranging cups and saucers and looking for lodgings; our authoress apologising for her conduct by adding, that her heart was "not free from the earthly cares that had of late been more particularly her portion, but was set on those better things over which earth has no power." Having engaged apartments and a helping girl, "Agatha took off her cloak and bonnet as she spoke, and then drawing a chair close to her mother, whispered something with a half apologetic air, and on receiving a somewhat reluctant 'Yes, my dear,' took up a Bible from the table." Clara pretended that she "was just going to ask for a chapter." Little Emily, true to her infantine simplicity, "yawned." Mrs. Courtney "listened with a kind of cold respect until the duty was over, when her spirits rose considerably." We confess that we agree with the latter lady, that "her poor mother-in-law made Agatha as strict and tiresome in her ways of thinking as she was herself."

In a few days the family settled down in lodgings. But, alas! a live priest occupied apartments beneath the same roof. The story would have come to nothing if the family had hurried out of the house, as St. John did out of the bath, lest the same roof should spread over himself and a heretic. So there they stayed. But when the urbanity of manners and real charity of the priest won the admiration of Mrs. Courtney and her daughter Emily, Agatha became alarmed. "Indeed Agatha could not but admit that a person less anxious for society than her mother might find much pleasure in that of so intelligent and well-bred a person as the Abbé proved to be." When the goodness and *bonhomie* of the priest have excited a deeper feeling in her mother than seems advisable, she hints to her mother, "You are hardly up to the company of strangers yet." When this does not produce the desired effect, she goes more openly to work, and observes, "One

would hardly wish to make intimates of Roman Catholics, surely, mamma?"

"I don't see that at all," says the mother; "it would be very narrow-minded and absurd never to make friends of any but Protestants,—very uncharitable, too, to suppose there are no good people out of our own Church."

"Certainly that would be uncharitable; but I only meant there could be no real sympathy between persons differing on so important a subject as that of religion," said Agatha.

"They should agree to differ then, and if they are wise they will," replied Mrs. Courtney rather sharply; "but come, Agatha, give us our coffee, or we shall have the Abbé calling before we have done breakfast."

Money difficulties now begin. Mrs. Courtney's economy cannot keep pace with the diminution of her resources. The lawyer has become so enamoured of them, that at last they have stopped altogether. Absolute penury is staved off for a little while by an action which the reader is evidently intended to consider as one of the most astonishing of the heroic actions of the incomparable Agatha. Rather than starve, she resolves upon selling a valuable ring. Through the help of the landlady (who, in spite of her being a Catholic, appears to be an exceedingly charitable and benevolent woman) of the hotel at St. André, she finds a customer in the form of a travelling Jew. Helped by the kind innkeeper, she drives a hard bargain with the pedlar; and to say the truth, the young lady appears to have had a genius of her own for bargaining, and to have made by no means a bad deal of it.

Meanwhile, the Abbé de Fleurier had been pouring comfort into Mrs. Courtney's troubled soul, at the same time that he was meditating succouring her poverty, in a manner which evinced as much delicacy as benevolence. Agatha arrives with the proceeds of her ring just as the priest is leaving. "Thank you, M. l'Abbé, for all your kind words of comfort," are Mrs. Courtney's words to him as he rises to leave, and she stretched out her hand to him. A brilliant dialogue then ensues, and which, like the rest of the book, almost disposes us to agree with Dr. Whately so far as to account it "safe" reading, whatever we may think of its being "agreeable and beneficial."

"What a good kind man he is! You don't know what a comfort he has been to me, Agatha, or you would not look so grave. How people can say that Roman Catholics are not religious, I cannot think! I wish I were half as religious as the good Abbé." She can control herself no longer.

"Oh, do not say so, dear mamma," said Agatha; "his is,

I fear, a false religion, which says peace, peace, when there is no peace. Does it not deny us the only real comfort in our trials—the Bible?"

The elder lady, with her usual good sense, replies: "One cannot read oneself into a resigned state of mind; there are so many difficult things in the Bible that one is not always up to its study; and as the Abbé was rightly observing, unlearned persons easily fall into mistakes."

"But, mamma," rejoins Agatha, "was it not written for the unlearned and simple? and is it not, in all parts essential to salvation, plain and easy, so that he who runs may read?"

Agatha now feels that she has got to the end of her logic; and compassionating her mother, whom our readers will admit she has left in easy possession of the field, she displays by way of a diversion some of those creature-comforts which the price of her ring had enabled her to procure, and which she imagines will act as a counterpoise to the Abbé's more spiritual consolations. Agatha sighed as she produced the packages, the sight of which she rightly imagined would best divert her mother's mind. As she triumphantly unfolded "a large packet of coffee and rolls, and white sugar too," she evidently hoped that a dogma of the hated faith would yield to each fresh purchase.

"Clara danced about with glee while the remarks that accompanied this convincing procedure were being made." Agatha, however, cannot quite get over her sense of being done by a Jew. "I ought to have got more for it," she says. Then followed a little family consultation, the result of which is, that Mrs. Courtney's watch is decided to be the next victim. But the watch is rescued from 'the three balls' by the benevolent intervention of the Abbé's cousin, the Baroness de Fleurier, who, without any recommendation but the poverty of the family, succours them with a delicate and attentive consideration, which is certainly not calculated to lower our estimate of Catholic practice. The families become somewhat intimate; and Agatha, all whose emotions appear to be of the sensuous type, encourages the love of the young baron, Raymond de Fleurier. This young gentleman is introduced to us a sceptic in religion, and a *mauvais sujet* in morals. But all this is atoned for by the circumstance of his falling in love with Agatha; and, in obedience to his passions, forswearing the faith of his fathers, insulting his mother, by going with his lady-love to Mr. Marcel's little conventicle "without a cross," and suffering a portion of his devotion to Agatha to be transferred to the "Protestant version." As Raymond, however, grew more enamoured of Agatha and her book, Mrs. Courtney grew more enamoured

of the realities of the dogma and worship of the Church. In the words of our authoress, "her religion now seemed turning to a sentimental admiration of the Roman-Catholic ceremonies and so-called piety, which made Agatha tremble both for her and for the children."

Meanwhile Agatha makes friends with Mr. Marcel, a gentleman who presides over the little congregation to whom the cross on the Catholic churches is a "stumbling block and a rock of offence." She is not troubled with backwardness; and very speedily Mr. Marcel and she are hob-nobbing over a "chapter."

To Agatha's sore dismay, her mother gets worse and worse daily; when one day, whilst even the elder sister is hesitating to rebuke and warn her parent, Clara, the younger, who is a sort of mild Agatha, takes up the parable, and says: "Mamma, do you know we must take care of our kind, polite old Abbé, for we find he is very clever at perverting people, especially foreigners?"

"Pervverting! What do you mean, child?"

"Why, making them turn Papists," said Clara, looking wonderingly at Agatha.

"You should not use so harsh an expression, Clara," said her mother; "for if the Abbé has converted any persons to his Church, it could only be with the purest intentions; of course he thinks his Church the best."

"But people may conscientiously do a wrong thing," said Agatha.

"Really, Agatha, I have no head for controversy, as I am always telling you," said Mrs. Courtney impatiently; "and if your good Mr. Marcel can only teach you to be uncharitable and to think ill of my friends, I shall not be inclined to cultivate his acquaintance."

At length Mrs. Courtney is reconciled to the Church; and it is ultimately arranged that herself, with her daughter Emily, should remove their residence to the neighbouring convent. The rest of this namby-pamby story is taken up in describing the proselytising loves of Agatha and Raymond, and the sayings and doings within St. Catharine's convent; and here the unscrupulousness of this writer reveals itself in all its licentious malevolence. We have two sisters in secret possession of a Protestant version, convinced of the falsehood of the religion of the Cross, but unable to make their escape. We have imprisonment in subterranean dungeons, and all the rest of the nonsense with which addle-headed *gobemouches* are stuffed respecting conventual establishments. Of course Clara is kidnapped into the same dismal abode; although why she should

be kidnapped when her mother's authority was sufficient, we are not informed. Agatha, who is of age, remains at large; and in conversations wherein the usual sentimentalities of courtship are mixed up with tirades against the Church and priests, and laudations of the Protestant version, the two young hearts get more and more bound to one another. The baroness discovers the improper use Agatha had made of her generosity, and despatches her son to Paris, out of the way of Agatha and her Bible. Clara, who has no little share of her elder sister's conceit and obstinacy, is represented as an unwilling, sullen prisoner at St. Catharine's. She, however, does not waste her time. She assists the two discontented nuns in their gropings. Agatha makes a journey to London to interest her half-brother Mortimer in their troubles, and to obtain the liberation of the captive sisters. This gentleman is a Tractarian, and so long as his mother is alive, he very sensibly declines to interfere.

Mrs. Courtney exhibits an edifying devotion in her new abode,—though her practices are evidently intended as an exemplification of the works of superstition. The severity of her self-inflicted penances at length bring on a fatal disorder; and the dying woman receives some illuminations, of what precise nature we are not informed. We are only told that she feels extremely low and unhappy; for which state, a hypocritical nun, who kept the outward profession of religion, whilst an inward adherent to Protestantism, suggests an odd consolation. "Try and recollect some hymn or text in English," is the Sœur Camille's hopeful suggestion; "it would, I think, be peculiarly soothing to her just now."

Mrs. Courtney then dies, in the soul-saving conviction that she is a sinner; Clara gets a double portion of bread-and-water severity; Agatha discovers the father of Sœur Camille; Mortimer writes for his sister after the demise of his mother; Raymond appears in the nick of time; virtue receives its reward, and Agatha becomes the Baroness de Fleurier.

Such is the "safe, agreeable, and beneficial" reading provided for an erring generation under the auspices of Archbishop Whately. We can only account for his having been willing to throw the ægis of his name around such lamentable trash by calling to mind that quotation from Thucydides, to which Dr. Whately himself is never tired of referring, and which has done duty in almost every book he has ever written: *Οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔτοιμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.* Which excellent saying Dr. Whately, when he undertook the editing of this instructive tale, no doubt freely rendered in his own mind as follows:—"Whenever any person is fool enough to write folly,

there are always plenty of people to be found still greater fools to believe him." If Dr. Whately really has some "great truths, properly illustrated," to bestow upon us, we commend to his attention another of his own favourite Greek quotations:—*‘Ο γὰρ γινὼς, καὶ μὴ σαφῶς διδάξας, ἐν ἴσῳ εἰ καὶ μὴ ἐνεθυμήθη.*

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Of the Plurality of Worlds, an Essay; also a Dialogue on the same subject (2d edition. London, J. W. Parker). We reviewed Sir David Brewster's answer to this important work in our August number. At that time we had not seen this book, which is, we believe, attributed to Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. We had formed a high estimate of it from the misrepresentations of Sir David; and the perusal of it has more than satisfied our anticipations. The theory of the unity of the world, as all subordinate to a single orb that is the seat of intellectual and moral life, is once again raised to a respectable position in the scientific world, and a new theory of the solar system is put forward, according to which the earth occupies the only habitable space, the outer planets being either "mere shreds and specks of planetary matter," or else "only huge masses of cloud and vapour, water and air," while the inner planets occupy the region of "the hot and fiery haze," where there is neither water nor atmosphere. The region of the earth is alone "fit to be a domestic hearth, a seat of habitation; in this region is placed the largest solid globe of our system,—which alone, of all the parts of the frame which revolves round the sun, has become a world." We invite our readers to make themselves acquainted with this really remarkable essay.

We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our entire dissent from the metaphysical system of this author, which is precisely that against which we have argued in an article on Magic in this present number. "The mind of man," he says (p. 363), "is a partaker of the thoughts of the divine mind. The intellect of man is a spark of the light by which the world was created. The ideas, according to which man builds up his knowledge, are emanations of the archetypal ideas according to which the work of creation was planned and executed. Man, when he attains to the knowledge of such laws (he is speaking of mathematical and astronomical principles) is *really admitted, in some degree, to the view with which the Creator beholds His creation*;—his intellect partakes of the nature of the supreme intellect, his mind harmonises with the divine mind, &c." Yet in a note he seems to admit that God may see the creation otherwise than in relations of time and space. "It appears to be safer, and more in conformity with what we really know, to say, not that the existence of God constitutes time and space; but that God has constituted *man*, so that *he* can apprehend the works of the creation only as existing in time and space. That God has constituted time and space as conditions of man's knowledge of the creation is certain: that God has constituted time and

space as results of His own existence in any other way we cannot know." The note expresses the philosophy of Kant; the text that of Newton and Clarke. We shall have to return to this subject in a future article on Magic.

Holy Water vindicated is No. 2 of the "Halifax (Nova Scotia) Tracts for the Times." A scriptural, patristic, and ritual illustration of the Catholic doctrine on holy water, well drawn up, complete and satisfactory; so solid and argumentative indeed, that we regret the presence of the few pages of "smart" writing which the writer has prefixed to the substance of his tract. No doubt the vagaries of vulgar Protestantism are silly and offensive enough, and it is (sometimes) entertaining to Catholics to read about them; though the subject soon grows tiresome. But it is the worst policy to place this kind of hit at the beginning of a publication which is meant to be read by those very people whom you are turning to ridicule. You might as well expect to conciliate a man's deference to your conversation by giving him a slap in the face.

Three Lectures on the Correlation of Psychology and Physiology, by Daniel Noble, M.D. (London, Richards). Dr. Noble is a gentleman whose acquirements are well known to our readers at Manchester. His three lectures, here republished, give many very remarkable instances of the action of the will and the imagination on the brain, and thus on the whole action of the functions of the body. We rejoice to see these kind of subjects taken up by men who, like Dr. Noble, unite professional acuteness and liberality of mind to that faith which will preserve them from falling into the materialist delusions too common both in this country and abroad.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Hard Times : for these Times : by Charles Dickens. This is a reprint, in one volume, of a tale which has already appeared in "Household Words." Thomas Gradgrind, a hard-headed magnate of Coketown (in the manufacturing districts), with the aid and advice of his friend Josiah Bounderby, a banker, hard-headed, hard-hearted, and puseproud, educates his two eldest children, Louisa and Tom, on facts and figures, to the entire exclusion of tastes and affections. The system bears fruit. Louisa, in callous misery, sacrifices herself in marriage to Bounderby, thirty years her senior, and is only saved from the snares of a seducer by a timely flight to her father's roof. Tom turns thief, and robs the safe in the Bounderby bank, where he is a clerk, but escapes to die abroad in wretchedness, having succeeded in throwing suspicion on an innocent man, Stephen Blackpool, a weaver, who, in hot haste to clear himself, pitches headlong down an old mine-shaft, and is so mangled that, as soon as rescued, he expires. This dreary framework is filled in by the loves of Stephen, who, in his youth, married a drunkard, from whom, to his and Mr. Dickens' disgust, neither death nor the laws will divorce him; and Rachel, a fellow "hand" of pattern goodness, who is his guiding star. A star of the same kind is supplied to poor Louisa, in her trouble, by Sissy Jupe, the daughter of a clown in Sleary's horseriding troupe, the latter dividing the comic business of the tale with Mrs. Sparsit, a sort of brown-holland edition of Volumnia in our author's "Bleak House," who acts as house-keeper to Mr. Bounderby. Here and there we meet with touches not

unworthy of the inventor of "Pickwick;" but, on the whole, the story is stale, flat, and unprofitable; a mere dull melodrama, in which character is caricature, sentiment tinsel, and moral (if any) unsound. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Dickens does not confine himself to amusing his readers, instead of wandering out of his depth in trying to instruct them. The one, no man can do better; the other, few men can do worse. With all his quickness of perception, his power of seizing salient points and surface-shadows, he has never shown any ability to pierce the depths of social life, to fathom the wells of social action. He can only paint what he sees, and should plan out his canvas accordingly. No doubt great evils exist in manufacturing towns, and elsewhere; but, nevertheless, steam-engines and power-looms are not the evil principle in material shape, as the folly of a conventional humanitarian slang insists on making them. The disease of Coketown will hardly be stayed by an abstinence from facts and figures; nor a healthy reaction insured by a course of cheap divorce and the poetry of nature. In short, whenever Mr. Dickens and his school assume the office of instructors, it is, as Stephen Blackpool says, "aw a muddle! Fro first to last, a muddle!"

The Poetry of Christian Art. Translated from the French of A. F. Rio (Bosworth). Many translators murder the books they pretend to translate; but the lady who has translated this charming volume has preferred to murder its author. In a note at page 215, she says that "had Rio been alive at the present day," he would have done so and so. As we happen to have the pleasure of M. Rio's acquaintance, we can assure his translator that he is not a man of a past age, but a gentleman still alive, not advanced in years, and in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He will, moreover, when he sees the volume before us, regret that when its translator undertook the work, she did not endeavour to ascertain his wishes on the subject; for we happen to know that he did *not* wish it to be translated without revision by himself, and that he purposed making certain important additions to the work in the event of a translation being undertaken. As it is, we can only trust that a second edition may enable the translator to remedy her error. In another page she speaks of Quatremère de Quincy's life of Raffaele, as if it was not easily to be procured; not knowing that a translation of it, by Hazlitt, was published in Bogue's European Library in 1846. Apart from her extinguishment of our friend M. Rio, we cordially thank the translator for presenting the English reader with perhaps the most delightful book on early and mediæval Christian art which exists. M. Rio is an enthusiast for the earlier as opposed to the later schools of Italian art; and if he now and then pushes his views to what may be a slight exaggeration, his remarks are ever those of an accomplished scholar and an enlightened critic. His style is lively, agreeable, and earnest, and it translates well. It is also a pleasant feature in his book that it shows more knowledge and appreciation of English literature than is usual with French writers.

The Parlour Library is the oldest and one of the best of the now innumerable shilling affairs which load the railway bookstalls. It has lately passed into the hands of a very respectable publisher, who, we believe, is anxious to steer clear of all those objectionable books which deform too many of these cheap series. Its newest volumes are a republication of "Mark's Reef" and "The Sea-Lions," by Fenimore Cooper, always most at home in his sea-stories.

Grantley Manor, a Tale; by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A new

edition (Burns and Lambert). This is a new, cheap, and at the same time handsome edition of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's delightful novel, well known to the general novel-reading public, but not sufficiently so to the Catholic reader. We recommend it to every one who likes a story full of grace and refinement, and showing Catholics in their every-day life, without controversy or any of that obtrusiveness which characterises the "religious novel." It is a book to buy, keep, and lend, and not merely to be hired from the circulating library. We are glad to see that our publishers are prepared to send it by post, without any charge for postage, on receiving the price (Four shillings) in postage-stamps.

Chambers' Journal is a periodical to which we always turn with interest, as the best of all such publications, and to our tastes far superior to *Household Words*. It rarely contains any thing to which any Catholic will object, and we should be sincerely glad to know that it *never* would contain any thing to unfit it for general circulation among our poor. Such, we believe, is Messrs. Chambers' wish, though now and then articles have found their way into some numbers of their *Edinburgh Journal* (to which this is the successor), which have been far from unobjectionable. Its enterprising conductors will understand us, when we say that, rejoiced as we are to see their *Journal* widely circulated among the Catholic poor, we cannot but watch jealously against the propagation of any thing derogatory to the truth of our faith. The September Part, now before us, is as sensible, agreeable, and instructive as usual. The paper on "The Daily Newspaper" is worth reading by every one. Another, on "Lucifer and the Poets," if really appreciated by the mass of its readers, indicates a high degree of intelligence in them. We could have wished that the paragraph on Bailey's *Lucifer* had more clearly pointed out its objectionable features. The extract on "The Externals of a Gentleman," too, would tend to make gents and snobs, rather than to refine the rude to the standard of the true gentleman.

Katharine Ashton, by the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. (London, Longmans). This is another novel by the "Anglo-Catholic" lady to whose literary labours the Rev. William Sewell has hitherto so well and naturally acted the part of *sage-femme*, and who has deservedly obtained a reputation extending far beyond the limits of the coterie to which she belongs by the real talent which she manifested in "Amy Herbert." We are sure that the present novel will not increase her reputation. The general public will not take much interest in the development of that scrupulous and fidgety religiosity that constitutes the only possible material out of which to compose a Pusey in petticoats, however interesting the story with which it is interwoven. But here the story is not over-interesting; it turns too much on those minute characteristics of feeling and temper which true Puseyites are so fond of observing and analysing, and on which, instead of on acts of the will, they generally make true religion to turn. This school is as much bitten with the "organisation" or "temper" theory as Dickens and his followers, only the latter do manage to turn out of their workshops real *buoni diavoli*, or jolly fellows, while the former do not seem capable of appreciating any thing but scrupulous persons, whose consciences delight in spiritual self-tormenting. When we are out of the realms of grace, we certainly have a weakness for good nature and geniality, as the Germans call it.

The Dramatic Works of Mary Russell Mitford (2 vols. London,

Hurst and Blackett). Miss Mitford is one of the few female authors who have been successful on the stage; and she now, in her declining years, re-edits these productions of her maturity, prefacing them with an introduction that is quite a model of a pure English style; it overflows with kindly feeling, a modest appreciation of her own abilities, and that sort of pathos which is inseparable from a narrative of youthful feelings and incidents when related from the point of view of a person almost sinking beneath her increasing infirmities. There is something about it quite touching.

The Royal Phraseological English-French, French-English Dictionary, by J. C. Tarver, French Master, Eton (2 vols. large 8vo, London, Dulau; Eton, E. Williams). This is an excellent, but very voluminous Dictionary. The characteristic of it is, that all the meanings of the words which have more than one are illustrated by specimens of the phrases in which they occur. It has already reached a second edition.

The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829, from the German of Baron von Moltke (London, Murray). This is a standard work on the campaigns of the Danube, the sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silistria, and Shumla, and the passage of the Balkan by Marshal Diebitsch. A very interesting appendix gives an account of the horrible diseases which destroyed the greater part of the Russian armies in these campaigns.

Gymnastics an essential Branch of National Education, by Captain Chiosso (Walton and Maberly). With the natural exaggeration of a "Professor" of the art, Captain Chiosso writes a good deal of sound sense on the advantage of muscular exercise, in order to counteract the mischiefs of a sedentary life.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Besides M. Huc's book, which we review in another place, several works of interest have reached us this month, to which we shall only allude here, as we intend to notice them at length. The most important of these is Father Ravignon's "*Clément XIII et Clément XIV*;" in connection with which we may mention a work on the system of education as pursued by the Jesuits at the time of the dissolution of their order, by M. Maynard. M. Bareille has translated Balmez' *Miscellaneous Works on Religion, Philosophy, Politics, and Literature*; they are most of them articles contributed by him to an ecclesiastical review. Another volume of the translations of the works of St. Teresa, by Father Bouix, S.J., is now published: it appears to be, so far, the best French edition of her works.

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PART XI.

THE "CIVILISATION" ARGUMENT.

CATHOLICS who mix much with the world are often attacked with some such questions as these: "If Catholicism is from God, and is the only true Gospel, how is it that the political and social condition of Catholic countries is often so degraded? How is it that, while freedom, commerce, and national power have attained so glorious a height in Protestant England, Catholic Spain is a prey to factions, revolutions, tyranny, and general decay? How is it that Naples is an effete despotism, and that Sardinia is torn with conflicts between the government and the Church? More than all, how is it that the Romans themselves, where the Pope and Cardinals have it all their own way, are a feeble, dirty, frivolous race, submitting unwillingly to the rule of ecclesiastics, or rather hating it so cordially, that the Pope is only maintained on his throne by the bayonets of France? To put the whole question in a sentence,—If England is wrong, and Rome is right, why is the civilisation of the Papal States inferior to that of England?"

How repeatedly the facts thus assumed, thus embodied, are thrust in our faces by our fellow-countrymen, we need not linger to show. From the senate to the mechanic's institute, from the bench of bishops to the spouting shoemaker on his tub, from the *Times* newspaper to the placards and handbills of every country town, the same taunt is flung in our eyes, the same (as it is thought) irresistible weapon is flourished over our heads. The polished gentleman with his well-bred sneer, and the low-lived talker with the coarse insolence of his vulgar abuse, agree in casting the same reproach in our teeth, and in asking us how that creed which degrades man can come from God.

Like every other apparently forcible argument against Catholicism, this reproach, thus conveyed, is based, to a very great extent, on a gross perversion and mis-statement of facts.

We have no hesitation in asserting, that the supposed general contrast between the social and political condition of Catholic and Protestant nations *has no real existence whatever*. We have no wish to overstate our own case. We do not sympathise with those writers or speakers who pretend that in promoting the mere temporal civilisation of mankind, Catholicism is immeasurably ahead of Protestantism. We have no preconceived theory to defend. We shrink from none of the truths of history. We do not wish to argue against Protestantism on a misrepresentation of the facts of the case similar to that on which Protestants argue against Catholicism. We ask for the *whole* facts of the case; for nothing less, and for nothing more. And taking the whole, and not merely this or that isolated illustration of a favourite view, we repeat, that the popular English notion of the general inferiority of the human mind in Catholic countries, as compared with its civilisation in Protestant countries, is utterly without foundation in historical truth.

In the first place, we insist that it would be most fallacious to raise any argument on such a subject on the facts of a single year, or a single generation. What Catholicism or Protestantism does for a people must be ascertained by observing what it does in the long-run, and not what it does within the space of some twenty, fifty, or even a hundred years. It may suit the convenience of an anti-Catholic controversialist to limit the question to one or two countries on each side, and to their relative condition at this present moment alone; but we cannot conceive that any fair-minded person, whose sole desire is truth, would consciously be entrapped into so delusive a means of bringing the question to a solution. It is all very well for a fierce Protestant newspaper or speech-maker to pit the England of to-day against the Naples of to-day; but it is monstrous to assume that the contrast between a few generations of one nation and a few generations of another nation can embrace the real bearings of a subject which includes not less than thirteen centuries and the destinies of an entire continent.

At the very outset, therefore, we refuse to be bound by any such preposterous mutilation of history as that which is implied in the limitation of the question to a few selected cases, or a few short years. We insist upon carrying back the investigation to that period when Europe began to rise from the desolation produced by the fall of the Roman Empire, and when her religion, even by the confession of our enemies, was undeniably and universally "popish." We do not push the date into a still more remote antiquity,

because in the earlier ages of Christianity the Church was not dominant in the world as she afterwards became; and further, because our adversaries would complicate the discussion by denying that Christianity was then really what Catholicism is now. We start, then, from that day of desolation and social disorganisation, when the decay of imperial Rome had tempted the northern barbarians to seek in her territories a prey as easy as it was magnificent; when society seemed altogether to resolve itself into its primitive elements; when the old Pagan civilisation was crushed for ever; and ignorance, violence, and every odious passion, appeared about to divide the empire of humanity among them.

At that time there was *undoubtedly* but one idea of Christianity existing among those who called themselves by the name of Christ. Europe knew only of *papal* Christianity. A religion without a visible church, and a visible church without bishops, and bishops without a Pope, was a thing unknown and unheard of. Christianity was a religion of sacraments, masses, image-worship and monkery, and every other of those "corruptions" to which the supposed degradation of Catholic states is now popularly imputed. And more than that, the priesthood then *were* the dominant class, so far as the powers of the intellect can confer absolute sway upon one social class over all others. Nay, further still, that intellectual power *did* measure its strength against the savage demonstrations of brute force; and it conquered. The victory of the priestly intelligence over the strong arm of kings and nobles, was no mere matter of speculation as to the truth of the modern saying that "knowledge is power." The Popes and prelates of the dark and middle ages put the theory to a trial; and it was found, while all humanity exulted in the result, that "knowledge is power." It was seen, that if the gift of cultivation, in ever so slight a degree, be conferred on popes, prelates, and priests, and they are called into conflict with the fiery passions and armed hosts of secular sovereigns and princes, the power of the animal strength licks the dust before the knowledge of the priesthood, though the former be counted by hundreds, and the latter by units.

Here, then, was a *fair* illustration of the natural tendencies of Catholicism to advance or impede a secular civilisation. Popery had it all its own way; and how did it use the unexampled opportunity? Let the records of ten centuries reply. From the year when the last successor of Augustus fell with the last remains of Roman greatness and cultivation, let the history of Europe bear witness to the deeds of "Popery," when it stood alone among men. Is there a ques-

tion, a doubt, the shadow of a doubt, as to the testimony of the thousand years between the fall of Rome and the commencement of Protestantism? During all that long and often weary period, who but the Church civilised the human race, wherever she came? Amidst the crash of kingdoms, the mingling of races, the creation of new political relationships; while the old landmarks were swept away, and the old barriers against reckless passion crumbled into dust; with scarcely a trace of an elder civilisation to reward the researches of an antiquary, and scarcely a tradition of the old Roman grandeur to rouse the Church to rivalry; while the world stormed upon her from without, and intrigued within her fold; while often her own children proved corrupt; while hot controversies raged among her learned men; while her clergy too often violated her laws, or sold themselves to the interests of the secular power; while the possession of the Holy See itself was for many years contested by anti-Popes; while the riches of the world were at length poured into her lap, and she was tempted to subside into that luxurious indolence which had proved the ruin of the old imperial Rome;—amidst all this, the ceaseless progress of the human intelligence, and the foundation of all present European political freedom, *under the direct guidance of Romish ecclesiastics*, are as clearly to be seen as the progress of the sun in the heavens from east to west in his diurnal journey. Representative government, municipal institutions, an equal administration of justice, hospitals, roads, bridges, the arts, music, literature in all its branches, the discoveries of unknown parts of the world, even the elements of those purely physical sciences which are the especial boast of the modern Englishman,—*every thing* had its rise, and was cultivated with an untiring zeal and a fearless conviction that there is no natural hostility between Catholicism and civilisation, for century after century, by priests and monks, and under their undisputed sway. Without the aid of the printing-press, with no stimulus of Protestant rivalry to excite them, with no poverty to force them to intellectual toils for the sake of their bread,—they laid the foundations of the entire structure of European civilisation. We have nothing which we do not in some measure owe to the Church as it existed before the "Reformation."

Can Protestantism parallel this extraordinary spectacle from the records of its own achievements? Did *any* single Protestant nation ever civilise itself *from within*, as the entire European commonwealth civilised itself under the influence of European Catholicism? To compare the progress of England since the days of Henry VIII., or the condition of

the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, or modern Prussian or Dutch civilisation, or the present state of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, or the results of British sway in India, or the restless movement of the United States, with the work done by the Church for all Europe before the sixteenth century, is really so ridiculous, that the very idea of instituting such a comparison has only to be put forward in order to carry its refutation along with its pretensions. Will any reasonable inquirer, we ask, deny that the direct tendencies of Catholicism are to the highest possible cultivation of the human mind, and to the promotion of social order and perfection, with such a history before him? Surely this one fact *alone* decides the question. If some Catholic nations, since the "Reformation," have fallen behind in the race, is it not obvious that such a result must be imputed to the operation of certain disturbing influences *not* religious in their nature? Whatever the present decadence of Spain or Naples, you cannot destroy the *facts* of ten centuries; you must look elsewhere than to the "paralysing influence of Popery" for the true causes that have produced the decline of certain Catholic powers. We speak, of course, to men of candour, who seek the real truth, and not to those who aim to maintain their own theories; and, addressing such persons, we repeat once more, that if for 1000 years, during which Catholicism stood alone, her influence on civilisation was in the highest degree beneficial,—if during that time the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church only, actually created that modern life whose benefits we now enjoy,—the conclusion is inevitable, that the more recent decay of the social system in some few Catholic nations must be sought elsewhere than in the dogmas and discipline of the Church of Rome.

What those paralysing causes have been, we shall presently point out. But, first, we call attention to the unblushing character of that reasoning, which assumes that, as things now are, civilisation is the invariable accompaniment of Protestantism, and decay and degradation the result of Catholicism. Cast your eyes over the map of Europe, and say which are the civilised and advancing nations, and which are those who have more or less relapsed into barbarism and disorganisation. And in so doing, beware of adopting the monstrous notion that civilisation is identical with national power, or with any one peculiar form of political government. If a representative system like that of England (*not* a thoroughly popular and democratic one, be it observed), and if the possession of an invincible fleet and a first-rate army, be essential to the perfecting of man as a cultivated being, then

undoubtedly England is the Paradise of humanity, and a comparison between Great Britain and any other nation is needless and futile. We need hardly say that we repudiate any such a false and shallow test. The true question is, Where are men most refined, most orderly, most cheerful, most intelligent, most moral, most industrious, most productive, most contented? These are the proofs of civilisation, and not the *accidents* of a House of Commons (which may be most uncongenial to a nation's tastes, and unsuitable to its habits), or of a preponderating power in the councils of Europe. A nation may be unconquered and unconquerable, yet semi-barbarous; it may present the very *beau-ideal* of "self-government," yet be a disgrace to humanity. Power is not necessarily happiness; nor is a man a gentleman, a scholar, and a benefactor to mankind, merely because he is neither taxed nor governed except in accordance with his own personal votes.

Tried, then, not by insular bigotry, but by the dictates of reason, how do the nations of Europe rank in the scale of civilisation? Contrast, first, England and France as neighbours and rivals, and as equals in political power. In what way are the French people less civilised than we are? In literature, in the arts, in diplomacy, in their love for peace instead of war, in war itself, in the general happiness of the entire mass of their people, will any candid man pretend that they are behind ours? To this day we are constrained to learn more from them than they from us. They are utterly unlike us, in requiring a species of despotism for their government, in contradistinction to our own representative system; but the necessity for this despotism does not spring from an inferior degree of civilisation, but from the fact that with them the discontented masses are fiery and organised, and therefore powerful; while with us they are brutal, but without organisation, and therefore powerless. The "million" in France is more daring and revolutionary than in England; but who that knows the utter demoralisation, stupidity, and degradation of the enormous labouring class in our cities and villages will venture to allege that our barn-door savages and town populations are one single degree higher in the scale of humanity than the peasantry and "*ouvriers*" of France? English brutality is not better than French ferocity. Vice gains nothing by exchanging the vivacious recklessness of Paris for the stupid animalism of London. As to intellect, if civilisation means intellectual power, the French Red-republican, or frequenter of the Palais Royal, has certainly his wits more sharpened than the denizen of St. Giles's and the

supporters of our gin-palaces. The Parisian erects barricades, and shoots magistrates and soldiers; the Londoner, being more domestic in his habits, contents himself with beating his wife with an iron bar, or with kicking her till she dies. As to the peasantry of the two countries, the advantage is on the French side. And, indeed, looking at the political aspect of France, the good sense which erects and submits to a despotism, when necessary, is, in our eyes, *quite* as honourable and noble a feature as that independent self-government which is the boasted glory of the English middle and upper classes; for, be it remembered that the multitude *here* have no voice in the government, as they have in France.

Extend, again, the contrast between the two nations to their past history, since Protestantism has existed. Each nation has had its era of bloody civil conflict for religious aims; but in France Catholicism never armed its children against one another, as Protestantism did in England. The Catholics fought the Huguenots; but English Protestantism, not content with the bloodiest persecution of Catholicism, as soon as it was supreme in the land divided itself into two parties, and fought to the death. Can such a crime be imputed to Catholicism in France, or in *any* Catholic country in any age?

Again, in that miserable era of corruption which introduced the French Revolution, what *kind* of Catholicism was it which permitted king, nobles, and *bourgeoisie* to sink into the slough of demoralisation? Was it true Catholicism? Or was it not rather that miserable perversion of Catholic doctrine, a Jansenistic Gallicanism, identical in many things with English Protestantism, defying and hating the rule of a "foreign Pontiff?" The Catholicism under which France fell was an essentially national and anti-Roman creed. Yet even at the time, while Paris and the great towns were thus hastening to the catastrophe, a true Catholic spirit reigned undisturbed in the hearts of a considerable portion of the people, which brought forth fruits of piety and civilisation without parallel in the annals of any Protestant state since Luther arose. Recal the history of the Vendéan war; and then say whether the Catholic faith has not a regenerating power upon the heart, not of the select few, but of a whole population, down to the very lowest, of the most exalted and glorious kind. The Vendéans wore wooden shoes, and many of them could not read or write; but if they were not really civilised—if they did not present a picture of human life in its noblest aspect, adorned with the purest, the simplest, and the most heroic virtues, and tried by the severest tests, then

we know not what is the difference between barbarism and true civilisation. Throw the English *people*—not the English shopkeepers and gentry, but the real multitude—into temptations similar to those which assaulted the innocence and faith of La Vendée, and will any rational man pretend that our English pride would not be abased with shame at the result? When Protestantism produces a La Vendée, then, and not till then, can we think of admitting its claims to be the regenerator of a nation really under its sway.

The Vendéans, again, remind us of another heroic race, who have shown us, and who still show, what Catholicism can do for humanity when she possesses undisputed sway over the hearts of a people. The memory of La Rochejaquelein survives rather in history than in the traditions of the people whom he led first to victory and then to death; but the virtues of the men who fought around the illustrious Hofer have descended to their descendants, and the Tyrol still presents the spectacle of a thoroughly Catholic people, unequalled by any non-Catholic nation for simplicity, piety, loyalty, industry, and that real cultivation of the intellect, which is within the compass of men who have to toil for their daily bread. Protestant travellers exult over us by contrasting the dirt and decay of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland with the activity and cleanliness of the Protestant cantons; but they forget to add, that the mountains of the Tyrol present an instant refutation to the conclusion which they think they can draw from the condition of Switzerland. We do not dwell upon their palpable exaggeration of the degree of contrast existing between the Swiss Cantons of the two religions, great as it is. We call upon those who ask for the whole truth, to look beyond Berne and Geneva and the Grisons; to leave Swiss republicanism—a *tyranny*, be it observed, of the most hateful kind—and to pass on into the mountain territories of despotic Austria, where Catholicism alone guides the minds of the Tyrolese, and the people know Protestantism only by name. Assert every thing you can of Protestant industry and progress in Switzerland; all this, with the addition of the virtues of religion, are to be found in the people of the Tyrol. For as to Christian *virtues* among the Swiss Protestants, nobody supposes them to exist. Brave they may be, industrious they may be, patriotic they may be (if patriotism is consistent with the exercise of a grinding tyranny on the part of the majority over the minority); but a nation of money-getting rogues they are. If Protestantism is to be valued only so far as it has raised the Swiss mountaineers to a

Christian civilisation, it must take its place at once in the list of impostures and public nuisances.

Let us next take the various independent kingdoms of Europe of inferior political importance, but strongly marked as either Protestant or Catholic in their religion. Such are Holland, Belgium, the dukedoms and smaller kingdoms of Germany, Tuscany, Naples, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Is it possible that a well-informed man can read through this bare enumeration, and not admit that the popular theory as to the anti-civilising tendencies of Catholicism is an impudent pretence? In what points are the Protestant states of Germany superior to the Catholic? Are they more intellectual, more literary, more moral, more refined, more artistic, more devoted to peace and commerce? Is it not notorious that the lead in the restoration of German art has been taken by Catholic Bavaria; that Munich is a city in its own way unrivalled; that the detestable hot-beds of continental gambling are for the most part confined to Protestant States; and that Protestant Germany is far more full of the elements of a bloody and infidel revolutionism than any of its Catholic portions?

Or compare Holland with Tuscany? In which are the people happier? What is Dutch civilisation beyond an orderly and half-tipsy devotedness to money-getting, enlivened only by as bitter a persecution of Dutch Catholicism as the Protestant majority can dare to enforce? The Dutch are laborious cultivators of the soil, and energetic in struggling against the natural disadvantages of their territory; but are the people of Tuscany less industrious in turning the resources of their fertile soil to the best account? Is life more worth having in Florence or in Amsterdam? Who would not, so far as mere temporal cultivation goes, be a Florentine on the banks of the Arno, rather than a Hollander, smoking, drinking, and vegetating amidst his money-bags, and breathing genuine Dutch odours amidst the sluggish canals of that land of bulbs and Calvinism?

Or who that valued all that is best in modern civilisation would assign a respectable rank among rival nations to those scandalously immoral and gluttonous countries, Sweden and Norway? What has Protestantism done for them? If liberality of mind, and toleration for other men's opinions, be the proof of civilisation, where, we say, is the parallel to Swedish bigotry and persecution? Tuscany, Spain, and Naples will not tolerate Protestantism; but in those countries every body is a Catholic. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are many Catholics; but the Protestant majority, as usual, stamps upon their necks with the iron heel of savage power.

The persecution of Sweden is as unrelenting, and ten times as shameless and irrational, as in what are called "bigoted Catholic" countries. The feebleness, ignorance, and cruelty of the Neapolitan Bourbon may be a watchword with Protestant journalists; but we should like to give these vehement individuals their choice of existence between Naples and those northern Protestant countries. Is life more worth having as a Swede than as a Neapolitan? Are the Swedes and Danes one whit nearer the perfection of humanity than the masses of the Neapolitans and Sicilians? We think not.

One other yet remains unnoticed among minor European States, and it stands alone among its peers. Were the historian called on to name the kingdom which in *all* respects is deserving of praise on the most rigid theory of social civilisation, he could not hesitate a moment where to make his choice; the laurel must be accorded to Belgium with an universal acclaim. Whatever the Englishman may most admire in the institutions and social order of his own country, he finds existing in Belgium; with only this difference, that Belgium goes *farther* than we do in those points which we most glory in. Her population is *more* orderly, *more* industrious, *more* intelligent and successful in agriculture than we are, and it is fully our equal in manufactures. The masses of the people have a larger share in the government of the nation and in its local and municipal administration than ours have; they are better educated than ours, and infinitely more moral; their operatives do not betake themselves to "strikes" in times of difficulty; they have a dense population, but far fewer paupers than ourselves; amidst all the revolutionary excitements which recently shook their powerful neighbours, they remained contented and undisturbed: and all this remarkable prosperity and social order they have preserved, without any of those aids to law and industry which result from our long-established constitution, our insular position, and our immense military and naval strength. Add to this, that they carry out the principles of religious toleration to an extent unknown to any other European people; though they are placed in precisely that position which often induces the utmost rigour of persecution, having an overwhelming majority united in one long-established creed. And Belgium is a Catholic country. It is one of the *most* Catholic of countries. It is a country in which Catholicism is not upheld as a political instrument by the state, but in which its ruling power over the consciences of the people is unsurpassed, unaided by those appliances which foster Protestantism in the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon race. If any where the genuine influences of Catholicism on the social state are to be

seen at work, it is in that remarkable kingdom. If the tendency of Popery is to degrade and enslave the human intelligence, why is Belgium what she is? Why is it that her prosperity as an independent and Catholic nation has so far outrun her progress while she remained linked to her Calvinistic neighbour Holland? The haughty British mind may smile at the comparison between the mighty empire ruled by Victoria, and the humbler race ruled by Leopold; but as a test of the influence of the two creeds, the comparison is as valid as if Belgium were the first of European kingdoms. A few grains of gold are sufficient to enable the chemist to ascertain the purity of the metal he is required to assay.

Why, then, it is asked, is Spain not like Belgium, and is Rome still occupied by French soldiery? We reply, that in the decadence of these and certain other states religion has had no share whatever. We might, indeed, meet our opponent at the very threshold of his argument, and deny the existence of that decay to the extent to which he asserts that it exists. If morality, cheerfulness, and general popular happiness form any part of true civilisation—(as undoubtedly they do)—then we do not for an instant admit that the people of Spain and Italy are in these respects inferior to the people of England. We assert the very reverse. Taking soul for soul in the entire population of the different nations, the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese are by far happier and more moral than the English and Scotch people. The blessings of British civilisation do not reach the masses of the multitude. They belong to the few alone. But in these Catholic countries, whose political importance is now sunk so low, among whom the reign of law and order is so precarious, and where intellectual energy is so inferior to that of France, Germany, and England,—in these *the millions* are in a better condition than amongst ourselves. It is the aristocracy and the middle classes that have fallen from their ancient elevation, and it is among them that the elements of social disruption are so fatally active.

But we have no wish to embarrass the question by any such counter-statements. We accept the fact, that as European powers, and as leaders in the intellectual march of the day, Spain and Italy are not what they were; and that the secular government of Pius IX. is hated by a certain portion of his subjects—that portion being numerically *a minority*, but powerful through its organisation and alliance with foreign revolutionists. And we trace this decay to the natural operation of causes over which the Church of Christ, by its very

mission, has no control. Spain; who, be it never forgotten, rose to the summit of national greatness and civilisation while Catholic, fell through the influx of the precious metals and through her American conquests, and from the enervating influence of her climate. No social prosperity could have survived under that deluge of gold which flowed in from Mexico and Peru, fostering the utmost extravagances of luxury among the rich, stimulating the minds of the people to an industry where success was suicidal, and paralysing those *productive* energies without which a nation must necessarily hasten to decay.

Yet still more effective in its destructive operations has been the climate of Spain; and the same cause has worked to the enfeeblement of the Italian mind. Such a cause may at first seem unequal to so mighty a result; but we are convinced that it is *the* cause of the present inferiority of the Spanish and Italian mind; and as such we beg the reader's thoughtful attention to its necessary operation.

It is, then, an undoubted fact, that under one species of climate alone can the human intelligence arrive at and retain the highest activity and power of which it is capable in this world. In the frigid regions of the North the intellect never attains any high degree of cultivation. Even in Sweden and Denmark, men of great intellectual strength, profound learning, and brilliant imagination, are remarkably rare. So much of the entire energy of the composite creature, man, seems taken up in the consumption of the sustenance necessary to life at a low degree of the thermometer, that little strength seems left for the support of the spiritual portions of his being. A similar result follows, from opposite causes, beneath the burning sky of the tropics. An almost irresistible impulse is conveyed to certain passions and emotions of the human frame and mind; life becomes an alternation of fiery action and torpid languor; but the character, as a whole, rarely passes beyond the infancy or childhood of civilisation, or it remains fixed in the savageness of an almost incurable barbarism.

Advancing, then, from the extreme of heat and of cold into the more temperate regions of Europe, we observe on the whole two distinct divisions of these more favoured lands; the northern, including France, Germany, England, and other countries of less note; and the southern, comprising Spain, Italy, Greece, and others of like character. And from the unanimous testimony of history we learn that the human intellect, though slower in its advances in the northernmost of these two sections than in the more exciting south, is yet subjected to no deteriorating or enervating action, which under-

mines a civilisation prematurely created. In the history of the European commonwealth there is no more striking phenomenon than the permanent strength of the races settled in England, France, and Germany, as contrasted with the rapid rise and rapid decrepitude of the races of Italy, Greece, and Spain. Beneath the genial suns of Italy the old Roman civilisation sprung into vigorous life, while the northern races moved onwards with scarcely perceptible steps. But no sooner was that ancient civilisation matured, than the seeds of death began to bear fruit, and a few generations beheld the descendants of Cato and Cæsar an easy prey to the northern hordes. The name of Cato, too, reminds us of another striking illustration of the stimulating and destroying effects of climate. What was Carthage once? and what, or rather where, is Carthage now? Who that has not learnt to appreciate the fearful powers of unceasing heat upon the nature of man can recognise in the Tunis of to-day the mighty country of Hannibal, or in the semi-barbarous shores of northern Africa the lands where Augustine once swayed the pastoral crozier over flourishing communities of Christians?

Returning, however, to Italy, observe with what rapidity a new civilisation arose from the ashes of fallen Rome. The northern races forgot their ancient characteristics;—passion, imagination, fiery energy, unsurpassed intellectual acuteness, awake in the souls of the rude barbarians; and while France, and England, and Germany, still toil onwards in patient slowness, once more Italy leads the van in the intellectual army: but how soon to exhaust her energies, and yield the place of honour to those whom she had taught and led! That genial warmth of atmosphere which favoured the quick development and growth of the middle ages, carried with it the natural influences of a hot-house cultivation: the growth was too rapid, too beautiful, too graceful, to be truly strong and hardy. And now, at length, Italy has ceased to teach the civilised world, even in those arts wherein she has so long been accounted especially supreme; painting, architecture, sculpture, and music, have fled across the Alps; and Rome itself has become a mere manufactory of imitations of the works with which the departed genius of Italy was wont to delight and astonish mankind.

Doubtless there are exceptions to the general character which has become impressed upon the Spanish and Italian races; but, as a rule, we cannot but see that they are deficient in some of the chief elements of *greatness*; they are impulsive, fiery, wanting in self-control and perseverance, glad to catch

at a present pleasure, and unwilling to toil on without immediate success, preferring the sweets of life to its less palatable but more sustaining occupations; they are suspicious, and given to intrigue, and unwilling thoroughly to trust any one. Moreover, in Italy at least, it is impossible to overlook the want of physical courage both in the aristocracy and the people: an enemy who would be laughed at by an English or a French mob, drives an Italian crowd before him like chaff. The cowardice of Italian revolutionists is not less than their bloodiness; and they can be crushed by Austria or France as surely as sheep can be controlled by watch-dogs.

Now a character like this, compatible as it is with general and devoted piety, and among the poor with contented acquiescence in *any* government which treats them tolerably well, is manifestly fatal to that *progress* in social culture which is witnessed in our more northern races. A man who is impulsive, wanting in self-command, contented with the enjoyment of the hour, and ready to run away at the very sight of a bayonet, may make quite as good a Christian as the more enduring, more torpid, more courageous people who are now swaying the destinies of Europe; but it is impossible that from such materials the government of England, the soldiers of France, or the arts and literature of Germany, should be created; a busy, restless, ever-toiling, never-yielding life, is an impossibility under an Italian sky, except for some few rare exceptions to the average character of men; the enormous majority *will not take the trouble* which is requisite for ever pushing onwards the outworks of modern civilisation. Let any man imagine what he would do himself, if six months of the year were as hot as an English August, and a vast deal hotter; if the sun shone brilliantly for weeks and weeks together, at once seducing him to listless enjoyment, and incapacitating him for patient toil. What would become of the English House of Commons, if the English climate were such that an hour or two's sleep became almost a necessary of life every afternoon? Does any man suppose that our restless energy, our steady business-habits, our quiet, silent, methodical routine, would be any thing less than an impossibility under the sun of Rome or of Naples? Conceive the daily production of a London newspaper,—that gigantic monument of the results of organisation, regularity, readiness, and self-command,—with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade! Remember, too, that this influence of climate has been working for centuries and centuries on a race never strengthened by the infusion of northern blood;—and you will admit that

there is no need of seeking for the causes of the national feebleness of Italy or Spain in the "bigotry of priests," or the "degrading superstitions of Popery."

We do not for a moment pretend that the secular government of the Holy See is a stable or a prosperous one; we admit also, that a government of ecclesiastics has its own peculiar disadvantages, as it has its own peculiar merits; but we deny that the *religious* condition of the Italian *people* is to be judged by the intrigues of revolutionists, the cowardice of the shopkeepers, or the inferiority of the Italian nobility to their peers in England. The immense majority of the Italian populace are religious and contented, and in many respects immeasurably superior to *their* peers in our own country. If Rome is less prosperous, less wealthy, less stable, less productive of intellectual triumphs, than London, it is because the nobles and middle classes of Rome are a feeble generation; and it is no part of Christianity to make ropes of sand, or to defy the influences of climate upon the mind and body of man. It is the office of Catholicism to save souls; and until it can be shown that, taking soul for soul in the entire population of England and the Papal States, a larger proportion of individuals are habitually influenced by the love of God in Great Britain than in the territories of the Pope, we shall retain our conviction that the disasters and difficulties of the Roman government are no proof whatever that the Church of Rome fails in *her* duty in comparison with the Protestantism of England and Scotland.*

What Rome and Italy in general need is an infusion of the cold and hardy blood of the north. Were a few millions of Scotch, Danish, and Russian women, leaving their Protestantism behind them, to settle in Italy and marry as many millions of Florentines, Romans, and Neapolitans, the next generation of Italians would speedily extinguish the exclusive pretensions of us northern boasters. A fresh race would occupy the soil, more lively and versatile than their northern mothers, more solid and manly than their southern fathers; and a few years would suffice to work a radical change in the social, political, and national condition of the entire Italian peninsula. That the new state of things would be as permanent as the civilisation of the Cisalpine nations, we hold to be practically impossible, unless a perpetual course of marriages with successions of more sturdy immigrants could be kept up, to counteract the exciting and enervating influences

* For an unanswerable exposition of the primary truth here implied, we need only refer our readers to the eighth of Father Newman's Lectures on Anglican Difficulties.

to which each generation born in Italy would pay its exhausting tribute. But for a while we should behold a repetition of that brilliant advance in intellect, power, and art, which has twice in the history of man placed the people of Italy at the head of the world. But whether or no such a bloodless revolution shall insure permanence to the present forms of government in that garden of Europe, our faith as Catholics in the divine origin of that religion, *without which Italy would indeed be lost*, is undisturbed; for we know that the sorrows of Italy arise from causes over which the Church and her venerable Head have no control.

Reviews.

HUC'S CHINESE EMPIRE.

The Chinese Empire, &c. By M. Huc. (L'Empire Chinois.)

(Second Notice.)

IN our first article on M. Huc's *Chinese Empire* we called our readers' attention to the lesson which the *laudator temporis acti*, the mourner over defunct systems of thought, might learn from a serious study of the state of Chinese society. Before proceeding to the further remarks which M. Huc's book suggests to us, we cannot help quoting, by way of corroboration of our own views, some sentences from the greatest of modern Spanish Catholic writers, directly bearing on the office of the educator of the present day.*

"The cause of the difference (between the science of the present day, and that which has now passed away)," says Balmez, "is found in the spirit of the age, which made men in those days study books, instead of society. Then the principle of authority was dominant in science, now it is that of observation. Fixity of principle and unity of view," continues Balmez, "characterised the men of the old school; vagueness and uncertainty are the characteristics of the modern. The former were ruled by religious faith and moral maxims, the latter are swayed by material interests, with the taste for a brilliant civilisation, and the striving after a certain indefinite unknown progress, which they cannot explain to themselves. The former are remarkable for a severe but somewhat dry

* From the Miscellaneous Works of Balmez, just published in French, and to which we shall call our readers' attention in an early number.

style of reasoning, the latter for elegance of form, coupled with inaccuracy in the matter; the former cannot understand modern, nor the latter ancient society. . . . Happy are they who understand the style of both parties, and can preserve honourable relations with each. From the simple office of interpreters they will come to be conciliators."

"Those who belong to the old school are in possession of principles which are eternally true; those who belong to the modern school have appropriated the movement of the age; why can they not come to an understanding, and unite? . . . Truth cannot be the enemy of movement, nor can movement be incompatible with truth."

If in Europe the followers of the old scientific method are in exclusive possession of the principles of spiritual truth, they may learn from a study of the Chinese and their life that this union between religion and a certain philosophy is simply an historical, and by no means a necessary or logical connection. The Europeans, at the period of the foundation of their present civilisation, happened by God's good providence to be in possession of the one only science which had already reached its utmost limits; which could not be carried further by man, because man had not brought it to where it was, and which therefore is capable of resting solely on authority and tradition, namely, the Catholic faith. It could not, therefore (at first sight), hurt these unchangeable truths, if the principle of authority were consecrated for use in all other sciences. But when this same principle was erected in China, she had already lost all religious certainty; she did not even know whether or not there was a God. The principle of authority in this case could only perpetuate atheism, while in Europe it happened practically to strengthen the foundations of Catholicity, by rendering it one of the sciences,—the largest, indeed, and the mother science, but still starting from the same principles and employing the same method as the others. Every one knows what a shock religion received in Europe, when Bacon put into words the dumb presentiments of his age, and showed that sciences do not depend on authority, but on observation; that not books alone, but nature and society, are to be the study of the philosopher. Ever since that time there has been found no lack of persons who have spent their whole lives in lamenting this change, in denouncing the new philosophy, and in trying to rehabilitate the wisdom of the ancients—instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel, and by a searching analysis showing that the change had nothing to do with revelation; that what God has spoken must remain, though the telescope and microscope happen to be discovered,

and though men take to interrogating nature instead of the books of Aristotle, Ptolemy, Galen, and Averrhoes. When the principle of authority is intruded into the domain of the inductive sciences, we cannot be surprised, knowing what human nature is, if naturalists push their principles of induction into the domain of authority. On the one hand, philosophers may kick as they please, but the moral law, and the revealed dogmas of faith, will always remain outside their domain; and on the other hand, however scholastic theologians may anathematize, they will never get the philosopher to submit his inductive theories to their private interpretation of those accidental expressions of Scripture, of which no consistent, no dogmatic and authoritative interpretation, has been committed by the apostles and prophets to the Church. Religion is entirely handed down by authority. Metaphysical science, indeed, whose subject-matter is human consciousness, of which Aristotle, Plato, and Augustine, Homer and Shakespeare, were, to say the least, as good judges as Lord Brougham, Cousin, Emerson, or George Combe,—goes very much on authority, because such authority is only an authentic catalogue of experiments conducted by the ablest observers. But natural science makes nothing at all of the authority of those men who observed inaccurately, without instruments, on no system,—or if on a system, on one which was a mere fancy, a groundless speculation.

If the European nations exhibit a grand spectacle during the ages of faith, this was by no means because of the indiscriminate application of the principle of authority to all subjects, but because, we repeat it, they were in possession of that one only treasure to which the principle of authority is exclusively applicable. The degeneracy of the Chinese may be traced to the blind adoption of this principle in *all* possible subjects; to the religious conservation of the husks when the kernels were rotten. In politics, literature, arts, and science, they profess but one principle,—that of authority. Their theory is, that what was not known and admitted by their ancestors, the descendants have no right to meddle with; the fathers have full right of disposal over the children, both mind and body.

Here is M. Huc's analysis and appreciation of the Chinese constitution.

“The idea of the family is the foundation of Chinese society. Filial piety, the invariable theme of moralists and philosophers, and the continual injunction of imperial proclamations, and mandarins' allocutions, is made the cardinal virtue, from which all others are derived. This feeling, which is carefully cherished in all possible

ways, so as to be made quite a passion, leavens all the actions of life, clothes itself in all forms, and serves as the pivot of public morality. Every attempt, every crime, against authority, law, the property or the life of individuals, is reckoned to be a kind of domestic treason (*lèse paternité*). The acts of virtue, on the other hand, devotion and compassion to the unfortunate, honesty in commerce, even courage in war, are all counted parts of filial piety; to be a good or bad citizen is the same as being a good or bad son.

"The emperor is the personification of this great principle, which governs, and penetrates to a greater or less depth the different strata of this immense deposit of 300,000,000 persons. He is called *Hoang-ti*, august sovereign, or *Hoang-chau*, august highness; but his most appropriate name is *Tien-dze*, son of heaven. According to the ideas of Confucius and his disciples, the heaven directs and regulates the great movements and revolutions of the empire; its will overthrows dynasties, and substitutes new ones. The heaven is the sole and true master of the empire; it chooses whom it pleases as its representative, and communicates to him its absolute authority over the people. The sovereign authority is a celestial commission, a holy mission confided to an individual for the good of the community, of which he is deprived by heaven as soon as he proves forgetful of his duty and unworthy of his charge. From this political fatalism it results that at the periods of revolution the struggle is terrific, till some great success and well marked superiority give to the subjects a sign of the will of heaven; then the people rallies without difficulty under the new power, and submits to it for a long time without thought of change. The heaven had a representative, an adopted son; it abandoned him, and withdrew from him his powers; it chose a new one, and wills that this should be obeyed. Such is the whole system.

"The emperor, son of heaven, and so father and mother of the empire, as the Chinese express it, has a right to the respect, veneration, and even worship, of all his children. His authority is absolute; for it is he that makes and abolishes laws, who gives privileges to the mandarins, and degrades them. He alone has right of life and death; all administrative and judicial power emanates from him; all the forces and revenues of the empire are at his disposition; in a word, the emperor is the state. But his omnipotence goes still further; for he can transmit this enormously extensive power to whom he pleases, and choose his successor from among his children, without having his choice interfered with by any law of succession.

"Thus the imperial power is absolute in every way; yet for all this it is not despotic, as persons are very apt to think; it is but a powerful and vast system of centralisation. The emperor is as it were the head of an immense family; the absolute power which belongs to him is not absorbed by him, but is delegated to his ministers, through whom it is again transmitted to their subordinate

administrative officers. These subdivisions descend gradually to the family and individual groups, of which the fathers are the natural heads, and which all form one whole.

"It is easy to see that absolute power, thus divided, is stripped of its dangerous qualities; moreover, public opinion is always at hand to arrest the extravagances of the emperor, who could not openly violate the rights of his subjects without exciting general indignation. He has, besides, a privy and a general council, the members of which have the right of giving him information, and even advice, on all subjects of public and private utility. The annals of China show us that the censors have often acquitted themselves of their charge with a boldness and vigour deserving of great praise. Lastly, these potentates, the objects of such homage during their life, have (like the ancient kings of Egypt) to submit after death to a judgment, the verdict of which is attached to their name, and handed down to posterity. They are only known in history by a posthumous name, in which their reign is appreciated, and which is therefore either a panegyric or a satire.

"The greatest counterpoise to the imperial power is the corporation of men of letters, an ancient institution established on solid foundations, which dates at least from the eleventh century before our era. It may be said that the administration of the state receives all its real and direct influence from this literary oligarchy. The emperor can only choose his civil functionaries from the literary class, and this only conformably to the degree obtained in the examination. Any Chinese may present himself for examination and admission into the third class; those who obtain it may try for the second, which gives them an entrance to the administrative career. Lastly, to obtain the highest employments, it is necessary to be ranked in the first class. To organise the government of a great empire with men of letters, is certainly a magnificent thing; a subject for the admiration, rather perhaps than the imitation of other countries.

"The emperor is recognised by law as proprietor of all the soil of the empire; but this is mere theory, which has not prevented the titles of real property to be as safe as in Europe. The government, in fact, only possesses a right similar to that of sale in case of non-payment of taxes, or of confiscation in cases of crimes against the state. The villages are looked upon as corporations for the purposes of taxation, and have at their head a kind of mayor called *sian-yo*, chosen by universal suffrage. Municipal organisation is probably nowhere so perfect as in China. The chiefs are freely elected by their fellow-citizens, without the mandarin's presenting the candidates, or attempting to influence the votes. Every body is eligible, and has the right of voting; but usually the choice falls on a man advanced in age, and who by character or fortune is entitled to one of the first places in the village. We have known many of these Chinese mayors, and we can declare that in general they show themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them; the period of their office varies in different places. They regulate the

police, and serve as an intermediate class between the mandarins and the people. . . .

“The corporation of men of letters, recruited every year by the examinations, is a privileged class, forming the only nobility recognised in China, and may be considered to be the strength and nerve of the empire. Hereditary titles only exist for the members of the imperial family, and the descendants of Confucius.” . . .

These *literati* are divided and subdivided into a mass of functionaries, all having their own well defined powers, which prevent the abuse of despotic power in the sovereign. China has enjoyed under these institutions as much relative happiness as any other people, and for a longer period. Its annals are made up of alternations of happiness and misery, like those of all other nations.

“It must be owned that the present is a period in which the evil overbalances the good. Morality, arts, industry, are all declining, while unhappiness and poverty make rapid progress. We have seen the most hideous corruption creep in on all sides,—the magistrates selling justice to the highest bidder, and the mandarins of all grades, instead of protecting the people, oppressing and pillaging them in every imaginable way. But should these disorders and abuses, which have crept into the administration of government, be attributed to the very form of the Chinese constitution? We think not. They all spring from causes which we shall have to discuss in the course of our work. Still, however this may be, it cannot be denied that the mechanism of the Chinese government deserves a careful and unprejudiced study at the hands of the politicians of Europe. We must not despise the Chinese too much; there may be yet, very likely, much to admire and to learn in these ancient and curious institutions, based on the literary examinations, and which do not fear to bestow universal suffrage on 300,000,000 of men in their municipal affairs, and to throw open all offices to all persons.”

The literary education of the Chinese is conducted on a routine that is governed by the same principle. All learn the same books; the same primer, the same four classical books of Confucius, and the five sacred books or Kings. These works “are the foundation of Chinese science. They are, however, little to the taste of Europeans; scientific ideas are not to be found in them; and along with some great truths of politics and morals you are amazed at finding the grossest errors, and the most ridiculous fables. Still, Chinese education as a whole contributes wonderfully to impress on their minds a great love for the ancient customs, and a profound respect for authority,—the two pillars of Chinese society, which alone can explain the duration of this ancient civilisation.”

So with respect to arts and sciences every thing is done

according to the ancient receipts: they look into their books for directions in every possible emergency, and an authority of 2000 years standing will probably prescribe your rhubarb and orange-peel, or the number of needles that are to be run into your body, if you have the misfortune to fall sick in the central empire. If a dead man is found, and there is a suspicion of foul play, the body is rubbed with brandy, and then toasted, and the different marks are carefully observed according to the minute prescriptions of a book of judicial medicine, which dates from some years before our era. War is conducted on the same principles of pedantry:

“The grades of the military mandarins correspond to those of the civilians, and are similarly conferred after the examinations which the candidates are obliged to undergo: there are bachelors and doctors in war, as well as bachelors and doctors in art. The candidates are examined on certain books concerning tactics, but especially on their power to draw the bow, to mount on horseback, to lift and throw great stones, to scale walls, and to execute a number of gymnastic tricks, intended to deceive and frighten the enemy.”

The only uniform which M. Huc could ever recognise in the Chinese soldiers consisted in the fan and the pipe; the parasol is usual, but not universal. The picked troops are exercised in cutting capers, and standing for a long time on one leg like Hindoo Fakirs; the common troops are not exercised at all. If it were not for this system, M. Huc thinks that—

“It would be possible to find in China all the necessary elements for the organisation of the most formidable army that the world has ever seen. The Chinese are intelligent, ingenious, have great presence of mind, and are very easily moulded; they take in at once whatever is taught them, and they easily impress it on their memory; they are moreover persevering, and astonishingly active, when they choose to take the trouble; their character is submissive and obedient, respectful to authority, able to bend without effort to all the exigencies of the severest discipline. They have another quality, most valuable to soldiers, and perhaps no where so largely developed as among them, and that is, an incredible facility in enduring all kinds of privation. We have been often astonished at seeing them suffer, as if it was an amusement, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and the difficulties and fatigues of long marches. Thus, both intellectually and physically, they appear to be all that could be wished. As far as numbers, they could furnish men by millions.”

The only thing that China wants, says M. Huc, to make it the most powerful nation in the world, is a reformer, a leader like Genghis-Khan, with the ability to make his people adopt the inventions of the West, and the energy and ambition to make them use them. Then, he says, the Chinese, who are now

so ridiculous, might be a subject of serious concern, and might even inspire mortal distrust in those who now so anxiously desire the spoils of the old kingdoms of Asia.

With this petrification of conservatism in theory, the Chinese character and history by no means corresponds in practice. With all their fine maxims about filial piety, children have no real affection; they write plenty of letters, but never write to their distant parents, and never think of inquiring after them; they perform the duties which are prescribed by the law, chiefly perhaps for fear of the bamboo, which is pitilessly inflicted for every breach of this virtue; but they have no real domestic happiness; the women are slaves, the daughters treated as if they were scourges sent into the family by malicious fortune, left without education, and used as beasts of burden: their cruelty is something horrible. M. Huc once passed a crowd of peasants taken up on suspicion of some crime, who, in default of ropes to bind them, were secured to the vans in which they were carried by nails driven through their hands. Gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery, are universal, as well as the deception and double-dealing which our readers may imagine from the passages quoted in our former article.

With such unsteadiness of moral character, it is not wonderful that, in spite of the stability of theoretic principles, China has ever been, as M. Huc says, "the classical land of revolutions," and has centuries ago given birth to precisely the same monsters as those on the original paternity of which our modern socialists pride themselves.

"China, which has certainly no cause to envy other nations in the matter of changes, might, on the contrary, well excite the jealousy of some of us on account of her revolutions, her tragical overthrows of dynasties, and her civil wars. What would become of the conceit of our most famous European revolutionists, if we were to tell them that they are but scholars, mere children in the art of upsetting society, in comparison with the Chinese? Yet it is most true: the history of this people is nothing but a long series of catastrophes that utterly disorganise the empire. Compare France and China during the period that commences with the entry of the Franks into Gaul in 420 to 1649, when Louis XIV. ascended the throne in France, and when the Manchoo dynasty established itself in Peking. In this period of 1224 years, the peaceful Chinese, the people so attached to its ancient laws and customs, so renowned for its unchangeableness, has had fifteen changes of dynasty, all accompanied with terrible civil wars, and nearly all with the total and bloody extermination of the dethroned families; while in the same period France had only two changes of dynasty, which came to pass naturally by the force of time and circumstances, without any effusion of blood."

M. Huc then proceeds to give an interesting account of the failure of a Chinese attempt to reduce to practice, in the eleventh century of our era, the modern socialistic theory which formed the programme of the late constituent government of France. In this system "the State became the sole proprietor of the soil; in all districts tribunals of agriculture were established, whose duty it was to make an annual allotment of land to the cultivators, and to distribute seed to them, on the sole condition of returning the same quantity after their harvest," with many other conditions of the same sort. The results expected from this were "the reign of abundance and happiness, throughout the empire, and the profit of all, except the usurers, who always make their profits in times of scarcity from the misery of the labouring classes. Now, the State will be the only possible creditor, and will never charge interest. As the prices of provisions will be fixed by law, there will never be a scarcity, &c." much as our modern writers boast. These promises were ably met in pamphlets of the time, which, to judge from the extracts given by M. Huc, show that the practical wisdom of the Chinese is far superior to their theoretical power; but they were most completely refuted by one trial, the result of which is that the name of their author has remained a bye-word of reproach in China till these days.

The ceremonies which were used to disperse the sinister "red cloud," which is said to have preceded the first outbreak of the cholera in China, are sufficient to show that there is a sufficient supply at any rate of superstition in the Chinese mind; but this is not accompanied by any real religious faith; they use these means tentatively, because of their ignorant assumption of the inherent power of magical words and forms, not from any trust or hope in the assistance of superior beings; they laugh and mock at the absurdity of the ceremony, even while they are performing it; their respect for ancient authority will not allow them to neglect the forms they have handed down, though they have no faith whatever in the principle which may have at first given vitality and meaning to the action, if this principle originally was, as M. Huc supposes, religious combination.

If religion was at any time an important element in the Chinese character,—and the facility with which the nation received Buddhism, the most spiritual of the paganisms of Asia, would seem to prove that it was,—the principle of filial piety, of respect for authority, and the study of the ancients have not been sufficient to preserve it. In spite of a whole nation being subject to the literary training, which some people in Europe almost reckon to be a part of the discipline of the Catholic

church, they have sunk into the very lowest depths of indifference and scepticism. The respect for books has degenerated in China, as in other and Protestant countries, into a genuine bibliolatriy, a worship of the paper, ink, and letters, instead of an intelligent appreciation of the contents of the volume. China is in some respects "an immense library;" the favourite passages of their classical authors, wise moral maxims, texts of their sacred books, are written up on the fronts of all public buildings, on the sign-boards of shops, on the doors of houses, on the walls of rooms, on tea-cups, plates, fans, and on every surface which will afford room for a word; they respect the materials of writing so much, that some of their bonzes have no other employment than to collect out of the holes and corners every scrap of paper which may lie there, in order to deliver it from the chances of a sacrilegious pollution. Wordsworth could not feel such tenderness for his "small celandine," nor Burns for his field-mouse, as these soft Buddhists feel for the possible evils that may afflict a scrap of paper. But in spite of these extraordinary manifestations, their literary taste is a mere pride in their old civilisation, an interest in letters as such, such as the old magical investigators took in the properties of numbers, the letters of the alphabet, or the notes of music. Whatever fine things they may read about the beauty of virtue and religion, they take them in theoretically; but practically they have nothing whatever to do with them. We will let M. Huc speak of this characteristic.

"An indifference to religious matters, so radical and profound that it is impossible to form an exact idea of it without having studied it in its native soil, is, we think, the obstacle which has arrested China for so long, and has prevented its conversion. The Chinaman is so absorbed in temporal interests, in material things, that his whole life is only the practice of materialism. Gain is the only object from which he never removes his gaze. A burning thirst to realise profit, it does not matter whether large or small, absorbs all his faculties and his whole energy. He has no ardour except in the pursuit of riches and of material gratification. Spiritual things, that relate to the soul, to God, to a future life, he believes them not, or rather he does not think of them, he will not think of them. If he happen to read a moral or religious book, it is only for amusement, for a little distraction, to pass away the time. It is a less serious occupation for him than smoking a pipe of tobacco, or sipping a cup of tea. If you explain to him the foundations of the faith, the principles of Christianity, the importance of salvation, the certainty of a future life,—all these truths which make so strong an impression on a soul with an atom of religion in it, he will usually listen to with pleasure, because they divert him, and sharpen his curiosity. He admits and approves all that you say to him; he

has not the least difficulty, the most minute objection. According to him, it is all true, beautiful, magnificent; he soon sets himself up as a preacher, and you may hear him speak beautifully against idols, and in favour of Christianity. He deplores the blindness of men who are attached to the perishable goods of this world, and could make you on occasion a superb oration on the happiness of knowing the true God, of serving Him, and meriting thereby eternal life. Listen to him, and you will suppose him full of faith, already Christian: but he has not advanced a step. Still, you must not suppose that his words have not a certain sincerity; what he says, he believes; or at any rate it is by no means opposed to his convictions, which do not lead him to make a too serious matter of any religious question. He speaks willingly about such things, but he seems to regard them as if they were not made for him, as if he had nothing to do with them. The Chinese push indifference so far, the religious organ is so dead, so desecrated in them, that they give themselves no anxiety to know whether a doctrine is true or false, good or bad. A religion is simply a fashion, which a man may follow if he likes."

Then M. Huc introduces us to a man of letters, who had apparently taken such interest in the Christian doctrine, that the missionary had hopes of his conversion, and often spoke to him about it; he, however, continually procrastinated, and at last, tired of the importunity, spoke out his mind: "Hold," said he; "I propose that to-day we only speak words conformable to reason. It does not seem to me to be good for a man to give himself up to any excessive prejudice. Doubtless the Christian religion is beautiful and sublime; its doctrine explains with method and clearness all that man has need to know. Every sensible man ought to understand it easily, and ought to adopt it in his heart with all sincerity; but, after all, ought he to be over-prejudiced, and thus augment the anxieties of life? See, we have a body: how much care does it require of us! we must clothe it, feed it, shelter it; its infirmities are great, and its diseases numerous: every body knows that health is our most precious treasure. The body that we see and touch demands all our care every instant of our lives. Are we, after this, to trouble ourselves about a soul that nobody ever saw? Life is short, and full of miseries; it is composed of a series of difficult and important affairs, which follow one another without break. Our mind and heart are not strong enough for the anxieties of the present life, why then torment ourselves about the future?"

M. Huc could not shake this sage conclusion. "It will not do to travel two ways at once; if you insist on going over a river with your feet in two boats, you would probably tumble in and be drowned." Such is the inveterate and chronic indifference of the Chinese character.

What are missionaries to do with such a people as this? They do not even hate Christianity in itself, only so far as they

consider its preachers to be agents of the European governments. If there was either love or hatred, religion might know what to do; but what is she to say when, on her own proper ground, she is treated with the most consummate indifference, only listened to as a *blasé* Athenian might listen to a new theory of logic, and only hated when she is confounded with some anti-national system of policy? It is only from the consideration that this indifference may be partially destroyed by the success of the present revolution, that M. Huc is disposed to hope for any good results to Christianity from that movement. As this is a subject of considerable interest at present, we will extract some of our author's remarks concerning it.

The present Chinese revolution

"was at first an isolated case of brigandage, which developed into a combination of a few rascals to resist the authority of the mandarins. This soon grew into a little army, recruited from the dregs of the people, powerful enough to give serious anxiety to the viceroy of the province of Kuang-si. . . . At last the blackguard head of a set of robbers, who had but yesterday become chief of a horde of bandits, proclaims himself generalissimo, mixes up politics and religion with his rebellion, invites the co-operation of the secret societies that swarm all over the empire, declares himself to be the restorer of Chinese nationality against the usurpation of the Mandchoo Tartar race, takes the title of emperor, with the proud name of Tien-te, 'Celestial power,' calls himself the younger brother of Jesus Christ. . . . Thus it is that an empire of 300,000,000 of men is put within two inches of destruction, and threatened with a speedy dissolution.

"The present phenomenon is no such strange event as Europeans generally regard it as being. Ever since the period of Tartar dominion, the country has been overrun with secret societies, all of whose members cherished the idea of upsetting this dynasty in order to establish a national government; those innumerable conspirators have always been ready to support every revolt, whether it was the work of a discontented viceroy, or of a highway robber. On the other hand, the agents of government have helped to stir up the tempest by their exactions, which drove the people, by indignation on the one hand, on the other by sheer misery and want, to seek in a new government, however bad it might be, some chance of bettering their condition."

Another cause that has helped on the revolution is the gradual infiltration of European ideas through the men of letters, who adopt them and pass them on to the multitude, which takes them in without knowing whence they are derived.

"One of the most remarkable aspects of the insurrection is the religious character which, almost from the beginning, its chiefs have

striven to impress upon it. No one can fail to be struck with the new doctrines of which the proclamations and manifestoes of the generals are full. The unity of God is formally confessed; and around this central dogma a quantity of notions borrowed from the Old and New Testament are grouped. War has been declared almost simultaneously against idolatry and against the Tartar dynasty; for after beating the imperial troops and overthrowing the authority of the mandarins, the insurgents have never failed to destroy the pagodas and to massacre the bonzes.

"From the moment that these facts became known in Europe, there has been no lack of announcements from all quarters that the Chinese nation was at last about to decide on embracing Christianity; and the Bible Society thought itself at once entitled to claim the honour and glory of this marvellous conversion. But, in the first place, we don't believe a bit in the pretended Christianity of the insurgents; we have never felt any great confidence in the religious and mystical opinions which are found in their manifestoes. In the second place, it is by no means necessary to have recourse to the Protestant propaganda to account for the more or less Christian ideas which are found in the revolutionary proclamations. In all the provinces there exists very considerable numbers of Mahometans, with their Korans and mosques; we presume that these men, who have several times attempted to upset the Tartar dynasty, and have been always distinguished for a violent opposition to the government, have thrown themselves with ardour into the ranks of the insurgents. Many of them must have become generals, and must form part of the council of Tien-te; hence we need not wonder at finding in his proclamations the dogma of the unity of God, and other Biblical ideas curiously mangled. Moreover, the Chinese have possessed for a long period a precious collection of books on Christian doctrine, the work of the ancient missionaries, which are now, though merely in a literary point of view, held in high estimation throughout the empire. These books are found in great numbers in all the provinces; and it is natural to suppose that the innovators might draw from these sources more easily than from the Bibles which are so circumspectly distributed by the Methodists on the sea-shore.

"The new opinions disseminated by the insurrectional government, though still vague and undefined, are, it must be allowed, a real progress, an immense advance in the way that leads to truth. This initiation of the Chinese into ideas so opposed to the scepticism of the masses and their animal tendencies, is perhaps a symptom of the mysterious march of mankind towards that great unity of which Count de Maistre speaks, and which he says, in biblical language, we should 'salute from afar;' but at present it seems to us very difficult to recognise the head of the insurrection as any thing but a kind of Chinese Mahomet, attempting to establish his power by sword and fire, and crying out to his fanatical partisans, 'There is no God but God, and Tien-te is the younger brother of Jesus Christ.'"

M. Huc does not attempt to prophesy whether the insurrection will be finally successful or not; he only says that the European notion, that the consequence of its success would be the return of China to its old traditions is mere moonshine, because China has never departed from these traditions. The Tartar dynasty has made no change in Chinese opinions; it has only been able to introduce some slight changes in the national costume, and to force the conquered race to shave their heads and wear pigtails. In all other respects the Chinese have remained faithful to the traditions of their ancestors, and have even forced the dominant race to adopt their language. The great characteristic of the Chinese is a superstitious veneration for the persons and usages of their fathers; it is this more than any thing that interrupted the progress of a people which arrived so early at an advanced stage of civilisation. M. Huc, therefore, doubts whether the present revolution will do more than former ones; whether the exclusive spirit so inimical to foreigners and to all foreign ideas will not remain, and whether the prospects of Christianity will be at all improved by it. He says—

“It must not be forgotten that Christianity is not engaged in the struggle at present going on in the empire. The Christians are too prudent and too wise to unfurl any political banner; too few, besides, to exert any sensible influence on the affairs of the country, and, therefore, have remained neutral, and as such have made themselves obnoxious to both parties alike; and we are very much afraid that the conqueror, whoever he is, will one day revenge upon them the resistance of the conquered. If the Tartar government should succeed in crushing an insurrection which more than once has displayed the cross on its standards, it will be without mercy towards the Christians; and this long struggle will have served only to redouble its suspicions and its anger. If, on the other hand, Tien-te should succeed in driving out the ancient conquerors of China,—since he aspires not to found a dynasty only, but also a religion,—in the intoxication of victory he will break in pieces every obstacle that opposes his projects. Thus the end of the civil war will perhaps be the commencement of a great persecution.”

Here we must conclude, assuring our readers that we have given them even now a very partial idea of the contents of these very interesting volumes, which we recommend them by all means to purchase for themselves if they wish to have authentic descriptions of China, by a person who is not ignorant of the language, has not confined his excursions simply to the towns open to Europeans, and has not penetrated the interior merely in the train of an ambassador, watched and guarded at each step to prevent his spying out the nakedness of the land.

SPORTING AND MORALS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

Forest Scenes in Norway and Sweden; being Extracts from the Journal of a Fisherman. By the Rev. H. Newland. London: Routledge.

MR. NEWLAND (saving his reverence) is, or should be, known favourably to the readers of the *Rambler* by a review of a previous book, entitled *The Erne; its Legends and Fly-Fishing*. The author, or, as he delights to call himself in these pages, "the Parson," is quite a "brick"—a thoroughly genial fellow; a very model of what that very respectable section of her Majesty's ministers, the rural moral police, or, as they are usually called, the county clergy, should be. We may safely assume that he is not one who sets his parish by the ears by refusing to give a confirmation-ticket to Miss Smith because she committed the enormity of going to Epsom on the Derby day; or that he imports some scandalous apostate into his school-room to give controversial lectures, directed, in effect, rather against the persons, the glass-windows, and the hay-stacks of Papists than against their convictions; or that he delights in the circulation of sour tracts, or any of the thousand-and-one cognate methods by which some of his brethren know how to make themselves so supremely disagreeable. But we doubt not that, as a Squire Bountiful of the body to which he belongs, he is very popular; as free of his shillings, and coals, and hot soup, and blankets to his poor people as his more starched neighbours; while he has probably much kinder looks and pleasanter words to dispense than the bitter evangelical and formal Puseyite, who will be so scandalised when they peruse these shockingly flippant pages. Our parson, in truth, is well aware of the judgment which he has to expect from this class of his brethren, and takes the trouble to deprecate it in a sadly irreverent way in his introduction, wherein he requests "his public" to "look at the parson at home as well as the parson abroad; in short, to read his 'Confirmation and first Communion' as well as his 'Forest Life'—a proceeding which, if it does not benefit his dear Public (and he sincerely hopes it may), will, at all events, through the medium of his publisher, benefit, and that materially, their faithful servant the Author." For ourselves, we are quite content with our parson in his professional capacity as slayer of salmon, and are not willing to risk our opinion of his abilities and good nature by following him in a voyage so perilous to all his fra-

ternity as the passage of the shoals and rocks of theology; and we shall therefore confine our studies to the latter book.

In this work he has proposed to himself a threefold aim: first and foremost, to give an account of his sporting adventures in Scandinavia in a manner that might in some measure serve to guide future sportsmen; then to give a graphic picture of the character and mode of life of Swedes and Norsemen; and, thirdly, to collect the most interesting current tales and legends of these nations, so rich in this traditional lore.

In the legends themselves that he has given we have found nothing new; all, or nearly all, may be read in Mallet or Howitt. The fact prominently brought before us here is, that the popular legends are now the same as they were before the people were converted to Christianity; that of the tales and superstitions of Scandinavia scarcely one in ten bears any Christian stamp; in a word, that the feelings and imaginations of these nations are still pagan instead of Christian.

In fairness, we cannot lay all this to the account of Protestantism. These traditions must have lived through Catholic times, in order to be alive now. We have no evidence before us whether they were formerly repressed, and have started up with fresh vigour since the Reformation, or whether they have pretty evenly possessed the popular mind under both *régimes*. This, at least, seems to be our parson's opinion, who introduces a Swede asserting that the Scandinavians never really renounced heathenism. "Their conversion was effected by force of arms rather than by force of argument. The party of Olaf the Christian was stronger than that of Hakou the heathen; so they killed and converted, and the people became Christians, and very appropriately adopted the saint's battle-axe for their national emblem. As for their Reformation, that was simply an order from a despotic court,—not resisted only because the people did not care much about the matter. . . . The creed of Odin was the only religion that they were in earnest about; and that is why the legends that they cling to are, nine times out of ten, heathen rather than Christian." Accordingly, we must not be surprised at the Norwegian fishing party, with a young Swedish guardsman at their head, making a solemn offering of cakes and ale to the Nyssen, or spirits of the air; though we are rather surprised at the ironical or real approval of the Parson, who represents himself as saying to the Swede, "You could not have done a wiser thing: always fall in with men's superstitions." In India and China, do as the Indians and Chinese do; sacrifice yourself to Jugernath, and burn sweet-sticks to Fo.

As a specimen of our author's way of telling his legends, take the following:

“ ‘In the good old times, when it was Norway and Denmark, and we were not tied to those hogs of Swedes as we are now (sinking his voice, out of respect to Birger, but by no means so much so that Birger could not hear him), ‘they were building a church at Knud. They pitched upon a highish mound near the river, on which to build it, because they wanted the people to see their new church, little thinking that the mound was the house of a Troll, and that on St. John’s eve it would stand open supported on real pillars. Well, the Troll, who must have been very young and green, could not make out what they were going to do with his hill, and he had no objection whatever to a house being built upon it, because he reckoned upon a good supply of grod and milk from the dairy. He could have seen but very little of the world above the turf not to know a church from a house. However, he had no suspicions, and the bells were put up, and the Pröbst came to consecrate. The poor Troll could not bear to see it, so he rushed out into the wide world, and left his goods and his gold and his silver behind him.’

“ ‘The next day a peasant, going home from the consecration, saw him weeping and wringing his hands beyond the hearing of the bells, which was as near as he could venture to come. And the Troll told him that he was obliged to leave his country, and could never come back, and asked him to take a letter to his friends.’

“ ‘I suppose the man’s senses were rather muzzy yet—he could hardly have had time to get sober so soon after the ceremony; but somehow or another he did not see that the speaker was a Troll, but took him for some poor fellow who had had a misfortune, and had killed some one, and fancied he was afraid of the Landamptman, particularly as he had told him not to give the letter to any one (indeed it had no direction), but to leave it in the churchyard of the new church, where the owner would find it.’

“ ‘One would naturally wish to befriend a poor fellow in such a strait; so the man took the letter, put it into his pocket, and turned back.’

“ ‘He had not gone far before he felt hungry, so he took out a bit of flad brod and some dried cod that he had put into his pocket. They were all wet. He did not know how that could be; but he took out the letter for fear it should be spoiled, and then found that there was wet oozing out from under the seal. He wiped it; but the more he wiped it the wetter it was. At last, in rubbing, he broke the seal, and he was glad enough to run for it then, for the water came roaring out of the letter like the Wigelands Foss, and all he could do he could only just keep before it till it had filled up the valley. And there it is to this day. I have seen it myself—a large lake as big as our Forres Vand. The fact was, the Troll had packed up a lake in the letter, and would have drowned church, bells, and all, if he had only sealed it up a little more carefully.’ ”

With regard to the character and manners of the Scandinavians, our author is very graphic—in some places quite dramatic—though he has not much discrimination of individual character, and makes his Toms, and Torkels, and Jacobs talk like so many doubles of the fast parson himself. We cannot say, as we were about to declare as the result of our reading, that “they have no manners, and their customs are abominable;” for any one who reads Miss Bremer’s and Miss Carlen’s pictures of northern domestic life, or Miss Martineau’s delightful *Feats on the Fiord*, would be in a position to contradict us at once. But certainly we may say, “morals they have none;” or, that such as they have are under the patronage of the genial deities of the wine-cask and the cestus. The writers alluded to show us the heartiness, the gaiety, the English-like domesticity of our cousins; but they do not take us behind the scenes, as Mr. Newland does, and display the religious indifference, the drunkenness, and the debauchery which are so universal in those countries.

Though in Scandinavia, as in England, it is not a respectable thing to absent oneself from church, the people know nothing of Christian doctrine except what they can learn from their hymn-book, and care nothing for Christian practice except their traditional forms. In all other respects they are well educated; but of religious teaching there is nothing. Their church-establishment is part of their constitution, a mere political institution, like the British lion and unicorn, with no more influence on practice than those respectable scarecrows. The pastors have to attend to five or six of the old Catholic parishes lumped together, with more to do than any now could accomplish; hence, however anxious at first, they soon cease to distress themselves about their shortcomings. “The work is not done, cannot be done, and no one expects it to be done,” said a Norwegian brother to our Parson (in whom, by the way, the latter laments the want of apostolical succession,—very needlessly, if he knew his own case aright), and hence, as the same pastor continues, religion is at so low an ebb that “we have no more strength to throw up dissenters, than an exhausted field has to throw up weeds. They are merely,” says our Parson, “a people of religious *habits*” (he means formalities)—“they are not a people of religious feelings. The marriage between faith and works has been ‘dissolved by Acts of Parliament, and neither their faith nor their works are the better for it.’” The people, though they have naturally enough more than acquiesced in this state of things, yet take their little revenge on those who originally produced it, by sending all the reformers indiscriminately to

the devil : indeed, according to our author, this is the usual case with the peasantry of all reformed countries. "In no country whatever," he says, "was the reformation popular among the peasantry, and therefore the popular legends invariably assign the leaders and causes of it to the devil." In this case we are able to agree with the popular legends, or even to allow (only *pro hac vice*) that "*vox populi vox Dei est.*"

To come now to some offshoots of this want of religion, we have been prepared by statistical tables to find a considerable amount of drunkenness in a people who consume more alcohol per head than even our puritanical and sabbatarian friends of North Britain; but we were hardly prepared for such a scene as this. The Norwegians and Swedes in attendance on this sporting expedition were having a most uproarious jollification at the end of a day's work; the Parson remarks upon this, and the Swedish guardsman explains as follows:

"'Upon my word,' said the Parson, 'some one must have been shelling out in good earnest. There goes something stronger than water to all that noise.'

"'Well,' said Birger, 'it is very true: they did their work this afternoon like men, and then, instead of going and buying brandy, and making beasts of themselves, they very properly sent Torkel as spokesman to me, and asked my permission to get drunk, which, as they had behaved so well, of course I granted them, and gave them five or six orts to buy brandy with.'

"The Parson burst out laughing: 'Well, Birger, it is very kind of you, to save them from making beasts of themselves: rather a novel way of doing it, though.'

"'Oh, it is all right,' said Birger; 'that is the way we always do in my country, we get it over at once: they will be as sober as judges after this—if we had not indulged them when they knew they had deserved it, they would always have been hankering after brandy, and dropping off drunk when they were most wanted: they will be as sober as judges after this, I tell you,' he reiterated, observing a slight smile of incredulity on the faces of both his companions.

"'I do not feel quite so confident of their being as sober as judges to-morrow, as I do about their being as drunk as pigs to-night,' said the Captain; 'though, to be sure, I do not know what judges are in Norway; but it does seem to me that five or six orts* are rather a liberal allowance in a country where one can get roaring drunk for half-a-dozen skillings.'

* "An ort, or mark, is the fifth part of a specie-daler, equivalent to ninepence or tenpence of our money. A skilling is about the same as an English half-penny; the word, however, is pronounced exactly the same as our English word shilling, the *k* being soft before *i*; a circumstance which rather perplexes the stranger in his calculations."

“‘That is just the very thing I do not want them to do,’ said Birger. ‘Whenever a Norseman gets roaring drunk, he is sure to kick up a row: it is very much better that they should get beastly drunk at once; then they go to sleep and sleep it off, and no one the wiser.’

“‘I should have thought, though,’ said the Captain, ‘that you gave them quite enough for that, and a good remainder for another day into the bargain.’

“‘It is little you know of the Norwegian, then,’ said Birger, ‘or, for the matter of that, of the Swede either: he is not the man to make two bites of a cherry, or to leave his brandy in the bottom of the keg. Besides, they will consider themselves upon honour. They asked my leave to get drunk on this particular night, and I gave them the money to do it with; it would be absolute swindling to get drunk with my money on any other occasion.’

“‘Upon my word,’ said the Captain, ‘this is a terrible drawback to your beautiful country. Our fellows in Ireland used to get drunk now and then, to be sure, but they had always the grace to be ashamed of it. These scoundrels do it in such a business-like way.’

“‘Your countryman Laing sets that down to the score of our virtues,’ said Birger. ‘He considers it much better to act upon principle, like our people, than to yield to temptation, as your English and Irish sots do.’

“‘The Scandinavian does not drink irregularly, like your people, whom you can never reckon upon for two days together. He has his days of solemn drunkenness—some of them political, such as the coronation; or the king’s name-day; or, here, in Norway, the signing of their cursed constitution. Some of them, again, are religious—such as Christmas, and Easter, and Whitsuntide: these are days in which all Scandinavians get drunk as one man. And there are a few little domestic anniversaries besides—such as christenings and weddings; but this is all, except a chance-affair like this; so that by a glance at the calendar, and a little inquiry into a man’s private history, you may always know when to find him sober, and fit for work.’

“‘Well,’ said the Parson, ‘I believe all northern nations have a natural turn for drunkenness, but laws and regulations may increase or diminish the amount of it; and the laws of both these countries tend most particularly to increase it. With you it is a regular case of drunkenness made easy. Besides, public opinion sets that way too. If I were suspected of any thing approaching to the state of our friends down below, I never could face my parish again. Your parish priest might be carried home and tucked into bed by a dozen of his faithful and hard-headed parishioners on Saturday night, and if the thing did not come round too often, would get up not a pin the worse on Sunday morning either in health or in reputation.’

"Since the abolition of capital punishment in Norway—a measure that does not seem to answer at all—murderers are confined, like other criminals, in the castle at Christiania. They may be seen in dresses of which each sleeve and leg has its own colour, sweeping the streets and doing other public work; and a very disgusting sight it is. The average of crime is very high in Norway—perhaps higher than in any country known, and particularly crimes of violence. This may be accounted for, partly by their wonderful drunkenness, and partly by the very inefficient state of the Church, and the almost total absence of the religious element in an education which is artificially forced by state-enactments. In Norway there is a very great disproportion between intellect and religion."

As votaries of Freya (whose day is called in Latin *Veneris dies*) they are as enthusiastic as in their worship of Bacchus; indeed depraved morals are not only the usual thing in Scandinavia, but bring no disgrace upon the person who practises them. Look, for instance, at the population of a well-to-do farmer's grange, "fourteen or sixteen farm-servants, and as many girls, with, it must be confessed, an indefinite number of children, that had found themselves by chance in the establishment without any fathers at all, sat daily round that mass of timber that was called the meal-board, and supped their daily gröd, and drank their daily brandy." Nor is this state of things confined to the servant class; witness this commentary of the same Swedish guardsman on a grand wedding, where out of six brides two were "crowned," while four were "green:" here is the explanation of the custom:

" 'Well, the fact is this,' said he, dropping his bantering tone, 'what you commonly call virtue—that is to say, chastity—is a very rare article indeed, I am sorry to say, either in Norway or Sweden; the manners of the people do not tend to foster it. Their promiscuous way of living in the winter, and the sceter life in summer, makes it absolutely necessary for a girl either to have a very great respect for herself, or to be forbiddingly ugly; and whatever the case may have been in earlier and better times, certain it is that beauty is now much more common among us than self-respect. Then, again, the laws which prevail in Sweden, and the customs, which the Udal tenures in Norway make as stringent as laws, forbid any to marry who are not householders (whence your word *husband* which simply means *huus bonde*—a peasant with a house), and at the same time forbid the erection of more than a specified number of houses on any land. All this renders early marriages almost impossible. The result may easily be imagined. And to make this the more certain, our wise laws enact that a woman, having any number of children by any number of fathers, who at any time of her life shall marry any one whatever, by the simple act of marriage affiliates all the children she may ever have had on her unhappy

husband; and wherever the Udal law prevails, he is obliged to share his land equally among them. The consequence of this is, that unchastity is no sort of disgrace. It is the commonest thing in the world for a noble to live with a woman all his life, under promise of marriage to be performed on his death-bed, and the woman is all the while received much like the morganatic bride of a German prince. Frederika Bremer, herself as exemplary a woman as ever lived, has made the plot of one of her novels to hinge on a man living in such a manner, and dying suddenly, without being able to perform his promise. She does not attach the shadow of disgrace to any one, except the relatives of the deceased, who refused to acknowledge the woman merely on account of this unfortunate accident, as she calls it. And so it is. Had she written otherwise, she would have been out of costume; there is no disgrace in the matter. I do not mean to say that this girl is not proud of her crown—of course she is, just as I am proud of this blue and yellow ribbon of mine,' pointing to the Order of the Sword with which he had decorated his uniform-coat for the occasion; 'but look how she is kissing that girl in green who has just landed from that other boat,—that is another bride, who cannot claim the distinction; she no more thinks her disgraced, than I should think a brother-officer disgraced to whom his gracious Majesty had not been pleased to give the same distinction that he has to me.'"

But we must pass on from these not over-cleanly details, and remind the reader that the Parson is a sporting man. In this portion of his work he does not intend to supersede Murray, but only to give hints and available directions in a general way;—to tell the sporting traveller what he should take, and where he should get his implements of war. After this, he describes his party and his attendants, their bivouacs, their sport and their disappointments; all of which we will leave the reader to gather or guess for himself, together with the meditation of one of their attendants, who thought it a great pity "to mob to death all these fine beasts (to wit, seven bears, seven wolves, two lynxes, &c.), that might have given people no end of sport in the winter."

And here we must take leave of our author, thanking him for a sprightly and amusing volume, which we can heartily recommend to our readers.

THE WORSHIP OF MARY,

AS PRACTISED BY CATHOLICS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The Works of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Edited by R. A. Coffin. Vol. I., The Christian Virtues. Burns and Lambert.

If we are to believe what we are often told, the first duty of the Catholic Church is to apologise for herself to the world in general. There are some people who seem to go through life perpetually begging pardon of every body for the liberty they take in existing, thinking, speaking, eating, and drinking. They go bowing and bowing from one person to another, like a dog with his tail between his legs, or a rogue just detected in his hypocrisy, and humbly entreat the mercy of their fellow-creatures that they may not be set down as rascals, simpletons, impostors, or what not.

Just such is the posture and the occupation which is often demanded of the Catholic Church by the candour of her adversaries. The Pope, they consider, ought to be always clearing himself of accusations. His bulls ought to be responses to English newspaper misapprehensions. The Propaganda's grand work should be to read all the publications of Messrs. Rivington, Parker, Masters, Hatchard, Seeleys, Nisbet, Partidge and Oakey, with those of divers dissenting bibliopoles unknown to fame (at least unknown to us), and to assure their authors by special messengers or telegraphic despatches that we Catholics are neither idolaters, nor traitors, nor suborners of perjury, nor breakers-in-general of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, together with such additions thereto as the public opinion of this Protestant country may think fit to decree.

Even those who are not quite so exacting in their demands are often surprised and vexed that the Pope and the Cardinals should persist in taking the popular objections to their creed with such inimitable coolness. They can't imagine why Rome does not disavow or forbid every practice, every devotion, and every book which *they* cannot understand, or which *they* think fit to regard as a scandal, or as disgraceful to an educated and enlightened era. If the Pope knew what he was about, they think, he would soon put an end to St. Januarius at Naples, to the miraculous image at Rimini, to the barefaced imposture of La Salette. As for the millinery and other trumpery which disfigures so many images abroad, his Holiness would have it all burnt before the year was out. The begging-friars of Italy and elsewhere would be taken before the nearest magistrate,

to be washed, dressed in decent clothes, and set to work under pain of the treadmill. Indulgences, of course, would be done away with altogether. Purgatory would only be delicately hinted at in "Romish" sermons, with the same suggestive mildness that the existence of hell is occasionally insinuated in polite society. The rosary would be denounced in an encyclical letter, headed with some texts on vain repetitions, Pharisees, Scribes, hypocrites, &c. The Missal, perhaps, might be allowed to stand, provided it was done into English, and the celebrating priest enjoined to pronounce the whole office in a sonorous voice, and with two or three genuflexions at the utmost. Incense is picturesque, and its use might remain. Holy water also is symbolical and poetic; but the poor Irish should be directed to apply it in less copious streams. Medals are more than questionable. Images might be allowed to the highly educated, who are not likely to take them either for gods or goddesses. The calendar should be rigidly expurgated of all severe, or persecuting, or uncleanly, or mythical, or questionable saints; and a narrow and precise limit should be assigned to the number of prayers which private Catholics, especially the poor, should be allowed to offer to such saints as were so fortunate as to retain their places.

Above all, to come to the subject immediately before us, the checking of the growth of "Mariolatry" should be the object of the peculiar care of the Holy See. It might even be desirable to summon an œcumenical council for the purpose of controlling the devotions of private Catholics towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is evidently quite a mistake to suppose that the arch-tempter of Catholic Christians is Satan. If any one especially leads them into damnable sin, it is she of whom it is recorded that all nations should call her blessed. Indeed, it is remarkable that the only persons whom she does not ensnare away from her Divine Son are those who take care *not* to call her "blessed." We, on the contrary, who sometimes call her by the familiar and affectionate word "Mary," sometimes by the title of honour, "the Blessed Virgin," and sometimes by that remarkably disagreeable phrase (to non-Catholic ears), "Our Lady,"—*we* are in so imminent danger of being eternally lost through her influence, that nothing but the most stringent laws against exaggerated regard for her can save us from ruin.

If, therefore, continue our critics, the Church of Rome were really wise in her generation, her first work in this country would be to disown certain Mariolatrous publications; but above all, certain productions of St. Alphonsus Liguori. The

Glories of Mary is a scandal of the first magnitude. The Holy See is bound to declare, without loss of time, that when it gave its sanction to the writings of this idolatrous saint, it really meant nothing at all thereby, at least so far as the *Glories of Mary* is concerned. Cardinal Wiseman ought to write a letter to the *Times* to assure the British public that when he gave an *imprimatur* to an English edition of this objectionable treatise, he was very far from approving of its contents; that he would never have done so if he had thought that Dr. Cumming, or Lord Shaftesbury, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, could have supposed that *he* would use such a book for his own devotions; and that his approbation of it was simply equivalent to a decision of the Roxburgh Club for the republication of some curious old work of antiquity. And what the highest authorities should do for St. Alphonsus, they would do in every other instance in which "Mariolatry" is in danger of being fostered. They would formally disown the charges made against them; and in order to show that they were in earnest, they would forbid every popular devotion, and discountenance every publication, which might seem, in the judgment of Protestants, to give a colour to the accusations of idolatry now brought against them.

In reply, however, to the idea embodied in the demands thus made upon Catholic authorities, we altogether protest against and reject the notion that the Pope, the Cardinals, and the Bishops of the Church are bound to notice the misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine which swarm around us in such countless numbers. In the first place, the Church is not responsible for every individual instance of private extravagance, absurdity, or error. She claims neither omniscience nor omnipotence. She does not pretend that every case which may really deserve censure comes under the notice of her authorities; and for those cases which do not thus come under their notice, neither they officially, nor she in her corporate capacity, are responsible in the sight of God. To accuse her of guilt because she overlooks what she never knows is, therefore, irrational and ridiculous. The infallibility which she claims involves no universal knowledge of facts. Men who care for truth and honour ought to blush to urge such charges as these, or to brand the Pope with contradicting the Catholic claim to infallibility, because he cannot accomplish ends which require, not infallibility, but the boundless knowledge of God Himself.

Nor, further, is it practically possible for the Pope or the Bishops to devote any large amount of time and labour to the hunting-out and denouncing of such abuses of Catholic doc-

trine and practice as may here and there grow up in a community numbering millions and millions of souls, in every conceivable variety of circumstances. Duties must be attempted in a certain order; the greater cannot be postponed to the less. And we utterly deny that it is our *first* duty to do away with abuses which may possibly give scandal to our enemies. The first duty of the Church, as of every man in every relation of life, is to do that which is positively good; and his second is to prevent that which is good from being abused. The first duty of the Church is to her children; and among her children, her first duty is to the best, and not to the worst of them. The correction of error, and the abolition of stumbling-blocks to those who are not of her fold, is an important duty,—one undoubtedly which cannot be neglected; but which nevertheless cannot be fulfilled at the expense of those duties which are of paramount obligation.

We maintain, accordingly, that if the Church considers that the fostering of any one species of devotion, or the prominent teaching of any one doctrine, is expedient for the sake of her devout and faithful children, the possibility that abuses should arise which will give scandal to her enemies is no reason whatever for adopting what some persons might call the *safer* course of starving or neglecting her children. The really safe course is to do what is right, and leave the result to God. If abuses occur, and are brought to light, then is the time to check them. In the meantime, the Pope, the Bishops, and the priesthood, have quite enough upon their hands, without undertaking to anticipate the offence which every carping critic may please to take at their proceedings, or at those of any private persons in the Catholic body.

The demands thus made upon us are, further, still more unreasonable, from the fact that our enemies never condescend to ascertain how things really stand, which they nevertheless have no hesitation in condemning. To hear and read the attacks made upon us, one would suppose that anti-Catholic criticism was the very *beau-ideal* of every thing that is candid, charitable, and well-informed. Who would imagine that our contemptuous opponents literally know nothing of the objects of their reckless vituperation? Who that did not know how things stand would believe that this virulent abuse, this sarcastic ridicule, this patronising pity, this amiable advice, is lavished upon us in the dark; that not one in a thousand of our books is ever read, and then very rarely for the sake of understanding its real meaning; that our own declarations of our opinions are tossed back in our faces with insult; and that people feel, when chance brings us into their society, much

the same as they would in the company of a man who had the plague? Yet, with few exceptions, this is the fact. And still persons wonder that we persist in following our own devices, notwithstanding their disapproval! If they would but use an ordinary discretion, and ask us what we mean by our practices, they would find nine-tenths of their charges disappear. We do not say that they would distinctly approve of the reality they thus discovered; but the character of their feelings towards us would be widely modified, if not entirely changed. Horror, hatred, suspicion, disgust, would be exchanged for toleration, for quiet difference of opinion, for kind-hearted regret, and other sentiments in no way inconsistent with Christian charity.

Happily all our adversaries are not thus ignorant and presumptuous. There are men among them whom we can hardly call adversaries at all, and whose opposition to the faith we cannot but hope arises from circumstances, and not from any personal fault. Not long ago a foolish peer attacked Lord Aberdeen's government for not depriving Colonel Greville of his magistracy because he had been present at a dinner where (among other offences) the Pope's health was drunk before the Queen's. Lord Aberdeen replied, that *in a Catholic* this practice implied no disloyalty to the temporal sovereignty, because we distinguish between the spiritual and the temporal powers; so that (as Lord Aberdeen very justly expressed it) the drinking the Pope's health is an "act of faith." Lord Aberdeen himself is reputed to be a man who, whatever his religious errors, knows the difference between time and eternity; and, accordingly, he evidently thought it quite natural and right that "an act of faith" should take precedence of "an act of loyalty." Thus the ignorant passion of Lord Westmeath, by the simple exercise of a little knowledge of facts, was transformed into the conscientious and charitable disapproval of the premier.

Another and more striking illustration of the effects of a reasonable inquiry into the true nature of our practices, is to be found in the Rosary. We shall dwell on this instance a little at length, because it forms a conspicuous item in the list of "Mariolatrous" charges popularly brought against us.

In the Rosary, we must first remind our Protestant readers, the "Hail Mary" is repeated one hundred and fifty times, the "Our Father" ten times, and the "Glory be to the Father" ten times. Frequently only one-third of the whole is said at once; but the proportion of the three prayers remains the same. This at least is the case with that which is commonly called "*The Rosary*," or "*The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin*,"

for there are others constructed on different plans. This Rosary is also the most universally in use of all Catholic popular devotions. It is said repeatedly by every Catholic, from the Pope downwards. Indeed, on an average, it is scarcely too much to state, that one-third of the whole is said almost daily by every devout Catholic above the age of childhood.

Now, all that non-Catholics know of this devotion is, that for every *Pater Noster* and *Gloria Patri* we say ten *Ave Marias*. Is not the deduction inevitable, that we think ten (or rather five) times as much of the Blessed Virgin as of Almighty God? or, to be extremely charitable, that we pray five times as often to Mary as to our God and Saviour? So at least the world has decided against us.

But what is the fact? The fact is, that this is *not* the Rosary which we say; and that no such Rosary exists at all, or was ever heard of in the Catholic Church. The devotion of the Rosary consists in meditating *with the understanding and the heart* on the chief events of the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ, and the great blessings of the Gospel, while *with the lips* we recite all these Hail Marys, Lord's Prayers, and Doxologies. The whole is divided into fifteen portions, or decades, during which we fix our thoughts successively on the following truths of Christianity: 1. The Annunciation; 2. The Visitation; 3. The Nativity; 4. The Presentation in the Temple; 5. The Discovery of our Blessed Lord with the Doctors; 6. The Agony in the Garden; 7. The Scourging; 8. The Crowning with Thorns; 9. The Carrying of the Cross; 10. The Crucifixion; 11. The Resurrection; 12. The Ascension; 13. The Descent of the Holy Ghost; 14. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; 15. The Coronation of Mary by her Divine Son, and the eternal Happiness of the Blessed. The Rosary, therefore, if strictly taken, is no prayer at all to the Blessed Virgin; it is an instrument which Catholics employ to enable them to fix their thoughts and affections on those wonderful events which are the objects of Christian faith, and by meditating on which we are strengthened and consoled in carrying on our warfare with our spiritual enemies.

We have no doubt that, to those who are not Catholics, this appears a most extraordinary and preposterous device. They will ask what can be the possible use of saying one thing and meaning another? and in all probability will flatly deny that we ever do what we pretend, reiterating their conviction that the whole thing is a nonsensical piece of gabbling and muttering, at once unspiritual and irrational. Now, we do not deny that were a person, who is not a Catholic, to attempt to say the Rosary in the way we have described, he would be

completely baffled in his efforts. When a man has little or none of that inward power by which we realise the objects of our faith, and when he has never been habituated to the peculiar ways of Catholic devotion, he would find the Rosary the most unspiritual and the most tiresome of prayers. Lord John Russell can do many things, so can Mr. Disraeli, so can Mr. Macaulay, so can Prince Albert; but we are convinced that not one of them could say the Rosary as millions of Catholics, uneducated as well as educated, say it.

With us, however, there exists in the mind a faculty by which, when we endeavour to do it, we can abstract our thoughts and feelings from the objects of sense around us, and not only think *about* religious truths, but actually (so to say) *see* with the eyes of the soul the realities, whether past or now existing, which those religious truths declare. We not only occupy our minds in revolving the *ideas* which revelation announces, but we literally contemplate the *things* whose existence we know by faith, in the same way that every man can contemplate the things whose existence he has learnt by his senses, even when those things are not actually present to his sight, his touch, or his hearing.

In thus dwelling on the objects of our faith, we are, of course, assisted by any apparatus or device by which the senses, or any part of the body, can be made to subserve the volitions of the mind, instead of distracting them. The law which governs the mutual action of the body and mind in earthly things holds good also in spiritual things. Every one knows how powerfully the action of his thoughts is affected by the presentation to his senses of any object which he has habitually associated with any particular emotions or ideas. The recurrence of a particular sound, the breath of a particular scent, the repetition of a particular gesture, will vivify the thoughts which scarcely any mere act of the will can call into activity, and enable us to dwell, in meditation, with perfect ease upon the events or persons thus mysteriously suggested to our recollections.

Further, by the mere force of habit, the most trivial bodily actions or circumstances become the most powerful aid to us when we would fasten our thoughts on objects not actually present to our senses. A man habituated to write or think amidst one particular monotonous noise will find his thoughts hopelessly wandering in the midst of a profound silence; another, who has all his life been repeating certain forms of words out of a book, but never dreams of actually looking at the printed letters, will forget every thing the moment the book is not open before him. Some orators cannot speak un-

less their legs or arms are in one definite position. A sailor often cannot go to sleep unless the wind is blowing; a landsman will lie awake all night because there is a gust every quarter of an hour.

Just such is the use of the "Hail Marys" and other prayers in the Rosary. From childhood, a Catholic is accustomed to associate the great mysteries of faith with the low monotonous murmur, from his own lips and those of others, of these forms of prayer, and with the mechanical movement of the hands in passing the beads along with the fingers. Even when the custom is not begun in childhood, a short practice confers the necessary unconscious mechanical facility both of lip and finger; and those who as Protestants regarded the whole thing as an incomprehensible, or laborious, or childish trifling, acquiesce with delight and gratitude in the unerring wisdom of the Church, which has sanctioned so admirable and so simple a means for drawing the thoughts away from the glare and gloom of this life and its agitations.

It is to be observed, further, that no set of regularly prepared meditations, however perfectly drawn up, could answer the same purpose. Our aim is to assist the mind, but not to hamper it. The Church desires to shut the avenues of sense against the world; to place the soul, as it were, face to face with her Blessed Lord, His Mother, and the saints in glory; and to leave her to express her love, her veneration, her self-abasement, in her own way and in her own language. This could not be attained by the most faultless of written meditations. The mind must then follow the guidance offered her, irrespective of all personal capacities, predilections, and moods of feeling. The Rosary, on the contrary, at once sets the mind free, and leaves it free; and the result is what might have been anticipated. The profoundest theologian, the most busy missionary, the acutest metaphysician, the lawyer, the poet, vie with the humblest artisan and the most ignorant servant-girl in extolling the merits of this devotion, and rival one another in its habitual practice. It must be also remembered that the three forms chosen for repetition contain in themselves allusions to all the great truths of Christianity; thus serving to suggest an infinite variety of "colouring" (if we may so say), with which the mind may brighten its meditations on the particular mysteries with which the various decades are associated.

So far, then, from meriting the accusation of being either a dishonour to Christ, or a pharisaical mumbling of unspiritual repetitions, we repeat that the Rosary is the result of the profoundest knowledge of human nature; that its simplicity is a

token of the wisdom which it embodies; and that it tends directly to awaken the purest sentiments of love and honour to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, in precisely that degree of absolute subordination to the claims of God's infinite majesty which the Catholic faith enjoins. Surely, then, we are not proposing any thing unreasonable when we ask the reflecting Protestant to lay aside for the future his ill-informed attacks on this Catholic devotion. We do not want him to eulogise the Rosary, or to try to say it himself, because he does not believe in the efficacy of the invocation of Saints; but we do claim of him that he should no longer make it the subject of his unsparing ridicule or his bitter reproach, and that he should admit that, the doctrine of invocation once granted, the Rosary is an invention of philosophic piety, and a powerful instrument for the spiritualising the life of man here upon earth.

Proceeding now to the general subject of the worship of the Blessed Virgin, we are not without hope that, even on such a matter as this, the really philosophic Protestant will recognise a degree of wisdom and good sense in the habitual practice of Catholics, which he has been hitherto little disposed to attribute to any thing so foreign to his own notions of what is elevating and rational. We start, of course, with the understanding that the invocation of Mary and the Saints is a lawful and profitable practice. We are not now proving that it *is* thus lawful and profitable; nor are we addressing ourselves to those who have quietly set us down as necessarily idolaters, or something nearly equivalent thereto. We are writing for those who, wishing to think well of us, or at least not wishing to think ill, are unable to reconcile the character and frequency of our popular devotions to Mary with our assertions that we yield her *only* that reverence and affection which may be lawfully bestowed upon a creature. Nor, further, are we engaged to show that Mary is the first of creatures, and consequently that, holding a higher place in the judgment of her Creator than any other of the works of His hands, she is entitled to a higher degree of honour from us than we are justified in offering to any being who is her inferior. We assume the truth of the great Christian doctrine, that the Eternal Son of God took flesh of Mary; that in so doing He made her His Mother; that the kindred thus created was a real maternal relationship; and that this same maternity remains undestroyed, for that Jesus *is* the Son of Mary still. The sole question before us is, Are the devotions which are in use in Catholic Christendom at this present time in harmony with this doctrine of the Divinity of Jesus, of the maternity of Mary, and of the ineffable,

incommunicable, and unapproachable rights of the Eternal Godhead? Supposing that it is permitted to us to pray to Mary for the benefit of her intercession with her Son, do we pray to her in the manner that is lawful and advisable?

The appearance of the first volume of the collected writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori is a fitting occasion for replying to this question. In the ideas of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, no person is more intimately identified with an exaggerated, sinful, and even idolatrous devotion to Mary than the saint whose works are now, for the first time, about to be published in England in an unabridged form. People who judge us by the rules of the world, and imagine that the Pope makes saints much in the same way that the Queen makes dukes, are very decidedly of opinion that his Holiness was guilty of a grievous mistake in canonising Liguori. Nothing, they think, could look worse in the eyes of an enlightened age than the "conferring of the highest honours of the Church" (as they would phrase it) on one who was so openly committed to those practices which look so ill to Protestants. The reputation of Liguori is regarded as hopelessly compromised and tarnished by his extravagant writings; and the world is of opinion, that if the Pope had really known how England was to be converted, he would have put the *Glories of Mary* on the Index, instead of enrolling its author among the saints of heaven.

It is, moreover, believed that, in our hearts, we English Catholics do not half like such books as the *Glories of Mary*; that we hold them to be extreme, peculiar, Italian; unfitted for use by Englishmen, or, at the least, unfitted for translation in a Protestant country. Or it is supposed that the preference for such compositions is confined to the less educated amongst us; that those whose minds are cultivated and enlarged only tolerate such publications because they could not decently repudiate them; and that in our secret hearts we esteem them extravagant, silly, and pernicious.

In the first place, then, we remark that these notions are wholly erroneous. We entirely accept St. Alphonsus as a fair type of the prevalent and living spirit of Catholic devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. We adopt his language; we venerate his example; we circulate his writings. We deny that they are disliked by the rich, or the educated, or the laity, as such. We disclaim the theory that there is something un-English in their character; or that it is advisable to keep them as much out of sight as possible, with a view to conciliate the good-will of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We do not wish to draw any line between our own people and foreigners

on this subject. Viewing the question solely as a matter of private opinion, we consider that any English prelate who has given his *imprimatur* to a translation of the *Glories of Mary* has done well. We do not regard it as a dangerous book, or one likely to lead the poor and uneducated astray.

At the same time, in making such a declaration, we must be understood as making the same qualifications which common candour would anticipate in this and every other similar question. We do not pretend that, as a matter of fact, *every* English Catholic entertains precisely the same feelings with respect to such works as the *Glories of Mary*, or the writings of St. Alphonsus generally. Personal tastes and predilections have their influence in this as in all other matters of literature or devotion. St. Alphonsus, like every writer above mediocrity, has a style of his own; he has his own modes of reasoning, his own modes of expression, his own cast of thought and feeling. Saints, theologians, and devotional writers, are not all cut and dried repetitions of one and the same original. Thus, while to one reader there may be a peculiar charm and attractiveness in this or that work of St. Alphonsus, another may find it singularly little fitted to *his* private predilections; and such we find to be the case in fact. Some persons complain of his want of consecutiveness, of philosophical acuteness, of profound and original reasoning; others are untouched by the tenderness, the sweetness, the warmth, the simple genuineness of his meditations, prayers, and hymns; others, again, disagree with his views on certain points of morals on which Catholics are at liberty to espouse different sides of the question; others, to come to the treatise we have particularly alluded to, have no fancy for the *Glories of Mary*, and find it rather a dull book.

These and other diversities of opinion are, no doubt, to be discerned existing amongst us; but they are not peculiarities of English Catholics, or of educated Catholics, or of the laity as distinct from the clergy. Many an Italian, many a Frenchman, many a German Catholic shares them. They involve no censure on the saint, no disapproval of his "Mariolatry;" but simply result from the circumstance, that as every man has his own personal inclinations and modes of thought and expression, so also he has his preferences in the writings and thoughts of others, whether saints or ordinary men like himself. No doubt there *are* Catholics who object to certain phrases in the books of St. Alphonsus, and who disapprove of their reproduction in an English garb, on the ground that they will (as they fancy) give scandal to Protestants, and lay us open to

vulgar and virulent attacks; but we have no hesitation in avowing our conviction that such Catholics are few in number, and that, so far from increasing with increased education and enlightenment, they are rapidly diminishing. We are convinced that, of the Catholics of this country whose judgment is worth having, there are surprisingly few who will not applaud the forthcoming edition of the complete and unmutilated works of the Saint, as one which is alike creditable to the zeal and care of the Redemptorists, and suitable to the exigencies of the Church in England.

Accepting, then, the writings and example of St. Alphonsus as representing the devotions of Catholics with respect to the Blessed Virgin, the objections raised against them as "idolatrours" may be classed under two heads: first, as unjustifiable in their language; and secondly, as pernicious in their frequency and extent. On each of these points, the most candid and charitable Protestants are more or less puzzled to reconcile our practices with our assertions, that the honour we give to Mary is solely that which may be rendered to a creature, and that it does not in the slightest degree trench upon the worship and love which we pay to Almighty God. To find an illustration of the kind of phraseology which is counted almost necessarily idolatrous, we have only to open the *Glories of Mary* at hazard. We do this, and find the following:

"Where should I now be, if thou, O Mary, hadst not loved me, and obtained so many favours for me? If, then, thou hast loved me so much, when I did not love thee, how much more may I confide in thy goodness, now that I love thee! I love thee, O my Mother, and would wish for a heart capable of loving thee, for all those unhappy beings who do not love thee. Would that my tongue could praise thee with the power of a thousand tongues, in order to make known thy greatness, thy holiness, thy mercy, and thy love, with which thou lovest those who love thee! If I had riches, I would employ them all for thy honour; if I had subjects, I would make them all thy lovers; for thee and for thy glory I would give my life, if it were required. I love thee, O my Mother; but at the same time I fear that thou dost not love me, for I have heard that love makes lovers like those they love. If, then, I find myself so unlike to thee, it is a proof that I cannot love thee. Thou so pure, I so unclean; thou so humble, I so proud; thou so holy, I so sinful. But this, O Mary, is to be thy work; since thou lovest me, make me like unto thyself. Thou hast the power to change my heart: take, then, mine, and change it. Let the world see what thou canst do for

those who love thee. Make me holy, make me worthy of thy Son. Thus I hope ; thus may it be" (chap. i. sect. 3).

On reading this passage, those who are not Catholics will declare, that in order to constitute such language the natural and proper expression of the heart, the person addressed must be both God and Saviour. We reply, that nothing whatever of the kind is necessary. All that is necessary is, that the person who thus expresses himself should have a real, strong, personal love for the object whom he addresses ; and that he should believe practically in the efficiency of Mary's intercession, and should hold the doctrine (which no Christian surely can deny), that when she replied to the message of the angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to thy word," she voluntarily gave herself to be the mother of the Redeemer of the world. If the Blessed Virgin is regarded as a species of truth, as a symbol, as an abstraction, as a person who is simply dead, and not actually living and present to the eye and affections of faith, of course all such language is utterly extravagant, unreal, and nonsensical. And further, if the human mind is incapable of fixing itself on more than *one* invisible object of love and veneration—as we believe that most Protestants are incapable,—then, undoubtedly, the use of such language may imply that the worship of Catholics is a species of perpetual oscillation between a dishonoured God and a deified Mary. But if Mary is actually at this hour a real woman, endowed with all the attributes of a woman's nature in their highest perfection ; if she is only dead to the sight, and is really living, though invisible ; if her prayers to her Son are able to draw down on us the graces which are needful for our salvation ; and if as a fact we possess the power of thus realising her existence as a positive, real, living *person*,—then, we say, the language we have quoted is the straightforward, unaffected, natural expression of those who are ardently desirous of gaining the favour and gifts of Jesus Christ. And we mean nothing offensive to our Protestant readers when we repeat, that it is because they want that special faculty which we possess, that they are confounded and scandalised by such addresses to Mary and the Saints. We beg them to look for a moment into the operations of their own minds, and inquire whether there exists there any thing which at all corresponds to our feelings towards the Blessed Virgin, not merely in degree, but in kind. Will any honest Protestant pretend that Mary is to him any thing more than an historical recollection, a personage of the past, an individual whose part in the destiny of man is played out and ended,

like that of Socrates, or Columbus, or Lord Bacon? At the very utmost, he has simply a reminiscence of her, perhaps a poetic, perhaps an affectionate, possibly even a pious reminiscence; but only a memory still.

With us, on the contrary, the past, so far as the Saints are concerned, actually lives again. It is not the past at all, save so far as the bodily senses are employed. We do not *see* Mary, just as a man does not see his friend who has travelled to the other side of the globe; but she is a living, conscious, sympathising, accessible being, with the qualities of a woman's heart in all their perfection, just as a friend at the antipodes is living, conscious, sympathising, and accessible. And it is because our regards to her are thus, not historical, but living, that our language to her is thus warm, glowing, confident, and impulsive. It is not an extravagance of the imagination. It is not the unreality of a fanatic. It is the unpretending, genuine expression of a heart which loves her personally with a tender love, which yearns for those gifts which she has it in her power to obtain through her prayers, and which has an intense sense of the honour and love in which she is held by Him who is the God and Saviour alike of her and of ourselves.

In addressing her, therefore, with all the unrestrained fervour which is natural to an ardent soul, the tongue does not pause at every instant to examine its phrases, with a view to ascertain whether they may not some of them be applicable, though in another sense, to Almighty God. We take human language as we find it, in its poverty as well as in its richness; in its generalities as well as in its accuracies. We know our own meaning, and we are certain that God knows our meaning; and it never enters our minds to suppose, that when it is our intention to address Mary as a creature, she will imagine that we are addressing her as a god. When critics desire to know *what* our prayers mean, they must make those additions which we all along have implied.

Whether the benefits which Mary is entreated to confer simply imply an active intercession on her part, or really assume a power of saving sinners as their actual Redeemer and God, depends upon the nature of the additions thus made. In the invocation we have quoted from St. Alphonsus, the words, as they stand, imply neither the one nor the other. Almost the whole of the prayer, taken without any additions, *may be* addressed to God Himself. Whether the benefits specified are sought as a direct gift from Jesus Christ, or as a consequence of the prayers of a fellow-creature (which Christ has promised to grant) entirely depends upon the qualifications in the mind of him who prays.

Here, accordingly, the non-Catholic critic condemns us as guilty of unpardonable rashness in addressing a creature in language which *may be* applied to Almighty God in His incommunicable majesty. And here we join issue with him, by utterly denying that either religion or reason, either piety or common sense, condemn the custom we have adopted. Nay, we allege that religion and reason, piety and common sense, literally *require* the practice which is so clamorously condemned.

There is no more pernicious fallacy than that which is involved in the theory, that a system of expression should be invented for religious emotions, totally different from that which is natural towards secular and visible objects. The affections which Christianity inculcates towards Almighty God are so far precisely the same with those which we feel towards one another, that the same language is the natural embodiment of both of them. Love is love, whether towards God or towards man; confidence is confidence; hope is hope; trust is trust; worship is worship; honour is honour. The only difference lies in the difference of kind and degree; in the subordination of the one to the other. And the emotions being the same, the phrases which give them utterance are the same. For our mental structure is such, that in practice we cannot qualify and limit our utterances of these feelings so as to explain to an observer the precise extent of the affection we are expressing. Our complete meaning *must* be taken for granted. You might as well expect a pedestrian to watch every movement of his limbs in walking, as require a person under the influence of any powerful emotion to frame his every sentence as an elaborate definition of motives and a confession of faith.

Observe what we do in common life, and see how the popular objections to Catholic devotions to the Saints apply equally to every man's words to his fellow-creatures. The salvation of Europe depends on the success of the English and French armies, is the universal cry of the hour. No body objects to the phrase, because every body knows the qualifications understood. Apply it to the intercession of Mary, and all England shouts, "What idolatrous blasphemy!" A child says to its mother, "All I care for is to please you." Who but a shallow prig would accuse it of dishonouring God by such an outbreak of affection? "If we do not infuse into the young the love of God, they will never be good Christians when they grow up." What an impious arrogating of the prerogatives of that Holy Spirit which *alone* can infuse the love of God into the soul! Yet an "evangelical" peer may

utter such a sentence unrebuked. But when a Catholic tells Mary that all he cares for is to please her, and that without her help he is lost, no pencil can paint the pious horror which whitens the countenances of our sensible fellow-countrymen.

The fact is, that the principles of criticism on which St. Alphonsus and other Catholics are condemned would put an end to all intercourse between man and man. Society is carried on by means of expressions which must be interpreted by the circumstances in which they are used, and by the intentions of the persons who employ them. If we are never to use words towards each other which may be applied to Almighty God also, there is an end of all human relationship. Life must be spent in carping, and quibbling, and guarding, and defining, and explaining, till the heart is drained of its affections, and our whole being paralysed with sheer inaction.

Our demand, therefore, is, that our devotional language shall be measured by the rules of common sense, and not by the straw-splitting perverseness of men whose object is, not to understand what we mean, but to convict us of heinous guilt. We claim the same freedom in invoking Mary, which we exercise in giving a voice to our affection for an earthly mother. Our prayers must be the spontaneous outpourings of a full heart, and not the cut-and-dried formalities of suspicious prudery. If Protestants persist in misunderstanding us, and in fastening upon us meanings which we repudiate, that is their affair, and not ours. We are following the dictates of right reason and the inspirations of a living faith; we are arrogating no license which is not claimed to the fullest extent by our fellow-men in their secular affairs; and by right reason and honourable charity alone will we be judged, and not by the dictates of ignorant presumption, or the martinet regulations of puritanical preciseness. The unbelieving and unloving world, if it pleases, may draw up its formulas of devotion with the minute technicalities of a lawyer's deed; for ourselves, we are content to approach our merciful Father with the eloquent lips of uncalculating love, and to tell the fairest of His creatures that it is our delight to share humbly in that infinite complacency with which her Maker regards her from whom He vouchsafed to assume His own humanity.

Proceeding now to the second class of objections, we shall find that the popular outcry against the frequency of our devotions to Mary equally disappears before the light of reason and philosophy. This accusation, when put into its most reasonable shape (for with those charges which are gross caricatures and palpable slanders we have nothing to do)—this

accusation amounts in substance to the following: that the length of time which we spend in public and private invocations of the Blessed Virgin bears a proportion to the length of time devoted to direct prayer to Almighty God which is wholly inconsistent with the boundless distinction existing between the Creator and even the noblest of His creatures. It appears to Protestants that there is no end to our devotions in honour of Mary; that we exhaust all language in seeking for terms of endearment and veneration; and that the consequence of such practices *must* be, that we think far too much of the efficacy of her aid, and far too little of the efficacy of direct prayers to God Himself. Whatever may be our theory, they conceive that practically the continued earnestness with which we implore Mary's help must lessen the fervour with which we apply to the one only Source of grace and mercy. As the smallest objects, when placed close to the eye, can hide from our sight those which are immeasurably larger, so, the perfections of Mary are so incessantly dwelt upon by modern Catholics, that our minds have neither leisure nor power to worship as we ought the incommunicable glory of our Maker and only Saviour. Why, it is said, cannot we be content with briefly, though earnestly, invoking the aid of Mary and the Saints, and then spend all our thoughts and energies on God alone? If Mary is, after all, only an intercessor, and apart from her Son is less than nothing, is it not contrary to all true piety to waste upon her the affections and the devotions which, with infinitely more propriety and profit, might be directed to Him whose words and whose blood made Mary all that she is? Such, we think, is a fair statement of the view entertained by the more reasoning and charitable of those who are not actually Catholics themselves. Our reply is as follows:

It has pleased our All-wise Creator to form the human mind with capacities for attaching itself to objects of very different degrees of nobleness and grandeur; we all of us possess naturally the power of loving, not God alone, nor creatures alone, but both God and His creatures. More than this, we have an undeniable capacity for loving creatures, not simply as creatures, but with various kinds of affection proportionate to their individual varieties and excellences; and further still, there exist very considerable differences of intellectual character in different persons of both sexes. Now, a sound philosophy would at once assume that our nature is carried to its highest possible perfection, and the will of God is most completely accomplished in us, when these various capacities for loving are employed upon all those particular objects for which God originally created them. If He has

conferred on us a capacity for loving His creatures in various ways, according to their characters and relationships to ourselves, He Himself is most honoured by our fulfilling those purposes of our creation, and not by our setting up a standard of piety of our own, refusing to love creatures, and confining our affections to the Creator alone. There is no humility, but simply pride and perverseness, in violating those laws which our Creator Himself thought to impress upon our natures; our duty is to ascertain *what* are the objects on which He designs our regards to be fixed, and to glorify Him by obedience to the laws which He has enacted.

So, again, in regulating the actions of the intellect, God is honoured by our submitting to be what He has made us, and not by every man's straining to be an angel, or to imitate the raptures of those whose gifts are far above those of ordinary mortals. He has thought fit to deny us the power of continuous meditation on Himself in this lower world, except in the case of a chosen few: our brains are incapable of the exertion; an ordinary person might pray and meditate himself into delirium in the course of a few days. Almighty God no more intended us to be always contemplating His own ineffable greatness and glory, and always praying directly to Him for His gifts, than He designed us to pass our lives in ceaselessly walking across the habitable globe: we are to serve Him as men, and the majority of us as very ordinary men.

Further still, in permitting and enjoining intercessory prayer, God has employed these same capacities for loving creatures as a direct instrument for the salvation of souls. Undoubtedly, the efficacy of intercession, whether as offered by a friend on earth or by a saint in heaven, is one of the most mysterious, as it is one of the most consolatory truths of revelation; still, our Blessed Lord *has* conferred this extraordinary privilege upon Christians, so that in some sort He has actually placed each man's destiny in the hands of his fellows; and the truth once revealed, and the advantages of intercession not merely theoretically admitted, but cordially sought for, it follows that a new class of created objects for our love is called into existence, around whom the affections of the heart spontaneously wind themselves, as naturally as the affections of a child entwine themselves about a mother or an affectionate playmate. Once let a man *desire* the advantages to be gained by the prayers of living friends or of the Saints, and by the laws of humanity, as a matter of course, he becomes personally attached to those by whose intercessions he believes that he is benefited.

No doubt, all this may seem chimerical and fantastical to

observers who have never practically realised the advantages of the prayers of departed Christians, or to whom those who are dead live only in memory; yet surely it is not difficult to perceive that if a Catholic practically regards Mary and the Saints as living beings, cognisant of the requests made to them from earth, and rejoicing to offer to God the intercessions which their clients entreat of them—surely, in such a case, it is easy to perceive that the affections will spontaneously attach themselves to those from whom these ardently-desired benefits are so abundantly obtained; there is no more danger of dishonour to God from the fervency of our love for Mary, than from our love for our living friends and kindred. Of course Mary *may* be idolised, as a living mother may be idolised; but the most ardent and affectionate love for Mary no more *tends* to a neglect of the rights of her God and ours, than the deep love of a son or daughter for an earthly mother tends to the dishonour of Jesus Christ. Our attachments to our natural kindred are not only innocent, but positively right, and in the strictest conformity with the honour due to God; an unnatural child, a false friend, a heartless husband, *could not* be a good Christian; and the same holds true of the objects of supernatural love. When a Christian, by the help of grace, desires the salvation of his soul, and asks the intercession of Mary, the love which necessarily springs up towards her is in the strictest harmony with his allegiance to the Sovereign Father of all.

Now, in the daily course of this life, as a matter of fact, a very considerable portion of our time is occupied in what are rightly termed the duties of affection and friendship. When we love a person, an irresistible and perfectly praiseworthy instinct impels us frequently to say or do many things by way of expressing or embodying the affection we feel. Is all this, then, so much abstracted from the worship of God? In the endearments between a mother and a child is there any thing hateful in the eyes of Him who made them *for His own glory*? The very idea almost approaches blasphemy. Is the interchange of sentiments of friendship, the offering of gifts of affection, the amiable intercourse of cordial society, a sin, a derogation from the majesty of the Almighty, a portion of our thoughts and time stolen from devotional exercises, a proof that we idolise the creature and insult the Creator? What monstrous folly to conceive such a thought!

Apply this self-evident truth to the intercourse between Catholics and the Blessed Virgin Mary: she is our friend, our best of friends, our nearest spiritual relation among all creatures, and therefore it is natural to us to betake ourselves to her repeatedly with every possible variety of expression of

affection and token of our regard; we do not diminish aught from the honour and worship we pay to her God in these multiplied devotions; we simply follow out the laws of that nature which God Himself has bestowed upon us. The fallacy of the Protestant objection lies in this, that it assumes that what we give to Mary we take from Jesus. It might as reasonably be assumed, that what affection a father gives his son he takes from God. The truth is, that *what we give to Mary, we take from the world*; we offer not one prayer the less to Mary's Creator and Saviour; not one pulsation of the heart which ought to beat in love for Him who redeemed us is silenced for her sake; it is our mere earthly attachments which we circumscribe; it is our seasons for secular recreation which we break into, in order to spend our hours on an invisible source of gratification. Granting, for argument's sake, that we pray to her more than is strictly necessary in order to insure her intercession, what follows? Simply that we are yielding to a most natural, laudable, and holy impulse; that we are decking her images with flowers which would otherwise be employed for the gratification of the senses; that we are employing in prayers the time which would otherwise be spent in gossiping, or reading for our amusement, or in sheer idleness.

If it is urged that in such cases it would be far better to lengthen our direct devotions to God Himself, we reply that you might with equal reason condemn all the intercourse of affection between man and man. The undeniable truth is, that our mortal intellects are ordinarily overwhelmed with a too prolonged contemplation of the brightness of the Divine Majesty. Before the awful effulgence of God's greatness, eternity, holiness, justice, love, and pitifulness, the mind sinks prostrate in its feebleness after a certain amount of meditation; the very cross itself is more than man can bear to gaze upon beyond a certain period of time; the exhausted yet rejoicing soul must fall back upon the dimmer beauties of the creature, not (God forbid!) because wearied of the Creator, but because, through the weakness of her powers, she needs rest, and must recruit herself by familiar intercourse with beings of the same lower nature as herself. Such, undoubtedly, is the character of much of the devotion which Catholics pay to the Blessed Virgin; it is comparatively easy, familiar, cheerful, and exhilarating; it almost wears the aspect of a conversation between equals; it refreshes the soul for renewed approaches to that throne, which, though the throne of unspeakable mercy, is yet the throne of the omnipotent and most awful God; and as such, our devotions to Mary are at once founded on the clear-

est perception of the necessities of our nature, and are directly calculated to invigorate us for that communion with our God and Saviour, which, while it floods the soul with grace and peace, taxes its utmost powers to an extent that poor fainting humanity can endure but for a brief space without intermission, so long as this life shall last.

We might pursue the inquiry further, and show in detail how these prolonged devotions to the Blessed Virgin are particularly adapted to the necessities of the more tender, fragile dispositions of many persons, fulfilling to them the offices of gentle, sympathising, and sustaining human friendship, without derogating in the faintest degree from the supreme rights of the Sovereign of all. But we have already sufficiently indicated the principles by which the devout Catholic is instinctively guided in his multiplication of his communications with the Mother of God. The reflecting Protestant will, we trust, recognise their fitness and beauty, not indeed in his own case—for he does not believe that Mary can hear his invocations, or that she is allowed by her Divine Son to pray for men—but at least in the case of those who are confident that she hears their entreaties, and responds to them with the most devoted love which one creature can feel for another.

Of the edition of the works of St. Alphonsus which has given occasion to the present remarks, we may speak in high terms, so far as it can be judged of by the first volume, now recently published, containing: *The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ*; the *Treatise on Prayer*; *Directions for acquiring the Christian Virtues*; *Rules of Life for a Christian*, &c. It is carefully translated and printed, of a convenient size, well got up, and sold at a very moderate price. What is rarer still in editions of St. Alphonsus' writings, the numerous quotations have been diligently verified; a work of no small labour, considering how disgracefully careless have been many previous editors in this respect. The treatises this volume contains are among the Saint's most attractive writings—simple, full of unction, practical; and, little as the popular opinion of the day may expect it, unquestionably suitable to many varieties of the English mind. We do not doubt that the editor, Father Coffin, will receive many cordial thanks, together with our own, for the manner in which he has fulfilled his grateful task.

SUGGESTIONS TO "CONTENTED" ANGLICANS.

1. *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Religio, Disciplina, Ritusque Sacri: Cosini Episcopi Dunelmensis opusculum. Accedunt argumenta quædam breviora de Fide Catholicâ ac Reformatione Anglicanâ: Auctoribus Lanceloto Andrewes, Juello, Beveregio, Bullo Episcopis, et Jacobo I. Rege. In Appendice Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Catechismus. Edidit Fredericus Meyrick, A.M., Coll. SS. Trinitat. apud Oxon. Socius.*
2. *Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales.*
3. *Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana; Opuscolo di Cosino Vescovo di Durham. Coll' aggiunta di alcuni brevi argomenti intorno alla Fede Cattolica ed alla Riforma Anglicana, tratti dagli scritti di Lancelotto Andrewes, Giuello, Beveregio, Bullo Vescovi, e Giacomo Io. Re. In calce Catechismo della Chiesa Anglicana. Edito per Federico Meyrick, A.M., Socio del Coll. della SS. Trinita in Oxford. London, J. H. Parker; Paris, Hector Bossange.*

THE publications with the above singular titles profess to be issued by "The Association for making known upon the Continent the principles of the Anglican Church." How many members this Association numbers we do not know; but we suspect they are not very numerous. The Rev. Frederick Meyrick, a gentleman who has written a book about the Spanish Church, appears to be its guiding spirit; for it is announced that "Churchmen desirous of co-operating in the objects of the Association are requested to communicate with the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, Trinity College, Oxford."

We have no hesitation in saying, that though we are not "Churchmen," but Catholic Christians, we wish Mr. Meyrick's association success, though not precisely in the same way that he and his friends desire it. It is their belief that if they can convince continental Catholics that the principles of the "Church of England" are those which are advocated by the High-Church, or Tractarian, school, these foreign Catholics will regard the English Establishment as, in some unexplained sense or other, a branch of the Catholic Church. As we are of opinion that no possible logic can prove that a man who is outside a house is really inside it, however close a kindred he may claim with those who *are* within its walls, we do not anticipate any very remarkable results from the labours of the new association, at least of the kind which its originators

hope for. At the same time, the more distinct and accurate is the knowledge which Catholics, whether English or continental, possess respecting the various schools of opinion which are to be found in the Anglican communion, the more fully will they enter into the peculiar states of mind of different individuals, the more cordially will they sympathise with their troubles, and the more easily will they convert them. We only wish that English Protestants would adopt the same system with respect to ourselves, and study us and our writings with the definite view of understanding us, hoping (if they prefer it) to employ that knowledge in converting us to their opinions. *We* are not only willing, but eager to make ourselves more thoroughly acquainted with the precise ideas and feelings of those who are not Catholics; of course, with our own objects. *They* believe that a more intimate communication of knowledge between us and them will tend to the advancement of *their* creed. By all means, then, let them act on the opinion, fairly and justly; and as we are rejoiced to know more of them, let them endeavour to know some little more of us.

In saying this, we give our High-Church friends fair warning, that when they bring their characteristic principles more immediately under Catholic observation, they must be prepared to find deductions drawn from them, and criticisms offered upon them, for which they may be scarcely prepared. Dr. Pusey's theories appear in a very different aspect under Catholic dissection from that which they wear when assailed by Evangelicals and Latitudinarians. Reasons for "contentment" with the Church of England, which appear perfectly valid to those who *wish* to remain in that communion, turn out to be reasons for the extreme of discontent when examined by the light of that Church where "Church principles" have lived and ruled undisputed for eighteen centuries. We may grant every thing that High-Church Anglicans maintain, and yet draw the very opposite conclusion from that in which they rest so satisfied.

We hope, however, that whatever the unexpected handling they meet with, they will take it in good part; and in this expectation, we now propose to lay before them a few rapid remarks on one branch of the argument on which they confidently rely—we mean their sacramental theories. We need hardly premise, that we address those *only* who are prepared to sacrifice every thing for truth. As for those who talk of their "positions;" their "responsibilities to their friends, superiors, or dependents;" and who speak as if God had need of them to serve Him in their way and not in His own;—with

such we have nothing to do. Such men as these have yet to learn that Almighty God is master in His own world; that He has no need of Dr. Pusey, or of the most distinguished, devoted, learned, or useful of Anglicans, whether lay or clerical, for the accomplishment of His will. His will is that *every man* shall account himself nothing; and though He may, and does, employ the perverseness of men to His own honour and the good of others, those whose misconduct He thus turns aside are cast away as worthless and vile when their time is ended.

Those, on the other hand, to whom we more particularly offer our present remarks, constitute a class which deserves our deepest commiseration, because their difficulties arise not so much from self-will, as from a mistaken reverence and a mis-directed idea of duty. "I have received the Sacraments," they argue, "in the Church of England; I am sure I have received them, because I have felt their effects; indeed, how can I suppose any thing so horrible as that I have been really mistaken all this time, and have been treating as real Sacraments things which, however well-intended, were in fact no Sacraments at all. And if I have received the Sacraments, what more do I want? why should I go any where else to obtain what my own Church supplies me with already?"

Now we are convinced that this state of feeling is not (except in some few isolated cases) the spontaneous offspring of the mind. On the contrary, it is *suggested* to those who would never have thought of it themselves, by their Anglican confessors or advisers.

Some few years ago the phrase which was popularly used to keep people back from the Church was this, "Do not forsake the Church of your Baptism." This argument, we believe, is seldom or never used now by the *higher* grades of Anglicans. The absurdity of imagining that baptism admits into a branch of the Church, *as a branch*, and not into the Church as the Church, is so evident, that the phrase has speedily shown itself to be what it really was, a party cry, and not the enunciation of a Christian doctrine. Another phrase, however, is still in use, "*You have found your Lord* in the Church of England; how can you then go away from her to the Church of Rome?"

We hope that we shall not shock our Anglican friends by replying that this is simply a *cant* expression. For what is cant? We mean by cant, expressions which are repeated over and over again, and passed from one mouth to another, without any clear and definite meaning attached to the words so used. Anglican High-Churchmen say, and we certainly shall not contradict them, that the "Evangelicals" talk a vast deal of

cant: is it not also true that the phrase, "We have found our Lord in the Church of England," frequently comes under the same odious designation? How many of those who are taught to use them can explain clearly and definitely what they mean? And when the words have some meaning, what is it but something of this kind, "We have gone to the Holy Communion, and have there received what we believed to be the Body and Blood of our Lord; we have *felt* that it was so; we have felt within ourselves the effects of it; we have felt *sensibly* these effects; we will not, then, commit the sin of leaving Christ where we have found Him, and going elsewhere to seek Him."

Now what is the principle involved in such reasoning as this? Are the Sacraments really objects of sense? Can the wonderful, mysterious, and supernatural graces which they confer be infallibly detected, like the results of earthly food and medicine, by the sensations of those who receive them? Is any man so competent a judge in his own case whether he has or has not received supernatural gifts from God, as to be justified in pledging his soul on his convictions? Is not this argument the very same which is denounced in "Evangelicals" and Dissenters, who make much of their personal experiences, and of their assurances that their sins are forgiven, and that our Blessed Lord has in some way manifested Himself to them and admitted them to His favour?

Let us, however, examine this whole system of treating the Sacraments a little more in detail; as it respects some other of those ordinances which are regarded as either Sacraments, or as sacramental, by the Anglican school. Of Protestant baptism we need say nothing; for we admit the existence of no such rite. All baptism, rightly administered, whether by Protestant or Catholic hands, is *Catholic* baptism; it regenerates the soul, and admits into the Catholic Church; and being such, if an Anglican ought not to forsake the community in which he was baptised, no more ought a Dissenter, whether Socinian or otherwise. The grossness of this delusion is, however, so palpable, that, as we have remarked, the better-informed class of High Churchmen have ceased to take it as their motto. The ground of defence is now shifted to others of the seven Sacraments, which it is supposed are possessed by members of the Established Church.

Confirmation is the first rite in which the High-Churchman believes that he receives a grace essentially sacramental. How this opinion is tenable in connection with a reception of the *authoritative* and *obligatory* teaching of the Anglican Church, we find it impossible to perceive. The 25th of the Thirty-nine Articles classes it with extreme unction as a corrupt

following of the Apostles when viewed as a Sacrament. The Homilies, which say something in favour of penance being in a certain sense a sacrament, do not say it of confirmation; the confirmation-service is quite opposed both in tone and language to any idea of sacramental grace. Add to all this, that this rite is never conferred upon any who are under the age of reason, it being supposed that it cannot be so conferred; while in the Catholic Church, though confirmation is usually delayed till the child has the full use of reason, yet it *may* be, and occasionally is, administered to an infant.

An illustration of the truth of this statement is to be found in what took place under Elizabeth between the discontented Puritan party, consisting of some clergymen suspended for nonconformity, and the commission of Bishops, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Whitgift), and the Bishops of London, Sarum, and Rochester. The Puritans objected to the words of the preface to the Catechism, in which the word *confirmation* (among other things) occurred; the Bishops replied, that the Church of England did not intend what they supposed about Baptism (on which point the discussion then was); and that the intention of the passage objected to was to dissuade "from the opinion which the Papists had of the *confirmation*, called bishoping, which they believed to be necessary to salvation, and do think that children are not perfectly baptised until they be also bishoped; and therefore they made confirmation a sacrament, and bring their children thereunto being infants: whereas the Church of England has no such opinion thereof, but doth use it for this end specially, that children may know what their god-fathers promised for them in their baptism, and also learn to perform the same."*

That a certain moral effect may be traced to the devout use of Anglican confirmation, treated solely as an edifying rite, we are not at all bound to deny. The same, however, may be said of catechetical instruction, sermons, the conversation of pious people, and the perusal of pious books, and the like. An eminent Anglican writer has informed us that very good results often follow this ceremony, when practised, as it is, by the Lutherans in Denmark.

In passing on to the subject of Penance, we must again declare that we are as far as possible from wishing to hold up to scorn or condemnation the feelings, motives, and conduct of those who, in the agony of their conscience, have adopted those means which most readily have presented themselves for endeavouring to rid themselves of their past sins; nor do we

* Collier, part ii. book 7.

deny that in this endeavour they have experienced that practical consolation which Almighty God gives to those who try, however imperfectly, to submit themselves to His will. All this, however, proves nothing as to the sacramental efficacy of Anglican confession and absolution. The argument, as put by the clergymen who *take upon themselves* this awful responsibility, runs thus: "It is quite clear we have the power of the keys, because such a number of people who come to us to confession lead so much holier and better lives than they did formerly."

Will they be astonished if we reply, that, for our part, we should be extremely surprised if they did not? The argument involves a complete confusion of thought. There are two distinct benefits arising from the use of this Sacrament: the one supernatural, and the other natural; the one springing *ex opere operato*, and coming directly from Almighty God; the other springing *ex opere operantis*, and arising from the ordinary laws of the human mind; the first consisting of the Divine pardon, granted sacramentally through the instrumentality of the priest, the second consisting of the contrition of the penitent and the vast practical benefit of confession. Now we are persuaded that Anglicans confuse these two distinct things. If they had lived in the times of the early Church, they would have seen that the dispositions which they are in the habit of looking upon as a *result* of the sacramental absolution were often required by the Church as a *preliminary* to granting it at all; and until persons were deeply penitent, and gave open and manifest proofs that they were so, the Church would frequently give them no absolution whatever. Such also, at times, is the practice of the Catholic Church at the present day, who, moreover, is incessantly enforcing on her children's consciences the moral advantages of confession, as well as its indispensable obligation in the case of mortal sin, and the sacramental grace conferred by absolution. What Catholic, too, ever denied, that spiritual blessings are to be gained by a species of confession which forms no part of the Sacrament of Penance? St. Ignatius Loyola, while engaged in the perils of war, confessed to one of his comrades, a layman; and, indeed, Anglicans can recognise the distinction, when they have no controversial purpose to serve by shutting their eyes to it. Dr. Pusey, in his "adapted" edition of the *Paradise of the Christian Soul*, writes thus: "He is bound also to say (since our Church also encourages it) [a palpable exaggeration, nevertheless] that increasing experience in the history of human souls has incalculably deepened his conviction of the exceeding value of habitual confession, *begun with the parent, continued with the*

priest." True, indeed, we are rejoiced to admit this statement of Dr. Pusey's; for he has "prophesied" in a sense that he little understood himself. Who can doubt that the confessions often made to Dr. Pusey and other Protestants have directly led to conversion to the Catholic faith, and to absolution from one who really possesses the power of the keys?

The Anglican, however, sometimes goes further, and adds, "There might be some truth in all that you have been urging, were it not that God in giving His blessing to the use of confession in the Anglican Church would be blessing a lie if it were as you suppose; for the Anglican confessor takes on himself to absolve, and if he really has not the power, he is acting the most fearful lie, and such as God could never bless." How any thoughtful person can reason thus may well be a matter of surprise; but we happen to be acquainted with more than one instance of an Anglican clergyman using this sort of logic. What can those who so argue really think of God's dealings with man? What ideas do they form of His mercy and love towards the ignorant and imperfect? What is their meaning when they speak of "a lie?" We do not charge those Protestant "confessors" with the guilt of lying; for we cannot conceive that, at any rate as a general rule, they do not believe themselves justified in what they do. And even were the guilt of the self-appointed confessor ever so great, still, so long as the penitent acts in good faith, there is no reason why he should not be blessed in his act.

Of a similar character is the reasoning often used in reference to the Holy Eucharist. The devout Anglican thinks he is sure he has received the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, and that if he has so done, his Church is necessarily a "branch of the Catholic Church." He is doubly wrong, we assure him. That he has intended to receive it, that he has received with good faith and excellent dispositions what he believed to be the Body and Blood of his Lord, and that his faith and devotion have been pleasing in God's sight, and drawn graces on him from the fountain of Divine pity,—all this may be fully granted. But that an individual can be *absolutely certain* on his own judgment, as if it were a matter of which the senses could take cognisance, that he has received the communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, is simply impossible. Let us not be mistaken. Where a person has, as we Catholics have, a firm and solid foundation of *faith* to rest upon, it would be a shocking impiety to doubt that he receives the very true Body and Blood of Christ; yet what Catholic would venture to say, unless we suppose a miracle

that he is certain, *from his own personal sensations*, that the Sacred Host really contains his Lord and God?

But, supposing we go further, and concede *for argument's sake* (not that it is for a moment our own opinion), that Anglicans really possess valid orders, and consequently receive in their churches verily and really the Body and Blood of our Blessed Lord. Their case is then the same as that of the schismatic Greeks, the Armenians, Nestorians, and most (if not all) of the heretical sects of the East. But what difference would this make to the Anglicans, so far as the duty of submission to the Catholic Church is concerned, more than it does to the sects we have just named? Wherever you have valid orders and a true form of consecration combined with a true intention, there you have a true Eucharist also. The fact that a religious community is in schism, or even in heresy, does not prevent the valid consecration of the Holy Eucharist by a real priest, any more than it prevents the valid administration of Baptism by a layman. Certainly to those who are wilful schismatics or heretics it does not convey *grace*, nor does it to those who are living in any mortal sin; but to such persons as are in invincible ignorance of the true Church and are free from the guilt of mortal sin,—to these, even out of the Church, the Body and Blood of our Lord convey *grace*.

The writings of St. Augustine are sometimes quoted, as appearing to contradict this doctrine (which is, however, the universal doctrine of all Catholic theologians); but the fact is, that he is writing against *formal* schismatics (or heretics), chiefly Donatists; against those who knew, or ought to have known, the sin they were committing, and the duty which they ought to perform in its stead; and it is plain from a passage in one of his letters to these very sectarians that he draws a great distinction in favour of those who (to use the more modern expression) were only in *material* heresy or schism. In the beginning of his letter to the Donatists, Glorius, Eleusius, and others (Epistle xliii.), who, it seems, were better disposed than most of their sect, he uses these words: "The Apostle Paul has said indeed, 'A man that is a heretic after one admonition avoid, knowing that he that is such an one is subverted and sinneth, and is condemned by himself.' But those who defend their own opinion, false and perverse though it be, with no pertinacious animosity, particularly if they have not given birth to it by the boldness of their own presumption, but have received it from their fathers, who had been seduced and fallen into error, and at the same time who seek for the truth with a careful solicitude, prepared to be corrected

when they have found it, are by no means to be reckoned among heretics. Therefore, unless I believed you to be men of this disposition, I should perhaps have written no letters to you."*

Now we readily hope that many of the Anglican High-Churchmen really answer the description St. Augustine is here giving; and that they do not incur the *guilt* of heresy, *as long as they are acting in the way he specifies*, and therefore whatever means of grace are afforded them in the sect to which they belong, those they might so far receive. In the same way the Holy Communion doubtless is highly profitable to the souls of many thousands of poor Græco-Russians, who are in material schism and intend to do their duty, but are ignorant of it. Still we must not omit to remark the conditions under which St. Augustine limits his exemption from the guilt of heresy. It is only those who carefully and anxiously seek for the truth, and are ready to be corrected when they have found it, whom he thus cautiously excepts from the general rule.

And, lest any should be disposed to think lightly of his words, and mistake a cowardly acquiescence in things as they are for a humble and teachable spirit, let us give another passage from the same father, from the *Sermo ad Cæsariensis Ecclesiæ plebem*, vi. "Outside the Catholic Church can exist every thing except salvation. He [the Donatist] can have honour, he can have the Sacrament, he can sing Alleluia, he can answer Amen, he can hold the Gospel, he can in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, both have faith and preach it: but nowhere except in the Catholic Church will he be able to find salvation."† One could almost fancy that the Saint was addressing a warning to a congregation of Anglicans, after they had been decorating their church with flowers, and singing hymns and psalms on some great festival. What solemn and startling words! "every thing outside the Church *except salvation*."

* "Dixit quidem Apostolus Paulus: 'Hæreticum hominem post unam cor-
reptionem devota, sciens quia subversus est ejusmodi, et peccat, et est a semetipso
damnatus.' Sed qui sententiam suam, quamvis falsam atque perversam, nulla
pertinaci animositate defendunt, præsertim quam non audacia præsumptionis suæ
pepererunt, sed a seductis atque in errorem lapsis parentibus acceperunt, quærunt
autem cauta sollicitudine veritatem, corrigi parati, cum invenerint; nequaquam
sunt inter hæreticos deputandi. Tales ergo vos nisi esse crederem, nullas for-
tasse vobis litteras mitterem."

† "Extra Ecclesiam Catholicam totum potest præter salutem. Potest habere
honorem, potest habere Sacramentum, potest cantare Halleluia, potest respondere
Amen, potest Evangelium tenere, potest in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti
fidem et habere et prædicare: sed nusquam nisi in Ecclesia Catholica salutem
poterit invenire."

We do not, however, admit that there is any ground for thinking Anglican orders valid. The original ordinal, which was used in the Anglican Church from the time of Elizabeth to that of Charles II. (long enough to lose the succession entirely), does not contain a valid form of words for the conveyal of the Sacrament of Orders; and besides, the words "bishop" and "priest," when they do occur, were certainly (from the *known* opinions of the Reformers) not employed in the Catholic sense. A Catholic priest is one who sacrifices the Body and Blood of Christ; a priest in the sense of the Reformers was merely an elder of the congregation or a minister: and the same might be said of a bishop; so that the *intention* was wholly wanting. It is supposed, indeed, that we deny the validity of Anglican orders for the sake of controversy; as if we could not deny the orders of the other separated communities, *e.g.* Nestorians and Monophysites, if we were guided by such miserable motives, or as if it were any necessary part of our argument to do so. When will men learn that the Catholic Church is above such paltry tricks; that she is absolutely bound to scorn them, discharging the solemn office which is committed to her?

What, then, is that which devout Anglicans mistake for the sensible effects of the Sacraments? We will tell them. It is the operation of the grace of God, which is universally diffused among men, in different proportions and degrees, and by diverse means, but all coming from the same God. He gives grace to those who are outside His Church, to enable them to live up to their light if they be in hopeless ignorance, and to bring them into the Catholic Church if they have the opportunity of finding out the truth. The gifts which they imagine are granted them that they may remain where they are, are granted in order to enlighten them on their journey to their true home. If Christ is with them, and they hear His voice, there is one word which He is ever repeating in their ears, whatever else He may say to them. It is this, which He addressed to His disciples before His Passion, "*Arise, let us go hence.*"

STUART'S RESIDENCE IN PERSIA.

Journal of a Residence in Northern Persia and the adjacent Provinces of Turkey. By Lieut.-Colonel Stuart, 13th Light Infantry. Bentley.

THIS is one of the "war-books," but not manufactured for the occasion. It was written nearly twenty years ago; and now that every body pricks up his ears at the very name of Mussulman, and even Bond Street remembers that there is such a country as Persia, Colonel Stuart thinks it worth while to give the world his experiences, among the rest. They have the advantage of being written by a man who has something to tell, and not by a book-maker; but though their gallant author's facts are better than the flummery of the professional "literary man," they are sometimes of the driest, and the book would have been far better if it had been one-half, or one-third, its present respectable size.

Nevertheless, being unaffected and genuine, though too much of a collection of daily jottings, it gives a picture of Persia and the Persians that is tolerably vivid and distinct. Colonel Stuart, not then a colonel, went as private secretary with his relation, the Right Honourable Henry Ellis (now Sir Henry Ellis) on his appointment as Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Court of Persia in 1835; and the present book consists of the notes which he made from day to day on his journey to Teheran and back, and during his residence at the Shah's court. He is not a man of views and theories, but appears to be a respectable English gentleman, with a sufficiency of Greek and Latin culture to make him appreciate the classical memories suggested by the countries he passed through, interspersed with some amusing reminiscences of the Italian Opera in London, awakened by such places as Corinth, where the scenes of sundry operas in vogue twenty years ago were laid. His style may be called plain; not absolutely bald, or altogether unenlivened by any poetic feeling or sense of the ridiculous; but jog-trot and sensible. It has consequently the advantage of conciliating the confidence of the reader, though at times it somewhat fails in stimulating his attention.

Colonel Stuart's impression of the Persians was any thing but a favourable one, though it may be gratifying to the readers of that capital story, Hajji Baba, to learn that he was forcibly struck with the truth of that fiction,—if we may

be guilty of a bull,—as a picture of actual Persian life at the present time. Indeed he came across at least one of the live individuals whom Mr. Morier has handed down to posterity more or less disguised under fictitious names. Like every other race which embraced the Mahometan religion, the Persians are in a condition of decay. Their kingdom stands because Russia would not like England to have it, while in fact England does not want it; and because England will not let Russia seize it: but it was Colonel Stuart's opinion, confirmed by what he saw of Russian doings in Persia, that Persia is the mouse and Russia the cat, only waiting for the favourable moment for making the fatal spring. Even the celebrated gardens of Persia, where the rose still blooms in unrivalled glory, and where Colonel Stuart saw a vine trailed up a tall tree fifty feet high, and then hanging down *to the ground* from the topmost boughs, lose all the enchantment of romance when known in connection with the unpoetic creatures who frequent them. One afternoon Colonel Stuart, returning from a ride among the most beautiful orchards near Tabreez, abounding with peach-trees, almonds, and nectarines, the whole country covered with the tenderest verdure, with a sky overhead of the deepest and softest azure, had his romance marred by meeting several parties of gentry, with their servants, riding to the gardens for the express purpose of eating onions and getting drunk on rum!—a custom, he learnt, much followed by noble and wealthy Persians. Another day, some of the chief men in the kingdom invited themselves to breakfast with the English ambassador, and finished a three hours' breakfast, during which they drank a great deal of wine, by eating six raw cucumbers a-piece! Could an ostrich have done more with impunity?

The administration of justice, or whatever is its equivalent in Mahometan ideas, was as wild, cruel, and capricious, as might be expected from a system which, in degrading women, destroys all the true dignity of man. Colonel Stuart heard many stories of the savage whimsicalities of despotism, which seem scarcely possible to those who are not familiar with the depth of submissiveness to which the oriental mind is habituated. At Tabreez, not long before his visit, the head officer of police himself, being in want of money, sent out some of his myrmidons, who seized an unlucky Hajee in the streets, accused him of drunkenness, and stuffed some bottles of wine into his big trousers, which they produced to their master as evidence of the crime. The unfortunate pilgrim was obliged to pay a round sum for his release; and the governor himself, a notorious drunkard, tells the story as a splendid joke.

The stick is, of course, the chief implement by which men are coerced, and nobody is safe from the visitation; indeed in Persia men may be divided into two classes, the floggers and the floggees; with this variation on any actual division of individuals, that every body in his turn seems to be alternately flogger and floggee. After the battle of Ganja, one of the chief people in the kingdom, the Ansoof-oo-Dowlet, who had lost the battle, was, by the Shah's order, tied up to the Nadir Shah's great gun, in the Maidân of Teheran, and then bastinadoed. Abbas Meerza, the heir-apparent, and the Ansoof's own brother-in-law, was compelled to inflict the first blow. Even the soldiers have to be flogged sometimes into starting on an expedition. The following specimen of military discipline occurred while Colonel Stuart was at Tabreez:

"The Shah started these troops unexpectedly on the morning of the 11th, by sending a khan, with a large number of ferashes, into the camp. He announced that his majesty had ordered an immediate advance to Doolaub, and the ferashes began forthwith to belabour with their long sticks every Surbâz they came across, whether employed in striking their tents or hesitating to obey. This indiscriminate scourging had its effect; some warriors packed their baggage on donkeys, others rushed into the city, where they seized all the yaboos, jackasses, shoes, and fruit, they could find; finally, they shouldered their tents,* and marched off. Nine hours after the appearance of the ferashes in the camp, four regiments, with twelve guns, were actually *en route*. No means having been taken for the supply of these heroes with provisions at Doolaub, they very naturally helped themselves; the Shah was enraged beyond measure on hearing this, and desired his brother to bastinado all the colonels. Feridoon, knowing that they had no authority, and their men no food, sent many excuses and promises of better behaviour, and contented himself with tying up a certain number of subalterns and privates, 'fellows who *always* deserved flogging!'"

Occasionally the stick is administered from a quarter little expected by Europeans, who conceive that in a Mahometan harem the master of the house is monarch of all he surveys. A great man, who had married one of the daughters of the late Shah, one day deeply affronted his wife by wishing to introduce a guard of soldiers into the harem precincts in order to protect himself from the mob, with whom he happened to be extremely unpopular. On this the lady shut the doors, called her women, seized her lord and master, who was actually prime minister of Persia, laid him on his back, turned up the soles of his feet, and severely bastinadoed him. Of the Persian

* "A Persian tent is supported on a pole, carried on the shoulders of two men."

women generally, Colonel Stuart says that they are mightily fond of showing their painted faces to Europeans, and that of their morals the less that is said the better.

Now and then the royal injustice takes a ridiculous or a miserly shape :

"The old Shah understood his people thoroughly, and knew all that was going on in Persia, even to the prices of provisions in the bazaars. Avarice was his greatest political vice. When the 'Siph-i-Dowlet,' son of his favourite queen, the Taj-i-Dowlet, married, a short time before Futteh Ali's death, he was obliged to *hire his Majesty's mules and camels*, at an enormous price, to carry the presents which it was requisite should be presented at the royal footstool on the occasion! The Taj-i-Dowlet was the daughter of a seller of kabobs (roast meat) in Ispahan, of which city her son was made governor. She was brought up in the royal harem, and taught dancing and other courtly graces. It is said that to the last she retained a strong hold upon the Shah's affections, but used her influence with discretion. She is now comparatively poor and neglected; her son has lost his government, and is a mere hanger-on at the court. Futteh Ali had 105 children; the number of his wives (for every woman admitted to the royal couch is considered as a wife) exceeded a thousand!

"Not long after the death of Futteh Ali Shah, the poet-laureate was given some of his Majesty's verses to read, and asked what he thought of them. He honestly answered: 'May I be your sacrifice, they are *bosh*'—things of nought. 'He is an ass,' exclaimed the Shah, 'take him to the stable.' The order was instantly and literally obeyed. After a short time the Centre of the Universe, who missed the bard's society, relented, and to give him an opportunity of regaining his favour, sent for him, and read some more verses which he had composed meanwhile. After hearing them, the poet walked off without uttering a syllable. 'Where are you going?' exclaimed the Shah. 'Just back again to the stable,' was the intrepid answer of the laureate! Old Futteh Ali, who always appreciated humour, called him back, and ordered the courtiers to stuff his mouth with sugar-candy,—a high mark of favour!

"Another charming anecdote of these virtuous Kajars! Colonel Stannus, formerly resident at Bunshire, gave a very curious and beautiful snuff-box to the late Viceroy of Fars, commonly called the Firman Firma, whose army ran away from Sir H. Bethune last year at Kusr-i-chum. His Highness used to press his friends to come and see this snuff-box, and then charge them a tomaun a head for the view! On another occasion he gave out that one of his sons was sick, and that the Hakeem had declared that he must be constantly kept in a state of pleasing excitement: all, therefore, who valued his favour, must call daily, and make the child a handsome offering in money!"

The mention of the humble origin of one of the Shah's

wives reminds us of one of the most remarkable peculiarities in countries like Persia and Turkey, namely, the utter absence of all hereditary or family rank. This is one of those instances in which the extremes of democracy and absolutism are at times found mingled in Mahometan countries. What a singular state of public opinion is that which makes the reproach of being a *parvenu* a thing impossible! When Colonel Stuart was in Persia the guards were commanded by an ex-shoemaker:

"We were received by Fethi-Achmet Pasha, who commands the guards ('unworthily,' as he modestly, but I have no doubt truly said). He conducted us to a pavilion outside the palace, where coffee, sweetmeats, and chibouques were brought to us. The Sultan has lately forbidden his pashas to offer pipes to ordinary visitors. A handsome chibouque with its amber mouth-piece is a very expensive article, and a large establishment of them requires the attendance of a proportionate number of servants. Fethi-Achmet Pasha was a shoemaker, and when inspecting the barracks of the Imperial Guard, frequently instructs an unskilful recruit whom he sees bungling in the exercise of his old profession. Indeed he is even said to have given a specimen of his skill in cobbling at St. Petersburg on some grand occasion, to the great edification of the tight-laced Muscovites. He conversed with Mr. Ellis by means of old Pisani, with good sense and politeness, and seems to have some share of general information. He at length conducted us towards the abode of royalty.

"The troops under arms wore clean white belts, and were altogether the best-looking soldiers I have seen in Turkey. The worst defect under which this army labours is that of officers. There is no aristocratic class in the Ottoman empire, the members of which might by hereditary right command the respect of the soldiery; and in a new army officers cannot at once be chosen by seniority, nor yet by merit, of which they have had no opportunity of giving proof. If the Sultan would organise a model regiment, composed of active, respectable, and intelligent young men, have them thoroughly drilled and educated by Europeans of character, and then distribute them as officers in a small army, he might lay a solid foundation for a disciplined military force. A system in some degree similar has been adopted with success by Mehemet Ali. All officers of the army are now nominally chosen by the Seraskier, and of the navy, by the Captain Pasha; but the old plan of raising men at once from nothing to high situations in those professions still continues; I have observed negro officers even in the Imperial Guard. A captain receives rations and the monthly stipend of 150 piastres (about 1*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*), a private twenty piastres, with his clothes and rations; the latter is usually obliged to pay for boots, with which he is badly supplied by government."

Persian politeness is as proverbial as Turkish gravity.

Colonel Stuart was struck with the universality of this graceful and most agreeable of minor virtues. Going to pay a visit of ceremony to his Royal Highness Feridom Meerza, they met with a striking instance of delicate attention. They found their host, not sitting as usual on the ground, in the posture so intolerable to a Frank, but seated on one of their own chairs, which he had civilly sent for, to put them at their ease. At times the national taste for politeness verges on the ridiculous. At one place half the male population turned out to stare at the new-comers; but whether on foot or on horseback, they accompanied the staring with the most profound obeisances. When they bow the head they slide the right hand down the thigh. Occasionally the Englishmen found the rules of Persian civility not a little of a bore:

"I am glad that my writing relieves me from the bore of accompanying Mr. Ellis in his visits of ceremony, not having yet acquired a taste for the three cups of milkless tea, which it is always *de rigueur* to accept and drink. The longer the period allowed to elapse between the introduction of each round of refreshments, the greater the honour conferred upon the guest. Kaleeoons, which I really enjoy, help to fill up the intervals. It is a fine sight every day after dinner to see eight or nine servants in flowing garments enter the dining-room and present their masters with kaleeoons; and most soothing is the sound of the bubbling water, through which in solemn silence the smoke is inhaled. I like to see an experienced Persian emit from his mouth and nostrils volumes of *cloud*, which curl gracefully around his black beard and moustachios. It is not the fashion for any one to take more than four or five whiffs at a time; in fact, smoking a kaleeoon draws largely upon the lungs."

The profligacy of these polished men, particularly of the upper classes, Colonel Stuart was told by European residents is beyond every thing abominable.

On the whole, the general impression produced by every thing in Persia is similar to that which strikes the traveller in Turkey. All is going to pieces. Power, riches, and religious belief; all present the plainest symptoms of a condition in which national and religious existence continues rather by a *vis inertie* than by any living, active, and productive strength in the people and their convictions. Even in the very presence of the Shah there is a touch of that "shabby-genteel" which characterises the Mussulman's attempt at European customs, and his importations of European luxuries. The following is Colonel Stuart's account of the official reception of the embassy by the Persian sovereign:

"From the Salar's room and the dark passage I have mentioned, we entered a large court ornamented with stiff rows of chenars and

oblong tanks. A shabby pavilion of brick is built across this garden. It is here that the Shah gives audience to his subjects. The centre part, open, and lined with mirrors, contains a throne of white marble, supported by fantastic pillars; on each side are twisted columns of greenish marble, brought by Kerreem-Khan-Zend from Shiraz. The exterior is faced with slabs of transparent Maragha marble for a few feet on each side of the alcove—a piece of magnificence which contrasts strangely with the coarse brick-work, in which the holes for scaffolding have not been filled. This court was lined with the regiment of Russian deserters dressed like European troops, and with the ‘Ghoolams,’—a species of irregular *gardes du corps*,—who stood leaning upon their long guns. A third dark, dirty passage, full of turns, brought us into another court, or garden, which is separated into two divisions. In the middle of the first there is a ‘Koollah Feringee,’ smaller than our quarters at Kasveen. The second contains the usual ornament of a tank, is paved with bricks, and has a pavilion at each end. Meerza Massoud led us round to the greatest possible distance from the south pavilion, called the Gulistân, which is open in front, and so fitted with mirrors and lustres, that my eyes were at first too much dazzled to perceive the Shah, who was squatted on his throne in the upper story.

“We saluted immediately, advanced a few paces, took off our shoes, saluted again, and then, at the command of his Majesty, crossed the red bricks in our red cloth stockings (which it is the etiquette of every one to wear in the presence of the royal family), and ascended to his presence by a very steep, narrow, and ill-lighted staircase. We took our place in the corner of the room furthest from the Shah: a chair was placed for Mr. Ellis a little in front of us. The ‘peacock throne,’ on which the Shah was seated, was brought by Nadir from Delhi. It is shaped something like a bed, and covered with jewels. I was not near enough to see any thing distinctly of the royal dress and person; but he seemed to me to be stout, and clumsily made. Three little princes,—two of them holding jewelled swords, and the other a jewelled gun,—stood at his left hand; and six uncles were ranged on each side of the apartment.

“The rest of the Persians admitted placed themselves in a line with us. Mr. Ellis delivered his speech in a loud voice, and without hesitation. The Shah appeared to pay marked attention. He was perhaps rather surprised to hear sound sense, instead of the flummery which his ministers tried to put into the Elchee’s mouth. He returned a gracious answer in a hurried, squeaking voice. Mr. Ellis then sat down, but rose when his Majesty again addressed him. The Shah spoke very highly of Sir John Campbell, and of the services which he has rendered to him—as well he may. The suite were then presented, and after some further conversation, we were allowed to retire. I have altogether been much disappointed with the spectacle; nothing was brilliant except the jewels and the mirrors, with which the reception-room was lined; and these last

are, after all, a poor description of ornament; for none were larger than common-sized looking-glasses. There was, by all accounts, some real splendour about old Futteh Ali's court; but the present Shah has no taste for display."

On the whole, the monarch appeared to greater advantage when met accidentally on horseback:

"We met the Shah near the walls; he graciously beckoned to Ellis to approach him, and as we rode close behind, I had a good opportunity of observing his Majesty. He is short and fat; apparently about twenty-eight years of age; his face is pale, his nose aquiline, and his countenance agreeable, though scarcely to be called handsome. He is passionately fond of soldiering, of which he has seen something practical, both in the last Russian war and in Khorasan, and is never in such good humour as when with his troops. To-day he wore the usual riding-costume of a Persian gentleman. It consists of a black lambskin cap, pinched into a conical shape, which is worn alike by prince and peasant. The material is brought from the country about the Oxus, and varies much in quality and value. An open shawl surcoat, lined with fur, reaches about half-way down the thigh; the sleeves are cut off a little below the elbow. These surcoats seldom cost less than 25*l.*, often much more. Under this a light gown is worn, reaching nearly to the ankle, and open on the sides for about a foot from the bottom. These gowns, likewise an universal dress, have slits left open under the arms and inside the elbows. A shawl is tied round the waist, and supports a long dagger with a handle of ivory or bone, sometimes ornamented with jewels. In cities, the surcoat is usually laid aside, and in winter a cloak of cloth is substituted. On horseback a pair of roomy Hessian boots, of black or red leather, are drawn over the voluminous 'shalwars' or 'Cossack' trowsers. The Shah was mounted on a large cross-made chestnut horse, with a green plume between his ears, and some jewels on the halter."

As a sample of the habits of the masses of the people governed by this ruler, so far as amusements go, the following account of a play may serve:

"I went with Ellis in the afternoon, attended by a Moollah, to see the show, in a tazeer close to the embassy. One end of the *salle de spectacle* was open, at the other a recess, of the same size and form as the royal box in foreign theatres, was filled with spectators. We were placed among some Persians of rank in a side gallery; the more respectable women were opposite, and below them, in *loges grillées*, sat ladies of high degree. A crowd of men occupied the right, and of women the left side of the floor below. We found a young Moollah in the pulpit, relating the history of Hoosein with perfect *sang froid*; he was soon followed by a Seyud, who continued the subject with great vehemence: women began to wail, and the men in the pit to beat their breasts, whilst the Seyud,

ever and anon, urged them to remember the sufferings of the holy Imaum, and strike harder.

“Three orators then entered, bearing a standard, and accompanied by the *professional beaters*, with their breasts bared. They mounted the platform at the upper end of the tazeer, and chanted a narrative of the events attending the death of the saint; the beaters kept time with their blows and vociferous choruses, first of ‘Mahommed Rassoul,’ then of ‘Alee,’ and lastly of ‘Shah Hoosein.’ The orators occasionally paused to smoke their kaleeoons, an occupation freely indulged in by the mournful crowd. A pigeon with pink feet and wings was introduced, who, by the mouth of one of the performers, told the sister of Hoosein, that he had flown from Kerbelah to Mecca, sprinkled with the blood of the martyr, to bring her the direful news of his death: she answered this amiable and active pigeon through the same channel. The lamentations of the ladies now increased, and our friend, the Moollah, thought it decent to put his handkerchief to his eyes. The beaters were sixty in number, many of their breasts were discoloured and bleeding from self-inflicted blows; but I detected several shirkers, who tapped themselves with extreme discretion. When they had retired the great show commenced.

“Hoosein first appeared alone. A flourish of Surbâz drums and trumpets ushered in his enemies dressed in chain armour. After abusing and threatening the Imaum, they retired, and he then had an affecting interview with his sister. When she left him, he laid himself down to sleep on one of the platforms, whilst little cherubs with black crape veils sang and capered around him. On awaking, he repeatedly embraced his sister, wife, niece, sister-in-law, and children; and snatching up two little nephews, whose father had just been killed, he knelt with them in his arms and implored for them the protection of the Father of the orphan. This part of the performance was most touchingly acted; deep sobs were audible on every side; I could have scarcely restrained my own tears, had I not turned and seen the wry faces made by old Meerza Aly Nuckee, the ‘Maimoon,’ who sat blubbering behind me. Our Gholâms and servants, men with long black beards, wept like children.

“Hoosein’s sister hung a winding-sheet (a very ragged napkin) round his neck; his relations fell at his feet exhausted by their grief, and he threw a black covering over the afflicted circle. After a pause they rose and withdrew; his enemies reappeared,—he refused to receive any favour at their hands, and forced them to retire, following them with his drawn sword. He soon returned staggering, faint, and bristling like a porcupine with the arrows by which he had been struck, and threw himself on the body of his sick son. His sister and relations came and wept over him, after which he rose and prayed. The murderer then entered, and drawing a long knife, whetted it on his thigh, walked round and round the Imaum, whom he held by the head, and occasionally amused

himself by making false thrusts at his throat. Hoosein's youngest child, whose part was particularly well acted, threw himself with a Korân into his father's arms, and interposed to save him. After a great deal of pantomime, the boy was killed : I could not obtain a satisfactory explanation of what followed, but it appeared that the murderer was touched with remorse, and at the termination of this day's proceedings, his dagger was in the Imaum's hand. To-morrow the death-scene will be acted.

"According to the Sheeah tradition, a Feringee ambassador expostulated with the murderers of Hoosein, and fell a victim to their rage ; but not until he had embraced the faith of Islam. Dresses are borrowed from Europeans to rig out this 'Elchee' of the seventh century : cocked hats are in particular request, and at one 'tazeer' his Excellency is this year to appear in the uniform of his Majesty's 4th Light Dragoons. These representations must be costly, for the theatres are decorated with cloth, glasses, and pictures ; and the dresses are valuable. The female parts are of course acted by boys, which is a sad drawback ; and the performers hold in their hands long rolls of paper, from which they frequently read their parts. Every year some Persians are severely injured from the laceration which they inflict on themselves—death even in some cases ensues ; while bloody fights constantly take place during the Mohurrem between the youths of different districts, to assert the superiority of their respective tazeers."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority ; or, Reasons for Recalling my Subscription to the Royal Supremacy. By the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce, M.A. Longmans. Mr. Wilberforce is a fresh illustration of the truth of Bossuet's anticipation, that the learning which has always been cultivated in the Anglican Church, would give many children to the Church Catholic. Men who are in the habit of withdrawing their eyes from the trickeries of Acts of Parliament and the conventionalisms of Protestant theology, and fixing them on the realities of past history, cannot fail at last of recognising the great fact, of the existence of the Christian Church as an organised body, one Catholic, and Apostolic, untouched by State interference or national peculiarities, from the earliest ages. Apart from all controversy and all interpretation, there stand the bold outlines of a living system, which conscience whispers *must* be filled up in harmony with its existing features by every consistent Christian man. Till this is done, discussions as to the present exaggerations or additions of Rome are premature. Born and brought up in the English Establishment, Mr. Wilberforce has honestly applied himself to test the pretensions of that community by applying its theory and practice to that of the early

Church, as an organised active body. We need hardly say what is the result. Anglicanism breaks down at the very outset. Whatever else may be true, the English Establishment is the creature of the secular power, and its rulers *are not* those which the primitive Church recognised as its own.

In the learned, calm, and lucidly-written volume now given to the public, Mr. Wilberforce examines the subject purely from the historical point of view, taking the New Testament as an historical document, and the earliest of the records of Church history, and pursuing his inquiry through the earliest subsequent centuries of our era. His belief is that, from the earliest moment, St. Peter was divinely appointed to the primacy; and that as the Church grew, so that primacy ripened, by its very nature, and in accordance with the will of Jesus Christ, into the Papal Supremacy. The conclusion, of course, is, that without union with Rome there is no true Church.

We have not space or opportunity for a more complete analysis of Mr. Wilberforce's book; but it may be justly recommended as a most interesting picture of the results of an original investigation of the undeniable facts of ecclesiastical history, conducted with unwavering fidelity of purpose, and stated without a shade of exaggeration or excitement of feeling.

Siluria; the History of the oldest known Rocks containing Organic Remains, &c., by Sir R. I. Murchison (London, Murray). The names of Lyell and Murchison stand at the head of two parties of English geologists. Lyell's is the "uniformitarian" school, which takes known changes, still going on under our eyes, as the keys for the interpretation of the ancient phenomena of the world;—all the great geological deposits were formed as gradually as the mud that is now collecting at the mouths of great rivers, all the great upheavals of mountains and plateaus were effected as gradually and noiselessly as the present upheaval of Sweden or the elevation of volcanic cones and islands in historical times. This school disbelieves in any age of catastrophes and revolutions; sudden changes have at times occurred, but, on the whole, the present state of the world results from the prolonged action of gradual changes.

Again, there is no evidence of a beginning; as strata sink deep into the earth's crust, by subsidence and the successive deposition of newer strata they become subject to plutonic agencies, by which they are metamorphosed, and all traces of organic remains are melted out of them; the granites at the base of all known strata are only formed by the action of heat from strata still older; this heat only arises from mechanical and chemical agencies, not from the original condition of the mass of the earth, which cannot be proved to have been in a state of fusion at any one time, since its spheroidal form may result as easily from the ordinary transporting action of the ocean currents, continued through an indefinite succession of ages, as from an original state of fusion. This school, therefore, disbelieves in the astronomical theory of the aggregation of worlds from cosmical vapour; no beginning can be assigned to the earth, or to animal and vegetable races which have successively peopled it. "Geology has demonstrated the successive existence on the earth of distinct habitable surfaces, each peopled with its peculiar races. . . . Living nature is only the last of a great series of pre-existing creations, of which we cannot estimate the number or limits in times past." "We can prove that man had a beginning, and that all the species now contemporary with him, and many others which preceded, had also a beginning; and that, consequently, the *present state of the*

organic world has not gone on from all eternity, as some philosophers had maintained."

This is the doctrine of Lyell; Murchison represents the opposite school. He adopts the "favourite hypothesis, founded on astronomical and physical analogies, that our planet assumed the form of a flattened spheroid from rotation on its axis when in a fluid state;" hence "the theory of a central heat, at first sufficiently intense to maintain the whole terrestrial mass in a state of fusion, but subsequently so far dissipated by radiation into space as to allow the superficial portion to become solid," has been adopted by most geologists; this central heat, and not local chemical agencies, is the cause of the upheaval of mountain-chains and plateaus. In a word, it is this theory that we adopted as explanatory of the words of Moses, in some papers we formerly published, entitled "Religion and Modern Philosophy."

In the present volume Sir R. Murchison presents us with a positive proof of one of the propositions which he holds in contradiction to the school of Lyell. Lyell declares that no evidences of a beginning can be traced; that if no fossils are found in some low beds, it is because either these were formed in deep seas, where there was no life, or because the traces of fossils have been destroyed by heat. Murchison proves that almost all over the world the lowest fossiliferous strata lie on other strata of enormous thickness, which are almost entirely azoic, and which, in many places, are quite unaltered; lying upon these, and therefore evolved after them, other strata succeed, in which some few relics of a primeval ocean are discernible, and these again are every where succeeded by newer deposits in which many fossils occur. But the azoic bottom rocks constitute, *in all countries that have been examined*, the natural base of the lowest fossiliferous strata. After this azoic base, the series of organic beings begins from the lowest types, only gradually running into higher forms; so that it would be contrary to all analogy to expect, with Lyell, to find hereafter some stores of fossils beneath all these beds, of more perfect development than those of the most ancient known fossiliferous strata.

Murchison also attacks the notion of the uniformity of natural agencies during all ages. "The magnitude of the grand dislocations of former periods is enormous when compared to any thing that passes under our eyes, or is recorded in history." "It is impossible that any amount of these small agencies, though continued for millions of years, could have produced such results."

Murchison, therefore, and his school, produce evidences of a beginning, before which it is impossible to prove that organic life existed in the world. Lyell says that the documents which would prove it have been burnt. Murchison answers by pointing out immense storehouses of documents which have not suffered from fire, but which contain none of the evidence which Lyell expected to find. We think that Murchison proves his point; but we await Lyell's answer. We are far from attributing to either of these distinguished men the opinion that matter is co-eternal with God; both believe in God as the Creator, but one places the creation of animals in an age so distant that no evidence can possibly reach it, while the other contends that he has evidence to prove the era of the commencement of this creation. In both we should be glad of a more formal renunciation of the prevalent modern heresy, which regards God simply as the Demiurge or Former of matter already existing independently of Him; though we have no right to demand such a declaration in works which only profess to treat of the formation, not of the first creation, of things.

The Stranger's Guide to the Church. By George Gretton. (Burns and Lambert.) It is not often that a floridly-written and slightly ecstatic brochure like Mr. Gretton's little work awakes any feeling in us but that of weariness. *The Stranger's Guide* is, however, an exception. Its idea is excellent. Mr. Gretton supposes a Catholic to enter a church in the evening, just before Benediction, and describes the thoughts that naturally spring up in his mind, and the association suggested by every object to which he turns his eyes. Then he carries the subject on to Low Mass, High Mass, Vespers, and so forth, and to the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year; describing all that is done in the material Church as by the spiritual Church, who makes the sacred building a home for her devotions. The style, as we have intimated, wants a little more sobriety; but the substance is so good, and so thoroughly strengthened with passages from Holy Scripture, and there is such a hearty earnestness about the whole, that the reader is disposed to sympathise rather than to be critical. In a second edition, however, we must beg Mr. Gretton to omit his phrase about "the great electric shock" at pp. 14 and 15; together with such words as "the Invocation of the Saviour," and the *chef-d'œuvre* of God's power. This kind of phraseology smacks of a certain notorious person, whom we are sure Mr. Gretton would be the last to wish to imitate.

Is Physical Science the Handmaid or the Enemy of the Christian Revelation? By the Rev. James A. Stothert. (Marsh and Beattie.) There is a story told of Laplace, the celebrated French astronomer, that he used to declare that transubstantiation was the crowning absurdity of absurdities, because it violated the laws of form and space. So far as Laplace's idea is felt, as a practical difficulty, by religiously-disposed men, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Stothert has disposed of it in a way which will be as satisfactory as it is probably new to most persons who are not Catholics. His little work is directed to show, that science itself furnishes the best proofs of the ignorance of man, when he chooses to follow blindly the dictates of any one of his senses; and that the first lesson taught by the achievements of the present day is the profoundest humility in the study of the works of God, both natural and supernatural. He quotes passages from some of the most celebrated scientific writers as to the fallaciousness of the theory that the eye, or the ear, or the touch, are alone to dictate to the understanding, which really seems an echo of the Church's hymn:

"Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur;
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur."

He then illustrates his views by a detailed reference to the most marvellous results of scientific discovery in relation to the properties of matter, to electricity, the laws of storms, and so forth.

With Mr. Stothert's general principle, that science and religion *cannot* be opposed to one another, because the God of nature is the God of grace, we most heartily concur; and we think with him that the Church has nothing whatever to fear from the spread of scientific studies. On the contrary, they are to be encouraged rather than feared. All we ask is, that when men have attained to the utmost knowledge of nature which man has ever attained, they will recollect that they are yet contemplating but fragments of that created universe which is the work of God's hands. We have not space to say more; but we cordially commend Mr. Stothert's essay to every thoughtful person, as a masterly performance, with the rare fault of being only too short.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Scenery, Science, and Art ; being Extracts from the Note-Book of a Geologist and Mining Engineer. By Professor D. T. Ansted. (London, J. Van Voorst.) Mr. Ansted made excursions into France, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Sardinia, Algiers, and the United States, chiefly for the purpose of appreciating the mineral riches of those countries ; but he adds descriptions of scenery and manners, rather curt and unsatisfactory, and devotes a chapter to judicious observations on the scientific and artistic riches of Madrid. The book is interesting, and usually free from that obtrusive John Bullism which abuses every thing that is not practised by "the great Anglo-Saxon race." But the worthy professor cannot manage to keep a civil tongue in his head quite throughout. "The chief of the old mosques of Algiers," he tells us, "is now a temple devoted to another kind of idolatry. It is the Roman Catholic cathedral." We will hope that, since the British nation has fraternised with the Turk, and discovered him to be the finest of existing men, it will begin to modify its judgment on institutions that it considers to be kindred to the Turkish "idolatry,"—if our learned professor must show his learning by characterising a religion by perhaps the only one bad name that does not belong to it.

Retail Mammon, or the Pawnbroker's Daughter, by H. Hayman, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and author of "Dialogues of the Early Church." (London, Skeffington.) This is a novel of the philosophical kind ; at least we suppose so, as the reverend author commences with a discussion of principles,—“the immense influence wielded by light literature in the present age of readers” (the age of the readers immensely influenced by *his* literature must be either childhood or dotage,) “cannot fail to strike a mind that reflects for a moment upon current modes of thought. What matters it that the weapon is *light*, if it pierces the world of opinion to the core?” (not at all, *if* it does pierce it :) “an endeavour, however humble, to influence its keen active stroke aright, cannot be thought unworthy of those who bear in every age the heaviest responsibility—the appointed ministers of the Church of God.” Our author's mode of piercing the world of opinion to the core, is by recounting the history of Lucy Bezant, who enters on the scene as “a blue-eyed darling of some five summers old, sitting, or rather squatting on the hearth-rug before a winter-fire, enjoying the society of her doll ;” and who is conducted through various scenes of similar interest, till her education is supposed to be completed, and she is fit to be presented as a model woman. When she is brought to this state, Mr. Hayman presents us with the following details of her appearance: “Her figure has a shapely tendency to *embonpoint* ; it seems a sapling swelling to a tree. Her whole face and mien seem purified by praise from sorrow, which yet has left its chastening effects behind.” Wherever the effects of Mr. Hayman's chastenings may remain on the person of this poor girl, we submit that it is not good taste to parade them before the public. We feel tempted to write his name Haynau instead of Hayman. In his defence, however, we must own that his heroine fully deserves to be whipped for her slowness, and that it is with alacrity that we accept his concluding invitation, “let us leave her to pour as she may the balm of faith upon the wounds of life,” though it is rather cruel on his part to leave her so. He winds up by asking us to do something else, which we must decline for the present, as we don't quite understand how the feat is to be accomplished, “and let

us hang up our wallet here on the finger-post of time." The book is a creditable specimen of a literature eminently parsonic and soft, quite worthy of a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

The Crimea ; the Soldier's Wife. By John St. Clement. (H.G. Clarke and Co.) This is a little penny broadsheet of verses, which deserves notice from the circumstance that its author is a hard-working man, and not a "poet" by profession, or a half-idle *littérateur*. Mr. St. Clement's verses have the attractiveness of honest, unpretending feeling, and are not without their share of that poetic character which truthfulness always confers on the simplest strains. We heartily wish that the broadsheets rife among the working-classes were as healthy and religious in tone as this is. The writer is not a Catholic; but we must remind him that "Plead for me, Jesu," is not a correct expression.

Annotated Edition of the English Poets. By Robert Bell.—*Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt and John Oldham.* Both of these volumes have an historic as well as poetic interest,—Wyatt as one of the best of the artificial love-makers of the days of Henry VIII., and Oldham as a popular Protestant satirist of the time of the Titus Oates frenzy. In poetical merit Wyatt ranks next to Surrey, and Oldham to Dryden; the latter *longo intervallo*, but still as a powerful writer. Oldham seems really to have believed in the vulgar delusions of the day, and Wyatt shows of what stuff our "reforming" gentry were made.

THE PRINTING-PRESSES OF THE ABBÉ MIGNE.

Some Account of a recent Visit to the Printing-presses of M. L'Abbé Migne at Paris, extracted from a private Journal.

"I went this morning to the Petit Mont Rouge, beyond the Barrière d'Enfer, to visit the Abbé Migne and his Printing-presses. He was good enough to recollect me, though my two previous visits had been some three years before. I found him in a happy moment of leisure, half an hour after his *déjeûné*, and before his people returned from their dinner at twelve o'clock. He has just terminated his *Cours complet*, and is now embarking, with all the inspiration of success, in the *Tradition Catholique*; his 'past,' as he said, 'assures him of his future,' and he quoted, looking round on his shelves, St. Augustine's sentence on Prophecy, *Impleta cerne, implenda collige*. I noted down a few items of his labours.

"It is just twenty years since he commenced, single-handed, a simple priest, amidst discouragements, with opprobrium, and even slander. He has now collected together the letters of thanks and testimonies he has received from every part of the world; they fill twelve quarto volumes, and amount to more than 50,000, thus forming a curious collection of autographs. I remarked amongst them letters from Archbishops Affre and Sibour, Cardinal Bonald, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop Cullen, and Bishops of furthest Asia. The Holy Father has himself imparted to him and his labours the grace of his special benediction. His various *employés* amount to 335. He has sent forth from his presses *works* extending to 2000 volumes, each averaging ten volumes of ordinary publication. The actual number of volumes printed I could not get at, nor the quantity of paper consumed, but he promises me some proximate calculation of the

number of copies distributed ; and we obtained an idea by measurement in paces of those remaining in the warehouses, which I will add when verified more exactly. The account-books in daily use weigh 688 lbs., French lbs., which give nearly 53 lbs. more English. His means for all he has done are not the least marvellous part of the Abbé's history. Beyond *la bonne volonté*, with 'the devotion of all he could command, his own fortune,' and 'trust in Providence,' he has made himself a sort of banker, and receives loans, for which he pays 5*l.* per cent in money, or 7*l.* per cent in books. These loans, almost entirely from the clergy, have been hitherto in very small sums ; but he has just resolved to decline all amounts under 500 francs, the expenses of correspondence, &c. being so onerous. Think of the poor priests of France, whose professional income is 1200 francs, 48*l.* per annum, lending out their slender provision for old age and sickness to help on this great work ; and think what has been thus effected ! When I ventured a hint as to *risk*, 'Jamais,' he replied, '*jamais aucun de mes billets n'a éprouvé le deshonneur d'un protêt, même dans les jours les plus mauvais.*' Another means of obtaining funds is a sort of manufactory of paintings, in oil, of stations for the Via Crucis, and the supply of frames for them ; and to these he has now added copies of Marshal Soult's famous Murillo, the Conception. The latter he sells at 700 francs ; the Fourteen Stations at 1500 francs. He has never been ashamed of any efforts, condescending with real heroism even to a tradesman's artifices, not disdaining whatever might advance the good work,—for example, offering reduction of price for a greater number of copies taken ; abatement for payment in advance on a subscription for a forthcoming series ; 290 francs' worth of volumes added for every 1800 francs paid ; so many volumes having the privilege of being sent carriage free, with correspondence also free of postage ; the right of sending other books from different booksellers in the same paid parcels ; premiums to those who procure 600 subscribers ; and so forth. Petty details these ; but then, what works are thus sent forth, without patronage, without indeed any assistance beyond perhaps the promise in advance of a considerable episcopal subscription for the very books themselves, the largest of which subscriptions is that of Monseigneur Dupanloup, namely, thirty copies of all the works for the several deaneries of his diocese. These episcopal subscriptions, be it said, are most commendable : they are donations from the bishops to the libraries of their diocesan seminaries ; and it must not be forgotten that the aggregate income of all the sixteen Archbishops and seventy-one Bishops of France, falls something short of the revenue of the present Protestant Bishop of London, and exceeds only by a trifle that of the Bishop of Durham, as returned by those gentlemen themselves, and the actual receipts are probably much in excess of what appears in figures. But to continue : the works thus sent forth are, to instance a few, the Fathers in Greek and Latin, 300 volumes quarto, price 1800 francs ; a collection of all the Papal Bulls, *depuis St. Pierre jusqu'à Pie IX*, and all the rescripts and all the sentences of the various congregations, 150 volumes in Latin, 900 francs, quarto ; and the Book of Councils, *depuis celui de Jerusalem jusqu'à celui de Baltimore* ! eighty quartos in Latin, 500 francs ; then the apologies of the Demonstrations, including in English the works of Bishop Butler (also translated into French) and those of Dr. Chalmers ; and then the schoolmen and the great writers of the ninth century ; and the collection of ascetic writers, and a choice Hebrew Bible, and three Hebrew or Chaldaic Lexicons ; and fifty quartos of Canonists, Devoti, Fagnani, Reiffenstuel, Canisius, Corradus, Bolgeni, Orsi, the works reproduced entire of writers whose names only

M. Migne has ventured to disinter from the charnel-house of that astute learning, and now decorates them in his title-page as *Les Princes de cette Science vitale* ! Then, of more certain utility, are thirty quartos of Catechisms and Confessions; fifty large volumes of Liturgies, and the Mozarabic in a supplement; then the six folios of Catholic Iconography; with 3000 plates of costumes, portraits, medals, seals, charters, sacred vessels, paintings, statues, vestments, examples of architecture, each with a short but sufficient notice. A hundred volumes of biography, and forty of philosophy, both in large quarto, are bagatelles in the list. And to conclude, the price of the 2000 volumes, forming nearly 200,000 quarto pages is, to a priest, paying the whole at once and in advance, 7000 francs. The same bought separately, volume by volume, being 15,000 francs, with various intermediate advantages for taking entire publications.

“The *stock* of these works is prodigious: seventeen different companies divide the risk of its insurance from fire. The warehouses form a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets, walled up with blocks of books; and, enormous as is the extent, the arrangement is so perfect that one clerk and two porters have the charge of the whole, and can, even in the dark—for lights are not allowed—find any that are required. I thought, as I walked through the piled-up masses of sheets and volumes, and heard the names—here St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, or St. Jerome, then Erigena, or Duns Scotus, or the Master of the Sentences, or Tertullian and Origen, or Eginhard and St. Gregory; and as I measured by cubic feet the copies of the *Summa* of St. Thomas,—I thought that such things, here, in Paris, are almost as a *resurrection* of those mighty spirits, hardly less wonderful than if they had appeared again bodily before us; and what may be their mission, thus evoked and thus sent forth once more, as it were, upon the earth: Is it to leaven the nations, or to witness against them?

“The establishment contains within itself almost every thing required: a type-foundry, as well as steam-presses; bookbinding and hot-pressing; and the preparing glazed and satined paper; every thing, in short, except making the paper; which, by the way, is now of a greatly improved quality from that of the earlier imprints. Two thousand volumes could be at any time produced in twenty-four hours by the actual day’s work. The different rooms are large and lofty; every thing scrupulously clean and perfect in order and method. The walls are lined with the stereotype plates,—whole volumes of leaden books of some tons weight. The modest apartment of M. Migne is entered through a library containing a single copy of each work he has produced, handsomely bound; this forms his luxury. The excellent Abbé is a bright brisk-looking man of about fifty. We have fallen on very matter-of-fact days; still, I could have wished that he had had something of an ecclesiastical dress, instead of his brown working-coat; and the sound of a bell, and a pause for the Angelus at noon, would have been pleasant, and a prayer at assembling: he himself hears and says Mass daily at the adjoining small church; many of his workmen also attend it. Every day, and all day long, except from eleven to twelve o’clock, when he and his people take their meal, M. Migne is seated in the centre of a sort of raised glass room commanding the whole of the workshops, with about forty secretaries and editors at desks around him. At twelve o’clock precisely he unlocked the door of this room: we had been sitting there alone the last few minutes previously, having entered it from the Abbé’s private apartment, and then his fellow-labourers, who were waiting on the stairs below, entered; five minutes of settling down

and arrangement, and each was engaged in correcting proofs, collating, and the like, and all in perfect silence. The Abbé himself with scissors and paste began, *pour s'amuser*, concocting paragraphs for *La Voix de la Vérité*, a newspaper of two editions, one daily, and the other three times a-week, which he has newly added to his other labours, for ecclesiastical distribution. He also engaged himself on a clerical commonplace book, alphabetically arranged in 640 divisions, each of double columns, with subdivisions for morals, dogma, discipline, &c. I whispered my adieu, and trod gently out, feeling as if I had witnessed some grand institution of the "Ages of Faith" advanced into the nineteenth century, and thinking that the patient old monks, while toiling over their manuscripts in the scriptoriums of those great Benedictine monasteries which so long adorned and blessed France, would have joyfully recognised their meritorious successor in this laborious and virtuous ecclesiastic. They preserved theological learning to our day—he has secured it, and has achieved, single-handed, an enterprise at which all Pater-noster Row would stand aghast."

Correspondence.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

[Though it is not usual with journalists to print in their own columns remarks tending in any way to impugn the correctness of statements (excepting pure matters of fact) which have appeared under their auspices, we have no hesitation in breaking the ordinary rule in the case of the following letter. The subject of the metaphysico-physical opinions of the schoolmen is one of such great importance, that we are unwilling to avail ourselves of our privilege of being in possession of the field of discussion, so far as to exclude from it remarks or statements which we may not ourselves think correct. In allowing a writer to publish in our pages any thing so unusual as a free criticism on the philosophical theories of the great St. Thomas, we are so fully conscious of the responsibility we incur, that we are anxious to lighten its weight, by allowing entrance to any counter-remarks which do not transgress the limits of controversial courtesy, and which really bear on the questions at issue.

At the same time we are bound to state, in justice to ourselves, that though a *published* free criticism on the mediæval philosophies is a novelty among Catholics, in *this* country at least, we believe it to be one of the highest practical importance in our present position with respect to the world around us. We think that no greater injury can be done to the cause of those who would promote the study of St. Thomas and the schoolmen, as theologians, than any attempt to identify their philosophical speculations with the truth of Catholicism, or to claim for their *modes* of reasoning on religious topics any thing more than an historical, as distinguished from a logical and necessary connection. We are sure that the most devoted admiration of St. Thomas as a theologian, is fully compatible with a belief that his metaphysico-physical opinions are sometimes not correct, and that they are inconsistent with one another. The Editor of the *Rambler* is not, indeed, hereby expressing any opinion of his own as to the correctness or incorrectness of these theories; confining himself to the statement of his conviction that, in the present state of the world, it is of great practical importance that the difference between the authority of the scho-

lastic philosophy and that of the scholastic theology should be fully appreciated and distinctly brought out.]

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the last number of the *Rambler*, I find that a writer on the history of magic attributes to St. Thomas certain propositions calculated deeply to prejudice an unlearned reader against the doctrine and philosophy of the angelic doctor. I have no intention to criticise the article; but upon this point I think that some remarks ought to be made, lest it should be supposed by any of your readers, whether Catholic or Protestant, to be an admitted fact, that such statements are actually made by St. Thomas, or that such conclusions can be legitimately drawn from his words.

The first conclusion from St. Thomas stands thus in the Review (p. 329): “the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it.” By this, I suppose, is meant, if it were possible for a man to discover the essence of a stone or a tree, he would be able, by the power which this knowledge would confer, to produce at once a stone or a tree where no such substance existed before; or to change at will, as the old magicians pretended to do, the external form and properties of such a substance. But how is this strange proposition deduced from the words of St. Thomas? The holy doctor, in the article referred to, is proving that since God virtually contains all things in Himself, He must know all things by His own essence; but that no created intelligence can possess such a knowledge. In proving this, he first shows that the knowledge of material things cannot exist in the mind, as some philosophers have asserted, in a material, but only in an immaterial way; and then concludes with the following argument: “If there be any intellect which, by its own essence, understands all things, that essence must contain all things in itself in an immaterial way. Now God, and no other being but He, does thus contain all things in His essence, as effects virtually pre-exist in their cause. Therefore God alone understands all things by His essence, and not the human soul, or even the angel.” In all this where does the reviewer find even an allusion to the doctrine, much less “the admission, that the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it?” I can only conjecture that the supposed conclusion is grounded on the passages distinguished by italics, viz. “*the effect pre-exists in its cause*,” and “*nevertheless the intellect also knows the essence of the external object in propria natura*.” Both these passages are *misquotations*, the words of St. Thomas being, “*prout effectus virtute præexistunt in causa*,” and “*intellectus . . . nihilominus cognoscit esse* lapidem*” (not *essentiam lapidis*) “*in propria natura*.” But even supposing the quotations correct, whence comes the conclusion about the power of effecting whatever is essentially known? I cannot conjecture, even were we to suppose that the reviewer imagined St. Thomas to hold the absurd notion (which he quotes from the ancient philosophers, and refuted in this very same article, ad. 2), that the essence of the soul is actually composed of the principles of all material things.

But let this pass: the next charge is much more serious. The reviewer proceeds to draw from St. Thomas a conclusion which is worded thus (p. 329): “Man is to God as monkey to man, or as one, two, or three, to six.” Putting aside what I must call this very disrespectful parody of the words of the holy doctor, I suppose the writer to mean, that St. Thomas holds that God and man belong to the same genus, or,

* Some editors read “*etiam lapidem*,” which, however, makes no difference to the sense.

as he expresses it a few lines below, "are of the same nature," and differ only in degree of perfection; and hence, as he adds, that "the creature is capable of becoming God after a series (perhaps infinite, still possible) of approximations."

Now, really, it does seem simply laughable for one Catholic to assure another that the angel of the schools never did pen such blasphemy as this, or any thing equivalent to it. In spite of his words, I cannot suppose the reviewer to have really intended to charge St. Thomas with such a statement, especially as he must have known, if he has read the *Summa*, that the holy doctor has an express article to prove that between the nature of God and that of His creatures there can exist no relation either specific or generic, but merely a certain analogy (I. q. 4, art. 3); of course, as regards the last deduction about the "approximations," it is merely given as a logical conclusion from St. Thomas's premises;—a conclusion, however, which the holy doctor is supposed not to have been able to see, inasmuch as he could not have intended it to be drawn. It is probable, however, that this great metaphysician would have demurred to *any* conclusion which admitted the *possibility* of a series actually infinite; inasmuch as a series implies multitude, which, as he expressly shows, is repugnant to infinity (I. 7-4).

However, to show the error of the reviewer, I had prepared a full analysis of the argument contained in the article from which he quotes. But it strikes me as so very absurd to send you an elaborate vindication of St. Thomas's orthodoxy, that I will content myself, unless further denial be attempted, with the following remark.

To any one who carefully reads the article in St. Thomas, it will be clear that the illustrations upon which the argument of the reviewer is grounded are *not* used by St. Thomas, as they are by the reviewer, to show *either difference or similarity* between the nature of God and the nature of man. Of this difference or similarity of nature St. Thomas is not speaking at all. He brings his comparisons merely to illustrate this one fact, that the essence of God contains (*modo eminentiori*) all the perfections that are contained in the creatures He has made. His meaning, in short, is this: as the notion "man" logically includes the notion "animal," or as the number "six" embraces the number "three," so the nature of God contains all that is contained in the natures below Him. Of course no one knew better than St. Thomas, that between the essential nature of God and that of man there is simply no comparison or relation whatever,—the distance between the two being metaphysically infinite. If, therefore, the reviewer wished to give the statement of St. Thomas in a popular form, he should not have said "man is to God as monkey to man," but "God contains in Himself, as the cause of all, whatever perfection is contained in man; as the nature of man (who is a rational animal) includes the nature of animal."

Certainly, as he remarks, "not even the authority of St. Thomas could insure a lasting (could it a momentary?) union with Christianity" for the doctrine that "created intellect is of the same nature as the divine." It is hard to condemn such doctrine too strongly; but it is really too bad to be called upon to prove that the pure fountain of Catholic theology is *not* poisoned with such impiety as this.

I hope the reviewer will not consider me impertinent if I conclude with this earnest advice, that if he have a vocation for criticism, he should try his hand on something more vulnerable than the metaphysics of St. Thomas.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

W.

THE RAMBLER.

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PART XII.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHANGES NOW TAKING PLACE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IF we were capable of rejoicing in the humiliation of a powerful adversary, without regard to the well-being of our fellow-creatures, the present condition of our old enemy, the Established Church of England, must fill us with exultation. If, as our adversaries pretend, our only aim were a controversial victory, and the utter abolition of the pretences of our rivals, we might at this moment sheathe our swords in content, and quietly watch their destruction at the hands of those who call themselves their friends. Who, indeed, for generations past, have been our worst and most powerful opponents and tormentors, but the members of the Anglican communion? Who are they who have instigated every fresh act of persecution against us? Who have most fiercely resisted the abrogation of the penal laws? Who have banded themselves together most eagerly to banish us from society, to forbid the perusal of our books, to fasten upon us old and long-refuted charges, to travel in foreign lands only to import new calumnies against our faith, and to place a ban upon those who forsake all for the sake of joining us? Who was it that lately kindled the flames of passion against our hierarchy, and at this moment is longing for the banishment of our religious orders and the reimposition of political and civil disabilities upon us all? Who is it that, in shameless oblivion of its own origin, of the sources whence it acquired its wealth, and of the very title by which it claims to inherit the functions of the Apostles, is most busy in flooding the land with tracts and books denouncing us as the worst enemies of freedom, civilisation, and pure religion? Who are they who, Sunday after Sunday, neglect no available opportunity of classing us with Turks, Jews, and Atheists; and after reading prayers taken from our Missal and Breviary, in surplices borrowed from our usage, and decorated with Uni-

versity hoods acquired by a residence in the Colleges founded by our ancestors, mount their pulpits, and taking texts from that Bible whose very existence they owe to our care, proceed to make the walls raised by our fathers re-echo to denunciations of us and our iniquities, from the silliest and wildest vagaries of Low-Church ignorance, up to the elaborate and plausible misrepresentations of learned Puseyism? Who are these but the ministers of that vast institution, whose existence has for three centuries been bound up by most intimate ties with the name and constitution of England?

During its whole career, moreover, it has been the unflinching assertion of this institution, not only that Popery is wrong, but that Church-of-Englandism is right. It has uniformly professed to be in possession of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity in all their purity and integrity; and has claimed the merit of preserving and dispensing them as the undoubtedly revealed Word of God, which no man can deny, or diminish, or add to, without a grievous offence against the Majesty of God and the authority of the sacred Scriptures. *What* were the doctrines which thus constituted the revealed Word of God, has undoubtedly been a matter of incessant debate between the various members of the Established Church. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, has been ever the correct description of their dogmatic teaching. Every man has, however, protested that the Church of England was on his side; that *his* views were the truth; and that what *he* held, the Church of England taught.

Nor has any thing less been claimed for the Establishment even by those—a small minority—who have held it to be her special glory that she admitted different theological schools within her pale; for they have maintained, that with this license in unimportant matters, she has combined a complete and practical maintenance of all essential truths. In fact, by the very distinction thus drawn between what is essential and what is non-essential, this “comprehensive” or “Broad-Church” party have repudiated the theory that nothing is really essential, and nothing certainly known as to what is the pure and eternal Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such, we say, has been the uniform profession of the entire Anglican communion as a body; allowing, of course, for individual exceptions of various kinds.

This assertion, moreover, has ever been the readiest weapon with which they have attacked the Catholic Church. Their one battle-cry has been, that we have corrupted or denied—not man’s opinions—but the everlasting and unchangeable Word of God; that Word which can no more be modified,

or endure decay or destruction, than Almighty God Himself in His own self-existent Essence. If the Church of England, with all its internal dissensions, does not uphold and teach some dogmatic substratum, some positive distinct Gospel,—then its very existence is a falsehood; its opinions evaporate into a mist of philosophical speculations, and the Book of Common Prayer must take its place side by side with Lucretius, Spinoza, Kant, and Dugald Stewart. If it has no clear and true Gospel to propagate among men, its separation from Rome was equivalent to a declaration that the Bible is to take rank with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that a wise man might as reasonably believe in the river Styx, and in Charon and his boat, as in the heaven and hell to which Christians have looked forward for the last eighteen centuries.

Who, then, would have a right to complain, if we exulted over the changes now taking place in the internal condition of our hereditary foe, and congratulated ourselves on the silent progress in her adherents of a systematic rejection of the very notion of dogmatic religion? Who, we say, would have a right to complain of us, if we thus acted in conformity with those principles which our adversaries impute to us, and sought—not man's salvation and the honour of Almighty God—but only a base, worldly, selfish triumph, a logical victory, a controversial crown?

What a change it is, indeed, that is now going on in the English world, uprooting from the entire national mind the first elements of belief in Christianity as a system of revealed and unchangeable doctrine! For many years past, this substitution of latitudinarianism for belief has been taking place among the various Dissenting bodies. Those who have watched the various Nonconformist publications of the last quarter of a century, and observed the acts of the Nonconformist sects, will bear us witness in stating, that a change of the most formidable and fundamental kind has come upon the prevalent opinions of British Dissent. Its old Puritan leaders, and its later guides, who fashioned its ideas in the days of Wesley and Whitfield, would hardly know their descendants as their children at all; they have lost their old belief in the inspiration of Scripture, and their intense conviction that truth, *as truth*, is infinitely precious; and that religious ideas and practices are to be measured, not merely by the rules of philosophy and expediency, but by their accordance with the distinctly-revealed doctrines of Jesus Christ. Of course, their interpretations of those doctrines were absurd enough, and their range of biblical criticism was bigoted, narrow, and shallow; but still they held, as to a sheet-anchor, that truth is

truth, and the Bible inspired. Now they have become "liberal," "tolerant," "philosophical," "critical," "enlightened," "benevolent;" in other words, they have lost those glimpses of eternity which once rejoiced their souls, and have acquiesced in the idea that it is better to criticise the Bible than to believe the Gospel.

And now, at length, the tide of scepticism is surging up into the high places of the Anglican Establishment. We do not say for a moment that it is a professed or a conscious scepticism, or that the present increase in popular morality and religious profession is not, in its way, perfectly genuine and sincere. Nay, we would admit still more; that in some respects the intentions of the present day are better than those of the past; that if people's ideas on Christian doctrine are worse than those of their fathers, their ideas on morals are, to a certain extent, more really enlightened and Christian. But with all this, the fact is frightfully manifest, that the Church of England is rapidly losing its grasp upon the relics of the Christian faith, which for three centuries it has, in some shape or other, preserved. Coincidentally with the advance of zeal and learning which we Catholics may fairly believe to be taking place among ourselves, our dominant opponent is parting with the last semblances of Catholicism which survived the shock of the "Reformation."

For, unquestionably and radically Protestant as the Anglican Church has ever been, it is certain, as a matter of fact, that her individual members have in many instances been brought up to revere certain elementary truths of Christianity, which, in their natural and logical development, become nothing less than absolute Catholicism. These truths, taken generally, are three; and they constitute those very essential doctrines which are the object of the deepest detestation on the part of Protestantism, pure and unmitigated; namely, a veneration for the creeds, a respect for a visible Church as a divinely-organised body, and a belief in the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. Carry out these three truths to their legitimate consequences, and we have the Catholic faith; deny them, and we have Protestantism in its naked reality. And, partly from one course, and partly from another, the English Establishment has been the instrument of bringing up millions and millions of persons in an implicit conviction that all these three truths form an essential element of the Christian revelation; not only the Puseyite school, and its predecessors the Nonjurors, but every thing that has been comprised under the term "High-Church," has taken its stand against "Evangelicalism" and Dissent on these three principles. The immense

numerical majority of Church-people, even when in connection with the most undisguised worldliness, have been taught from their childhood that the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds were literally *true*; that to deny them, or to doubt them, was unlawful and altogether shocking; and that (for some unexplained reason or other) they did not stand on the same ground as mere human opinions, which any body might accept or reject as he pleased. In the directest opposition to this system stands that of the Low-Church party, always numerically in a small minority. The Low-Church school has professedly and pointedly based its creed, such as it was, on private interpretation of the Bible. It has scorned and denounced with virulence the very notion of creeds, as such, handed down from generation to generation, and *commanding* the acceptance of Christians in every age.

Again, the doctrine of a visible Church, with divinely appointed rulers and ministers, is as familiar to the English "Churchman" as his reception of the Ten Commandments. He looks down upon Dissenters, not only as a low, ungentelemanly, fanatical race, but as being excluded from the visible community of the faithful through their violation of the positive injunctions of our Lord and His Apostles, and their want of a lawfully-ordained ministry. No doubt his contempt is illogical enough, and the position he claims for himself is as untenable against Nonconformist anarchy as against Roman authority; but his principle, that Jesus Christ *did* erect a visible Church, with its perfect organisation and ministry, is true.

So, again, with the Sacraments. The Dissenter and the "Evangelical" denounce as soul-destroying the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. With five out of six of "Church-people" of all varieties, this doctrine lies at the root of the Christian life itself, and to deny it is held blasphemous. Even with respect to the holy Eucharist, false as is the Anglican theory with respect to the Presence of our Blessed Lord in the consecrated species, the High-Church party almost universally recognise the existence of *some* mysterious blessing produced by the act of consecration. The idea of the communication of grace by means of material channels, so far from being strange or repulsive to their minds, seems the most easy, simple, and Christian thing in the world. The very walls of their churches they in a certain vague way esteem "blest" and "consecrated;" while the purely Protestant school scoffs with coarse indecencies at every such "superstition."

And the result is what might have been anticipated. The transition from High-Church Anglicanism to true Catholicism is found the most easy and simple process conceivable by those

who practically carry it out. The foundations of the faith have been partly laid in their consciences and intellects from their childhood. What they have needed to make them Catholics has been instruction, additions, developments, consistency: the strictly *heretical* element has never permanently rooted itself in their minds. Profound undoubtedly has been the ignorance to be removed from their minds, and severe the struggle against the various temptations which combine to hold a man back within the grasp of Anglicanism; but, on the whole, so far as principles are concerned, none of that radical change has been necessary, without which the adherents of the puritanical and dissenting schools cannot make a single step towards Catholicism.

How difficult, again, it is to make a Dissenter or an "Evangelical" into a thoroughly *good* Catholic, in all his habitual modes of thought and feeling! How slow the process ordinarily is by which the spiritual and intellectual pride, the anti-sacramental prejudices, the coarse and unrefined feelings which prevail in those more consistent sects of Protestantism, are finally rooted out! Every thing, literally, has to be begun afresh in the mind and in the conscience. The whole attitude of the soul is uncatholic; and unless under favourable circumstances, years pass away before any truly Catholic *instincts* have leavened the character so long habituated to the instinct of heresy.

There is, moreover, another result which practically follows from the prevalence of the High-Church views among Protestants, of the deepest import to the welfare of the country. Wherever they are conscientiously held, there the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism is more likely to be valid than among the "Evangelical" or latitudinarian schools. We entertain not the slightest doubt that a far larger proportion of the infants baptised by Protestants have been really partakers of the sacramental grace since the Oxford movement than before it. Even among those who abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, many have been awakened by the Puseyite arguments to a more careful administration of the sacrament, both as to its form and matter; and though it is to be feared that there are still a lamentable number of sham-baptisms, it is undeniable that they are not nearly so numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago.

Such, then, being the case as to the practical character of the various schools of Protestantism, we cannot view without the deepest apprehension the advance of the worst forms of unbelief amongst our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Our hearts being set, not upon our own personal exaltation, or upon

the growth of this or that political party, but upon the conversion of our adversaries, we look beyond all present and temporary manifestations of hostility or liberality towards us, and ask ourselves whether it will not be far more difficult to convert the disciples of this miserable latitudinarianism than to lead on the less heretical children of old-fashioned Anglicanism to that faith of which *they* are not *wholly* ignorant. We cannot overlook the fact, that while our political supporters have for the most part been of the self-styled liberal and latitudinarian schools, our actual converts, in the present and all past times, have been almost exclusively from the High-Church party in the Establishment. Everywhere where British Protestantism is known,—in England, Scotland, Ireland, and in America,—it is that class which has been bred up to believe in the Creed, in baptismal regeneration, and in the Apostolic succession, which has given the Church nineteen out of twenty of the souls whom she has saved; and we entertain not the slightest doubt, that much as we have suffered from that class in the day of its prosperity, it will be as nothing to what we shall have to endure from that latitudinarian and infidel party which has patronised us solely for its own purposes, and not from love to us or to God, but out of hatred to its own adversaries within the domain of Protestantism itself.

A striking proof of the relative gains to be won from the Low-Church and the High-Church schools is to be seen in the comparative numbers of converts supplied to Catholicism by Oxford and by Cambridge. Oxford has ever been the one chief seat of Tory church-and-king exclusiveness; turning up its nose at the vulgarities of Dissent, and the “superstitions” of Popery; teaching baptismal regeneration, the absolute necessity of episcopal ordination, and the sacredness of the creeds. Cambridge, on the other hand, has worn the magpie coat of religious liberalism; admitting Dissenters and Catholics to its colleges, abusing Oxford as bigoted and behind the age, loving geological theories more than patristic dogmas, and claiming generally to represent the brains, as Oxford has claimed to represent the cultivated refinement, of the English nation. But mark the practical results. For one convert that Cambridge has given to the Church, Oxford has given three or four; and even at this very day, the dogmatic principle, as such, has more hold upon Oxford, with all the changes it has undergone, than upon any other place in the kingdom. But if under its new *régime* Oxford becomes what Cambridge has been, *we* shall have cause for lamentation, and lamentation only.

Never, therefore, in our humble judgment, do Catholics commit a more serious error, in the way of practical prudence,

than when they ally themselves with those who are in reality the most bitter opponents of our faith, for the sake of the fugitive gains to be obtained by their cold and offensive alliance. Little as we may think it, there is immense scandal caused to those who *in their consciences* more or less respect the Catholic faith, by the preference we have sometimes shown for those who deny almost every thing of Christianity but the name. If we are wise, we shall judge every political and religious party by a far more searching test than its accidental or political conduct towards ourselves. And inasmuch as our desire is not political victory, or the humiliation of haughty adversaries, but the saving of souls, we should watch with rejoicing the spread of those principles which *tend* to make men Catholics, even though accompanied with errors which practically influence them to an angry hostility against ourselves.

In reply to what we have said respecting the downhill progress of the Establishment as a *teaching* community, we may perhaps be referred to the extraordinary advances it has made during the last five-and-twenty years in church-building, and other similar extensions of its machinery. We may be desired to contrast the entire absence of any thing like a general popular move against the Establishment, with the indignant demands for its radical reformation and partial destruction with which the country resounded a quarter of a century ago. All now is peaceable and contented, save only when an imprudent Puseyite runs too hotly into the prejudices of Protestantism pure and undefiled, or some more speculative and honest latitudinarian announces his disbelief in the eternity of future punishments. The Church of England, we shall be reminded, has wonderfully expanded herself within our own recollection, and her hold upon the affections of the people is such as the last generation could neither have hoped nor feared.

All this, then, we entirely admit; but we account for the fact by repeating the truth we set out with stating. The Establishment *is* more acceptable in the eyes of the nation than she was, *because* she has consented to take her cue from the prevalent national opinion, which is more determined against creeds, sacraments, and the apostolical succession, than it ever was before. She has dropped her claims to be the depositary of dogma and the channel of grace, and *therefore* her old enemies are conciliated; and men who would scorn the very suggestion of sacramental efficacy, and are of opinion that the Athanasian Creed is a mediæval superstition (for really people of this stamp hardly know whether that glori-

ous symbol came from the fourth or the fourteenth century), join hand in hand in labours for her support, and lay down their thousands for building and endowing new churches and restoring and beautifying old ones. Here, while we write, lies before us a paragraph from the newspapers of the day, which we copy at length, both to show our Catholic readers what Anglicanism is doing in London, and as an illustration of the utter latitudinarianism of the opinions which men of such contradictory views can combine to propagate :

“NEW LONDON CHURCHES.—Several new churches are about being commenced in the metropolitan districts, and some are so far advanced as to be nearly ready for consecration. In Paddington three new churches are to be at once commenced, the Bishop of London having subscribed 1000*l.* towards that object. In Coventry Street, Haymarket, between Rupert Street and Princes Street, a church is to be erected, Her Majesty the Queen having subscribed 500*l.*; the Bishop of London, 1000*l.*; Viscount Sydney, 25*l.*; and Mr. W. T. Egerton, M.P., 25*l.*, for that purpose. Three churches are to be erected in Clerkenwell, an influential committee, of which Lord Shaftesbury is at the head, having been formed for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. In the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, a large church is to be erected, at the sole expense of Mr. J. Gellibrand Hubbard, a site having been given by Lord Leigh. At Limehouse a church is to be built, at the sole expense of Mr. Wm. Cotton. ‘A merchant,’ whose name has not transpired, has offered to build and endow a church in any part of London the bishop of the diocese may point out. In Kensington, Isleworth, Hammersmith, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and other densely-populated districts, churches are to be built; and a committee has been formed for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, consisting of Earl Nelson, Earl Grosvenor, M.P., Lord Haddo, Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart., Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, Sir Thomas Phillips, the Lord Mayor, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., Lord Radstock, &c. Among the new churches which are approaching completion are St. Matthew’s, Oakley Square; St. Luke’s, Nutford Place; All Saints, Notting Hill; St. Andrew’s, Westminster; Trinity Church, Newington; and one near Limehouse, built at the sole expense of Mr. Alderman Cubitt, M.P.”

If we want to learn what the *mind* of Anglicanism is about in the midst of all this activity, we have but to recall the nature of the Oxford Reform Bill, and its progress through Parliament. This bill we regard as the triumph of latitudinarianism over the dogmatic principle in the imperial legislature and the Established Church. Five-and-twenty years ago it would have been as easy to abolish the House of Lords as to carry such a bill as this through either Lords or Commons. The conduct of the most distinguished of High-Church politicians

in regard to this measure is alone a proof of the revolution which Anglicanism is undergoing. Ten years ago Mr. Gladstone would as soon have denied the inspiration of the Bible as advocated the admission of Dissenters and Catholics to the education and honours of Oxford; now he acts as if he had no more principles than Lord Palmerston or Mr. Disraeli. His confidence, and that of all his party, in the principles they still profess, is gone, past, annihilated. As a compass amidst the storms of heresy and revolutionism, his churchmanship has failed him, and that utterly. His personal character is as high as ever; his abilities have proved greater than his most admiring friends anticipated; but when political movements arise, in which man's eternal destiny is in any way involved, his guide fails him, plays him false, and dashes him on the rocks against which he has spent his whole life in warning his fellow-countrymen. He has become, without knowing it, one of the most fatal enemies of the few remnants of true Christianity which have lingered in the Established Church of England.

So far, then, from thinking that the changes going on in the condition of Anglicanism will render her hostility to us less formidable, and make the work of conversion more easy, we look upon these revolutions in Protestant opinion with most serious and anxious thoughts. We see in them the most urgent calls for renewed exertions on our parts, both in order to present an impregnable front to our adversaries, and in the way of supplying our own poorer members with every possible advantage, temporal, intellectual, and spiritual. They show that the hosts are gathering together, who are destined to a struggle with us totally dissimilar to any thing which we have ever endured in this country, and which will try our zeal, our faith, our learning, and our intellectual strength to the very utmost. What will be the accompaniments of that struggle, and its general character, no eye can foresee. Whether it will be rendered doubly trying by persecutions, by confiscations, or even by blood; or whether the scorn, the anger, and the argumentative craftiness of the enemies of the Faith will be their only weapons;—of this we may rest assured, that it will be sharp and terrible, and such as can be resisted by nothing less than our whole moral and intellectual strength. We shall stand against it, not by means of political friendships, or parliamentary influence, or by our wealth, or rank, or magnificent churches and functions; but only by our learning, our acuteness, and our grasp of the true solution of the problems of the time, vivified and guided by a single-minded love of souls, and faith in the protection of Him who vouchsafes to us the honour of defending His sacred cause.

ON COMMON SENSE IN CHRISTIAN ART.

AFTER all, there is nothing like common sense. If we were sent into this world to dream, or speculate, or sentimentalise, we might get on pretty well without that very useful faculty; but having all of us *a work to do*, for accomplishing that work, whatever it is, there is nothing like common sense. The man who to enthusiasm unites common sense, is the man to win success, wherever success is in the power of mortals. Enthusiasm and common sense are, in the order of nature, what Christian zeal and prudence are in the order of grace.

So far, no doubt, every reader will go along with us, though some may be disposed to question the applicability of our maxim to the subject of Art. What has common sense to do with pictures, sculptures, architecture, music, or decoration? Common opinion regards the artistic as the very opposite of the sensible. Art is for pleasure; common sense is for use. This is the ordinary notion that prevails in general society. A mistake more fatal to art has rarely been committed. Art *is* for pleasure, but it is also frequently for use; and where it is only for pleasure, it frequently fails of attaining its end, for lack of the faculty of common sense in artists and their employers. How urgently common sense is needed in the creation of works of art in general, we are not at present about to discuss; we confine ourselves to the consideration of its functions in the highest of all arts—Christian art, and that with especial regard to the circumstances of to-day in our own country.

Until recently, Christian art has scarcely had an existence among English Catholics since the Reformation. Sculpture we had none, or next to none; pictures we had none, or next to none; and our Catholic buildings were generally an abomination in the eyes of mankind. They need not be described; and they are, in truth, indescribable. They are unique in the history, not of architecture (for of "architecture" they are guiltless), but of building. The meeting-house, with a dash of the theatre, has furnished their model. As Horace says that neither gods, men, nor booksellers will tolerate mediocrity in poets, so Greeks, Goths, and architects have concurred in a sentence of condemnation of our "Catholic chapels." The very sound of the name suggests something unapproachably unfortunate. We love the memory of our Catholic fathers; we venerate them for their fidelity in days when the world tormented them far more than it torments us; we pray that we

may employ the opportunities which God has granted us as diligently as they employed theirs; but for their buildings!—may they disappear from the face of the earth, or be converted into schoolrooms, as fast as we can raise money for building Christian churches to take their place, without running into debt, and hampering *our* posterity with something worse than shaky walls, damp floors, and sarcophagus altars!

At the same time, unless we desire that the generation to come shall revile us for having cumbered the land with edifices which *they* must abolish, let us call in the aid of our common sense. Our fathers did their best, and therefore we honour their intentions while we pull down their buildings. Persecution was around them; their public services were curtailed to the barest limits; they had no Catholic architects, sculptors, or painters; and individually they had not our opportunities for becoming acquainted with the customs and ideas prevalent in the Catholic Church throughout the world. And therefore it is with a respectful tenderness that we lay low one of their methodistical-looking attempts at Christian building. Abominable as are the objects that offend our taste, we cannot forget, that within these staring walls, and before this decaying altar, many and many a sigh has been breathed by faith, hope, and love, in prayer for better times, and in anticipation of that age of golden opportunities in which it is our lot to live. In our zealous admiration of living founders and benefactors, and in our prayers for those who have but lately departed, may we never forget the souls of those humble priests and unknown laymen, to whose self-denying efforts and heroic steadfastness we owe it that we are in a position to smile at their notions of Catholic art. For ourselves, we experience more emotion at the sight of some old hidden chamber, where the hunted priest has crouched from his bloody pursuers, or of some poor little chapel, buried in an obscure street, erected when to be a Catholic was a byword among Englishmen, than when treading the most glorious remains of ancient Catholic splendour, now desecrated by the hand of heresy. Both scenes are painfully interesting; but of the two, the memento of faith in suffering is more touching than the monument of faith in prosperity.

During the last twenty or five-and-twenty years, Christian art has been gradually raising her head amongst us; and as in all similar periods of revival, we have been admirably disagreed in our opinions. Bishops, priests, and laymen have borne their parts in the controversy; ink has largely flowed; but still more largely has gold flowed, and stones and mortar have been reared from the ground. Not a county, hardly a town,

but shows signs of a desire on the part of all classes of Catholics to render the worship of Almighty God more solemn and beautiful, and to fill our churches and chapels with those works of art which serve at once as aids to devotion and as artistic decorations. It would, indeed, be at once curious and instructive to know the actual amount of the vast sums of money which have been spent in church-building and decorations, including sacred vessels and vestments, during the last quarter of a century, both in the Italian and Gothic styles. We do not doubt that the entire total would prove enormous; and that in many instances we should never cease to wonder, first, how such sums had been raised; and secondly, how they had been expended.

For a short time, however, we have experienced a partial lull in our zeal for church-building. Partly from weariness, partly from dissatisfaction with our past efforts, partly from the direction of our energies and liberality to other quarters, the number of new Catholic churches which the last three or four years have seen commenced, has not been at all in proportion to the animation displayed some eight or ten years ago. It is plain, nevertheless, that this lull is being succeeded by renewed devotion to the work, in no degree less zealous than that which preceded it. And if such be the case, it may not be amiss if we look forward to our labours before they are fairly commenced, and ask ourselves deliberately what we wish to do, and what is the best way of setting about it.

Now we take it, that church-building and church-decorating are to be started on precisely the same principle as that on which every man of common sense builds a house or orders a suit of clothes from his tailor. Can he pay for it? In other words, what has he got to spend? What do we all say to a man who, having an income of 1000*l.* a year, expends one-half of his capital in rearing a mansion fit for the owner of five times his fortune? What is the inevitable result of such a passion for show and bricks and mortar? His whole life is insufficient to remedy the mischief he has done to himself and his family. He sits in his spacious halls, and devises plans for pacifying his creditors. He starves himself, his wife, and children, that he may keep his wide-spreading roof water-tight. He lowers himself and all he loves in the scale of society, and becomes a byword among those whom he thought to astonish with the magnificence of his creations. It needs no rare acuteness to foresee similar disasters impending on church-builders whose passion for fine buildings tempts them to some fatal extravagance. Some people think it is a proof of faith to raise a church without the means of

paying the builder and architect, and expect us to acquiesce in the addition of an eleventh commandment to the Decalogue—"Thou shalt run into debt." We confess we cannot appreciate the virtue thus displayed at other people's expense. A man who rears a church, and dies leaving it with a heavy charge on its splendid walls, in nineteen cases out of twenty victimises other persons far more than himself. His conduct *may be* a token of his confidence in the aid of Divine Providence; but it also may be, and very often is, a proof that he is particularly attached to his own whims, inordinately fond of external display, and peculiarly indisposed to the Christian virtue of patience.

And really, what folly it is, not to be satisfied with the means which Providence has placed in our hands for employment for the good of souls! If by our own exertions, or by the munificence of one or two donors, we have collected money enough to erect a moderate-sized, ecclesiastical-looking, but perfectly plain church, how egregiously silly it is to call upon an architect for some showy, pretentious, vast design, to cost double or treble the sum we shall really command, never to be *completely* carried out, and to serve as a mill-stone about our necks, and those of the very congregation we fancy we are benefiting, perhaps for generations to come! What a vulgar notion it is of architectural beauty, to identify it with size or with splendour! To a man of sense there is more true beauty in a small, modest, substantial church, designed with propriety and simplicity, with few ornaments, but all of them in character, *and the whole paid for*, than in the most ambitious imitation of the splendours of the ages of Catholic wealth, weighed down with mortgages;—a monument, not of faith, but of recklessness.

Perhaps, too, it is not a church at all that common sense would advise us to build. That very acute and practical faculty may say, Build a school instead. You cannot build a church and also a school, with any fair prospect of being able afterwards to find a maintenance for priest, schoolmaster, and schoolmistress. Something *must* be set aside. In the name of every thing that is rational, in the name of the immortal souls you wish to benefit, set aside, then, that which is least important, and not that for which you have the least personal fancy. Do you want arches, and windows, and doors, and towers, and buttresses? or do you want *souls*? Do you long for something picturesque, or something holy? Do you desire to see stones hewn from the quarry and carved into sculptured grace; or do you yearn for men, women, and children, hewn out from the depths of sin and wretchedness, and

fashioned into spiritual beauty by the power of the Holy Ghost? For one soul that you will save by means of a church without a school, you will save ten by a school without a church. A school, duly arranged, will make a very fair temporary substitute for a church; but in these days you cannot use your church as a schoolroom. We *must* attack the world in the hearts and intellects of the young. Whether we desire to convert unbelievers, or preserve and edify the faithful, there are no two opinions among those who know the human heart and the circumstances of this country. A mission without an efficient school is like a man with two lame legs and one disabled arm. Whatever he may think, whatever he may wish, whatever he may say, he cannot *fight*. Who, humanly speaking, above all others, stemmed the course of Protestantism in its childhood and youth?—The Jesuits. And how?—By education. And now, if our fellow-Catholics are to be retained in the fold, and strengthened in all faith, love, and good works, and if England is to be converted, the work is to be done with the young. While, then, faith and hope exclaim, God speed the cause of education, from the new Dublin University to the humblest village-class of boys and girls, common sense adds, in the ear of those who have money in their pockets, Take care of the schoolroom; the church will hereafter take care of itself.

Supposing, however, that it *is* a church which we have to build, the next question is, In what style shall it be? To this question the answer must partly be determined by the state of our finances. If these require us to think of nothing but the plainest possible structure, strictly speaking, without *any* ornament or attempt at architectural beauty, our course is clear. The cheapest of all buildings is a square, or nearly square, structure, with a nearly flat roof, and square-headed windows and doors, in no architectural style whatsoever. At the same time, it strikes us as simply absurd to think of erecting any thing to be called and used permanently as a church on such a plan as this. Some degree of decoration and ecclesiastical character is essential to a Catholic church; if for no other reason than this, that no class of Catholics will ever rest satisfied with any thing so utterly miserable. There is a universal instinct in humanity, which insists upon some kind of visible beauty in connection with the public worship of Almighty God. When, therefore, our poverty is extreme, and the necessity for a building of some considerable size very urgent, we should suggest a *temporary* erection; hideous to the last degree, if you please; but not really hideous to the mind, because it *is* temporary. With judicious management,

and under the superintendence of a competent architect who really desires to save his employers' money, the materials of such a structure may be ultimately used up in the construction of a fitting ecclesiastical edifice. If, on the other hand, our finances are small, though not quite inadequate to our aims, we should advise without hesitation a Gothic church, as uniting the utmost degree of ornament to the lowest amount of expenditure. A thousand pounds will go further in providing a church-like, substantial, and practically useful edifice in any of the three Gothic styles, than either in the Byzantine or the Italian. The reason is obvious. Gothic doors and windows are *in themselves* more ornamental than those in the more ancient kinds of architecture. The moment you come to decoration, you get twice as much for your money in a Gothic as in an Italian building, until you come to a high amount of decoration, in which case there is little or no difference in the cost of the various styles. Where there is a well-filled, deep purse, therefore, we apprehend the church-builder may follow his personal predilections without scruple. A highly-decorated building will infallibly be followed by an enormous architect's and builder's bill, whether the arches are round or pointed, and the roof flat or high-pitched.

To some of our readers, we fear this pound-shillings-and-pence species of æstheticism will seem low, vulgar, utilitarian, and un-Catholic. We believe, however, that such a practical mode of viewing the question is at once the most in accordance with faith and with common sense; for, as we have said, we can see no physical beauty where there is no moral beauty; and there is no moral beauty where one man builds, and others have to pay for his extravagances.

It appears, too, to us to be a most narrow-minded notion, to determine the style of a church by the bare fact, that in other countries or in other ages they build or built in this or that fashion. We cannot understand why our arches should be round because they are round at Rome, or pointed because they were pointed in England 500 years ago. We cannot conceive what Catholic doctrine or Catholic feeling is involved in such indiscriminating imitation. If our churches are to be Palladian or Raffaelesque because they are so in Rome (which, by the way, is a remark in no way complimentary to Palladio or Raffaello, for most of the churches in Rome are very bad specimens of Italian architecture), for the same reason our devotions and sermons ought to be in the Italian language. And if the prevalence of Gothic for 300 years in Catholic times in England renders it incumbent on us to adopt a similar style now, we should, to be consistent, print

all our books in black letter, or rather, not print them at all, but go back to manuscripts, incomprehensible spelling, and "miracle-plays," as the most feasible means for converting Protestants. There is only one thing we *must* go back to, and that is, the common sense of our mediæval forefathers, whose first aim it was, when they designed a building, to consider what it was to be used for, and who were to use it; and who employed pointed architecture because it answered their purpose and suited their taste.

Having, then, determined on our style of architecture, there follows the design to be adopted. To the unsophisticated simply Catholic understanding this portion of the work would seem perfectly easy and straightforward. A plain man would assume that a church must be planned on the same rule as a house, namely, the purpose for which it is to serve, the wants of the people who are to use it, and the actions which are to be performed within its walls. A house-builder, gifted with but half man's average share of common sense, would not design his kitchen like his drawing-room, or his bed-room like his cellar. Nor would he say, "I must arrange my house and fit it up as my great-grandfather would have done, on the ground that he was a man and I am a man, and the essentials of human life are the same in every age." Common sense suggests as follows: "What is *my* mode of life? What shall *I* do in these different apartments? How do they cook now-a-days?" Conceive the absurdity of erecting and furnishing a house in imitation of a house in Pompeii, or in London of the thirteenth century! But if such a fantasy is irrational and visionary, what shall we say to a *church*-builder who, in planning his walls and windows, utterly overlooks the customs, arrangements, and general spirit of public Catholic devotion, as recognised and adopted in the living Church of this very age and day? It is idle to pretend that there are not great and important alterations made, from time to time, in the mode in which the Church fulfils her divine function, and brings her children under the vivifying influences of Christian truth. It is one of the most palpable facts in history, that, unchanged in doctrine, morals, constitution, and sacraments, the Catholic Church has adapted herself, with the true wisdom of the serpent, to the varying changes in human society, in all things in which her Divine Head permits her to change. Would we recognise this marvellous power of self-adaptation, let us walk from the Catacombs to St. Peter's, or let us turn from the page of antiquity, which records the penances imposed in the early ages, to the universal practice of the confessor of to-day. A dreaming,

ture a dull dark mass, or collection of opaque blots against the glass.

A considerable increase in the number of altars is another feature in the Catholic church arrangement of the last three centuries, of no little importance. From the very earliest times, when there was but one altar, to the day when the Mother Church of all Christendom was rebuilt, and its walls literally almost filled with altars, the increase has been as marked as it has been gradual. In accordance with the spirit which has dictated this modification of primitive custom, Catholic devotion is now never content with a single altar; and, except in the smallest buildings, not even with two. The humblest congregation requires three altars; the high altar, another in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, and a third in honour of our Lady; while a church of any size speedily desiderates double the number, if the people really advance in devotion to our Blessed Lord, to His Mother and His Saints. This multiplication of altars, of course, demands an adoption of the universal custom of placing them at the sides of a building as well as at the extremities. For ourselves, we think a large church never has a *thoroughly* Catholic look, unless it has one or more altars on the right and left hand, as we advance towards the high altar.

The use of these scattered altars has, besides, a most powerful influence in breaking up that tendency to adopt that element in the Protestant idea of religious worship, which is so common and so injurious in many persons recently converted. The Protestant idea of a church is that of a place in which a number of persons meet together on certain days, at certain hours, to say certain prayers in certain postures, or to hear certain preachers, under the conditions that all begin together and end together, and then go their ways. This idea of theirs results from their disbelief in the Sacramental Presence of Almighty God in any one distinct place; from their contempt of the doctrine of the relative holiness of images, pictures, buildings, and the like; and still more, from their rejection of the Eucharistic *Sacrifice* of the Mass. To a Protestant, as an *individual*, a church is nothing. The Catholic idea is the very reverse. We use our churches, of course, as they do, for common, united devotions; but our first idea of a Christian church is that of a consecrated spot, where Jesus Christ is offered in sacrifice, and where He dwells in His ineffable mercy sacramentally and really. Hence we delight to frequent a church, and to assist at a Mass, not only in common with others, but as individual souls seeking communion with their invisible God and Saviour. Accordingly,

when a number of Catholics hear Mass, or assist at Benediction, the Protestant notion that all present are to use the identically same words of prayer never crosses their minds. Their union is one of heart and of intention, not of outward words and sounds. We worship God in spirit and in truth; Protestants (whatever may be the individual exceptions) worship Him in the letter.

At the same time, with too many converts it is not easy thoroughly to eradicate all remains of this utterly un-Catholic habit of thought and action. It is not easy to destroy the idea they have imbibed from their infancy, that a Christian congregation is like a regiment of soldiers under drill, when, at the word of command, every arm, or leg, or weapon, moves in one direction with machine-like precision. Every body is to stand; every body to kneel; every body to sit; every body to watch the priest, and, as far as he can, say the same words as the priest says. Now, what will tend more powerfully to force this error from a convert's mind than the presence of altars half-way down the sides of a church, where Mass may be said at the same time as at the high altar? With such an arrangement, there is an end at once of this Protestant formalism. People must in that case turn, some towards one altar and some towards another; thus they will learn to realise the fact, as well as to accept the doctrine, that at Mass they are assisting at a sacrifice, and not merely joining in a congregational worship.

There is also this great advantage in altars not removed very far from the entrance-doors, that they are a peculiar help and blessing to the poor. In the best-regulated congregations, in some way or other the places nearest the altars, if they are at the farthest end of the building, will be, on the whole, appropriated by the rich; to whom, at the same time, a close proximity to the altar is of less importance than it is to the children of poverty, ignorance, and toil. Could English architects and builders of churches once get themselves to adopt the general continental Catholic practice in this respect, they may be assured that for one wealthy critic whose fancy might be displeased, a thousand sons and daughters of the poor would rejoice and thank them for the arrangement.

Another striking feature in a truly Catholic church of the present day, is the multiplication of images and pictures, in comparison with the buildings of a remote date. The affectionate and considerate spirit of the Church has gone hand in hand with the development of the arts of sculpture and painting. Until three or four hundred years ago, these arts were far behind the art of architecture in systematic applica-

turn to

prayers of the multitude prostrate all around, as the priest offers the unbloody Sacrifice, and in silence calls upon them to adore Him who has vouchsafed to be present among them at the word of a man? Is not the rite of Benediction, in its incessantly-repeated mystery, the very symbol of the spirit in which the Church desires to convert the sinner, and strengthen the saint? What human intellect can conceive any thing more overwhelmingly merciful and affecting to our hearts, than that He, whom the heavens cannot contain, should permit Himself, by an ineffable condescension, to be taken into the hands of one of His ministers, and lifted up, unveiled, save by the appearance of natural bread, before our eyes; and that not once in a year, not on solemn feasts only, but week by week, and almost day by day; while none are bade to withdraw in trembling, as unworthy to kneel before that awful Presence?

We apprehend, therefore, that the first essential in a Catholic church in these days is a noble high altar, with broad, open, spacious sanctuary, sufficient to admit with ease the movements of a concourse of clergy and their assistants; and the whole sufficiently raised from the level of the remainder of the building to be visible from every part. Common sense also adds that enormous windows over the altar, and any large quantity of daylight in the sanctuary, are inadmissible. For the first thousand years of our history, the altar was backed by a wall, round or flat, decorated or plain, close to the altar, or removed from it. The introduction of the immense windows which light the chancels and choirs of most English churches from the 13th to the 15th centuries, was an innovation, only partially carried out on the Continent at any time, and now for three centuries almost entirely disused in the Church. *Why* our forefathers introduced such a feature into their buildings, it is not necessary to determine. For us, it is sufficient that Catholic Christendom has now rigorously adapted its buildings to its increased use of lights in Divine service. Indeed, in any church where the truly Catholic use of innumerable lights above the altar permanently obtains, the low and large window must give way.

Again, in the rite of Benediction, the feeling that it is the King of angels and men who is then coming forth from His tabernacle upon the altar, to sit as it were for a while upon His throne, and receive the homage of His people;—this feeling has instinctively led to the preparation of a lofty resting-place for that Royal Presence, on any more special occasion, when He permits His ministers to expose His adorable Flesh and Blood to the veneration of the faithful. When a devout

Catholic has once witnessed one of those exquisitely-affecting scenes which may frequently be seen in a Catholic country, where Jesus rests enthroned far above the heads of a kneeling host, whose hands have offered Him a myriad of lights as a feeble token of their love, and from whose lips rises one mighty torrent of sound in praise of His glory ; when a devout Catholic, we say, has once beheld and entered into the spiritual power and significance of such a heavenly scene, we cannot conceive how he could turn to design a Catholic church, and not prepare it from the first with a view to its employment in a similar manner for the same glorious purpose.

Apart, moreover, from these more sacred reasons, the modern cultivation of the art of painting has dictated the substitution of pictures for windows over altars. Brilliant as is the general architectural appearance of a noble stained-glass window at the termination of a long aisle, it is without question an uncomfortable object for the eye to rest on for any length of time. It is agreeable at our sides ; but it makes our eyes ache when before us. Hence, common sense advises us either to prepare our churches for pictures over our altars, or to place altar-windows at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent them from wearying the sight.

A picture, too, is an object of Catholic devotion, and a means of instruction and of affecting the feelings, to a degree unattainable by a painted window. Beautiful as is the decorative richness of stained glass, and ecclesiastical and appropriate as are its solemn figures and historic medallions, the nature of the material and the structure of Gothic windows limit its purely religious use within narrow bounds.* In no sense can painted windows be regarded as *necessary* to the Catholic character of a church, while it is difficult to imagine a Catholic religious edifice without pictures.

Altar-windows are, further, extremely injurious to the effect of sculpture in connection with an altar. There is no limit to the beauty and sacred splendour which may be attained in a noble Gothic reredos, when designed by a man of genius, or of merely good taste,—provided he is not fettered by some absurd slavish theory of imitation of bygone habits. But, what will be the sense of placing images in front of, or immediately under, a window ? They may nearly as well be placed in a dark closet at once. The light that streams in, above them or behind them, fills the spectator's eye, and renders the sculp-

* To those who do not know what advances have recently been made in the beautiful art of glass-painting, we recommend a visit to Messrs. Hardman and Co.'s studio-manufactory at Birmingham.

Jansenistic, narrow-minded student might think himself justified in lamenting what *he* thought the decay of holy discipline in those who sit in the spiritual judgment-seat; but who would think such speculations Catholic or dutiful, or even rational, and according to common sense?

To apply, then, this truth to the subject of Christian art. It cannot be denied that the Catholic Church has sanctioned a particular mode of conducting the public offices of divine worship. From the circumstances attendant on the awful sacrifice of the Mass, down to the humblest village evening devotions, the Church, during these last three centuries, has adopted what may be called the peculiarly *attractive* system in her conduct of souls. A similarly striking exhibition of the more tender, gentle, and soothing features of religion pervades more or less her whole course of action towards her children and the world. For while she herself and her doctrine never change, and human nature never changes, yet human habits, ideas, feelings, and the human body itself in its capacities and infirmities, are ever varying. And accordingly the Gospel is ever presented to the soul by that peculiar instrumentality, and in that peculiar garb, which is best fitted to the weakness or strength of each succeeding generation. Awful, the Church can descend to be familiar; stern, she can be most considerate; just, she can overflow with compassion; strict, she can in a moment unbend; from her royal throne she can stoop and clasp the timid soul in her affectionate embrace. For her sake God became man; for the sake of the souls whom her God has bade her save, she is all things to all men.

Why the Catholic Church has accounted it best to put forward into remarkable prominence the gentler and more winning features of her discipline, we need not inquire; though, in fact, it is easy to trace, in the changed aspect of human life, the reasons which have weighed with her. It is enough for us that she has done so; and it were sin to doubt that, in such an affair, she has been guided by the illumination of Him whose presence is ever within her. It is enough for us that, in all her ways, and especially in the conduct of her public functions, she now, perhaps more vividly than at any previous period of her history, presents a living repetition of that most touching of parables, the Prodigal Son. At times she has bade the sinner stand afar off, and smite his breast; and by a rigour of discipline she has stimulated the courage of the faithful. *We*, alas, are an enfeebled generation; we have not the strength of our fathers. Our intellects are cultivated; our political notions are novel; our social equality is great; our

temptations are subtle rather than crushing; and she who, by a divine light, knows what is in man, perceives that such a generation may be drawn, when it cannot be driven; that it will melt before love, while it would despair before anger; that it may be soothed, and comforted, and braced to strength by a gentle medicine, while the sterner treatment of ancient days would but scare it into the snares of the world, or annihilate its trembling repentance in despair. Who does not see in this pitifulness for poor human infirmity the echo of that divine story, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him, fell upon his neck and kissed him"? And in no instance does this peculiarly tender and considerate method of dealing with the soul appear more striking than in the characteristics of modern church-building and arrangement, and the popular devotions which have become almost universal throughout Catholic Christendom. Every means is employed for attracting and aiding the mind in its approaches to its adorable Lord. We do not mean, of course, that the Church seeks to "attract" men, in the sense which Protestants impute it to her. They think that our ceremonies, our vestments, our music, our lights, are devised on the principle on which a theatrical manager "gets up" a new spectacle with unusual splendour, in order to "draw" an overflowing audience. It is not by tickling the senses that the Bride of Christ seeks to win the world; it is by appealing to the affections of the soul, to her gratitude, to her desire for rest and joy, and by placing before her every species of visible help to her faith and devotion which is best suited to the manners of the age, that she labours to do her work amongst men.

Let us, therefore, setting aside all ideas of this or that mere artistic theory, and every preference for this or that epoch in ecclesiastical history, study the *idea* of Catholic worship, as exhibited where the faith is neither persecuted nor ridiculed. Is it not, then, undeniably an open, cheerful, loving spirit, which pervades every church where Catholicism untrammelled displays her vital energies? What is the elementary notion of a peculiarly solemn Catholic function? Is it that of some mysterious ceremony, half shrouded from the sight of the multitude, and filling them with awe at the thought of the tremendous power and justice of the God of armies? Is it not rather that of an altar set on high, and open to the reverent gaze of every faithful heart, surmounted and surrounded with innumerable lights, brilliant with the hues of a thousand flowers, while clouds of incense and strains of sweet or joyful music unite to represent and embody the

bility to Christian purposes. Always practised in the Church from her earliest days, it was impossible that, while *oil*-painting was undiscovered or little known, the devotional use of pictures could have been what it afterwards became. Hence, in the noble buildings of the middle ages, paintings, as such, have no place. Ornamental painting was a passion; and being such, was carried to an excess singularly inconsistent with that remarkable refinement of taste which ruled in the purely architectural works of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; if, indeed, the exaggerated and glaring use of colour was not a corruption introduced in the declining era of Gothic art. It appears incredible that the men who designed the Temple Church in London, Beverley Minster, or the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen, should have proceeded to daub their exquisite windows, columns, and mouldings, with vile compounds of blue, red, and yellow, till all beauty of architectural form was smothered in a bewildering chaos of "patterns." They *must* have felt that colour in architecture ought to bring out and assist the natural features of a building, and not overpower them in a childish patchwork of glaring paint.

Be this, however, as it may, the mediæval artists had not the means of employing pictures as an important element in the completion of a Christian church; and consequently, those who are content to be their servile imitators never think of designing a Catholic church with a special view to the introduction of pictures, as they are used in the Italian churches of France, Germany, Spain, or Italy. Yet, if we are to catholicise the British poor, and strengthen the Irish in their faith, how repugnant it is alike to Catholic feeling and common sense not to make the abundant use of paintings and images a point of primary importance in our cultivation of Christian art! Their value to *all* classes cannot safely be overlooked. They are an aid to devotion and a means of instruction, to which minds of every description do homage. Why, then, is not the crucifix, large as life, a prominent object in every church, even in two or three places in every building of any size, so placed that the devout or sorrowing soul may kneel immediately before it, and pour out its prayers to Him whose infinite love it portrays, and kiss and bathe with tears the feet sculptured in representation of those which were pierced for her sins? Why has not every confraternity in a mission the image of its own particular saint—the Mother of God, or St. Joseph, or St. Vincent of Paul, or any other to whom circumstances have created a peculiar devotion,—and these not as mere architectural decorations, but as objects

of devotion for people to gather round and pray, and to be decorated and illuminated on certain occasions? There are now but few English Catholics, in comfortable circumstances, who do not act thus in their private devotions. Scarcely a house but has one or more domestic "oratories," or "altars," furnished with images and pictures, and decorated with flowers and lights, at which those who possess them offer their devotions with a peculiar pleasure and sense of propriety. But *the poor man has no oratory*. Would to God that this truth could be impressed with intense depth upon the minds of those on whom this world has smiled, and whose wishes are, for the most part, consulted in the arrangement of new churches! It is said that our Catholic poor would not appreciate such advantages if they possessed them. But *who* says this? Is any one single person who knows the poor, and has given them the opportunity for making the house of God their own, of this opinion? We believe not one.

Undoubtedly, it is not by setting up a sort of æsthetic representation of Catholicism, that the mighty heart of the poor is to be attracted and moved. It is not by fastidious ladies and *dilettante* gentlemen adorning churches, images, and pictures, that the terrible problem of our day is to be solved. Ladies and gentlemen must adorn churches for their own edification; and they do well and act as faithful Christians in doing so; but the edification will be almost exclusively their own. The altars, the images, the paintings, the sacred spots, which will have the real charm for the poor, are those *in whose adorning the poor themselves have the chief hand, and to whose erection they have from their poverty, in some small degree, perhaps contributed*. They have their own notions in such matters, and their own feelings; and it is in human nature to wish to share personally in every such expression of faith and devotion. No doubt the artistic taste of the multitude is imperfect, and always will be imperfect. Their ideas are rough and uncultured. They see beauty and meaning where we see none. Our graces and refinements of skill are lost on their perceptions. Yet their souls are as good as ours; and they have (at least) an equal right to have their characters and wishes consulted with ourselves.

Thus it is that in Catholic countries, even in Italy, long the home of the arts, the eye of the travelling connoisseur is so incessantly offended with what he sees in churches and private houses. The taste of the decorations is often atrocious. The people's notions of beauty and spiritual symbolism are horrible. The precise and formal Englishman is at a loss whether to consider the average decorative ideas of

ing the last seventy years, it had its origin in the revolution in France. For many centuries the Tyrolese had enjoyed as large an amount of national liberty as was possible under the old political system of Europe. Subjected to the sway of the Austrian house of Hapsburg, the people were nevertheless practically free. In their mountain fastnesses they possessed a constitution in many respects similar to that of the great free cities of Germany in the middle ages. That virtual independence which the powers of advancing commerce secured to Lubeck, to Freiburg, to Hamburg, to Erfurt, to Cologne, to Ratisbon, and many other centres of peaceful traffic, was confirmed to the simpler Tyrolese by the strength of their mountain passes, and the undaunted vigour, courage, and straightforwardness of their personal character. The imperial dominion, purely monarchical as it was in name, was held in check by many local rights and privileges, and still more by the influence of a moral and physical nobleness, so that the position of a Tyrolese was practically as free and self-legislating as that of the electing and governing classes in representative England at this very hour.

In the earlier period of the "Reformation," when the dominion of Austria in Switzerland was tottering to its foundations, the allegiance of the Tyrol, still stedfast in the ancient faith, was conciliated by a renewed confirmation of its hereditary privileges; and thus externally free, subject to its own taxation alone, and with political power diffused alike through the peasantry and the nobles, the Tyrol remained up to the battle of Austerlitz a free, honoured, prosperous, simple, and Catholic country, amidst the shock of empires and the degradation of all principle which characterised the eighteenth century of European history.

At length the storm burst upon the heads of the mountaineers. Such a race as the Tyrolese was intolerable alike to the military autocracy of Napoleon, and the crafty officialism of such monarchs as Louis XIV. of France and Joseph II. of Austria. Joseph, however, had left the Tyrol but little injured by those pernicious "reforms" through which he had reduced his German subjects to so low a level of religion, morals, and political strength; and the attachment of the Tyrolese to the Austrian monarchy remained ardent and unimpaired. When Austria, however, was prostrated at Austerlitz, and Napoleon, unresisted, set about the re-arrangement of the various territories which formed the old Germanic empire, on no country did the hand of the conqueror fall more heavily than on the Tyrol. The policy of Napoleon at that moment lay in elevating the minor states of Germany to some

species of rivalry with the power of Austria, hitherto, save so far as Prussia was concerned, exclusively preponderant. He sought to convert the petty electors into the creatures of France, or rather of himself, by turning their sovereigns into kings and dukes, and by enriching them with spoils torn from their more powerful neighbours. Wurtemberg was made a kingdom, and received the Austrian possessions in Swabia. Baden became a grand-duchy, with the gift of Constance, the Breisgau, and the Ortenau. Bavaria shared the most largely in the booty. Her elector was turned into a king; with the sovereignty (such as it was, when conferred by Napoleon,) of Anspach and Bayreuth, stolen from Prussia, and a considerable slice of the Austrian territories, of which the most important portion was the Tyrol. The creatures of the conqueror and his Bavarian serf-king endeavoured to infuse an anti-German spirit into his subjects; and on the 1st of January 1806 the Bavarian State-Gazette announced the great achievement with the words, "Long live Napoleon, the restorer of the Bavarian kingdom!" while a herd of writers attempted to prove that the Bavarians were not German by ancestry, but originally a Gallic tribe under Gallic sovereigns.

Nowhere was the usurping power of Bavaria more hateful than among the Tyrolese mountains. A hundred years before they had been engaged in a conflict with these same grasping Bavarians, and had successfully resisted their invading troops, who as now were in alliance with the French. In June 1703 the Bavarian elector had entered the Tyrol at the head of 16,000 men; and seizing Innspruck, its capital, had advanced up the country with the view of subduing the people in their fastnesses. The whole country rose in arms, and the German soldiery felt what it was to attack a peasant-patriot in his own home. One of the chief leaders of the people was of no higher rank than that of postmaster; but the Bavarians were almost annihilated. Shot down by the riflemen, crushed by huge masses of rock and timber rolled upon them from the tops of the cliffs, one after another of the various divisions of the invading army gave way and fled. The peasants even fabricated cannon from hollowed fir-trees, sufficiently fire-proof to stand eight or ten discharges. In the end, of the 16,000 who had entered the Tyrol, only 5000 ever regained Bavaria.

A less prosperous issue attended the heroic resistance made in 1806 to the enforcement of the Bavarian usurpation, accompanied as it was by a reckless violation of the engagement by which Maximilian Joseph, the Bavarian sovereign, had bound himself to respect intact the national rights and customs of the Tyrolese people. The act by which he professed

emotions of love and mercy beating in their hearts, while their arm has been lifted up to strike, and their countenance has shown no trace of fear.

To the Catholic it is consolatory to reflect, that it has been under the influence of the faith that the most striking exhibitions of this really Christian warfare have been displayed to his fellow-creatures. Insulted as we are by the vilest imputations of cruelty, licentiousness, and disregard of all ties of patriotism, it is a glorious thing to turn silently and read the histories of wars in which, under the direct sanction of Catholicism, human nature has shown itself courageous, enduring, patriotic, and merciful, to an extent altogether unapproached by those who taunt us with every degrading vice. While it is daily dinned into our ears, till we are well-nigh stunned, that under the dark influence of Popery the world must necessarily go backwards, and all our powers be paralysed, until, by the sheer repetition of extravagant charges, we begin almost to suspect that we are rogues without knowing it, it is soothing to let the imagination wander back to countries where Catholicism has been embraced and really acted on, unmolested either by Protestant preacher or liberal statesman; where it has shown its vivifying power over the soul, unaided and unhindered either by royal patronage or aristocratical wealth. While the world is driving on at its own chosen rate of "progress," it is instructive to turn and watch the ways of other and humbler races, whose civilisation has not consisted in railways, crystal-palaces, screw-steamers and the penny-post; but in simplicity, hardihood, comparative poverty, and unmitigated "Romanism."

For, after all, "progress" is not necessarily progress to happiness and greatness. There is a knowledge which is more stultifying than ignorance; there is a power which is more degrading than weakness. It is possible to be great, glorious, and heroic, with very simple appliances; and the utmost amount of material civilisation, comfort, and order, is perfectly compatible with a very low degree of excellence in all that is most honourable in man, as man, and in woman, as woman. It is not crabs alone that can "progress" backwards.

Perhaps no spot in Europe is more suggestive of the reminiscences of a noble yet simple civilisation than the mountainous district of the Tyrolese Alps. Bordering upon Switzerland, that country of pretence, hypocrisy, and tyranny, for generations has been found a race where faith and patriotism have dwelt in intimate alliance, and the achievements of labouring mountaineers have rivalled those of the most celebrated soldiers of the world. The traveller, reeking from the hot and

artificial life of England or France, on reaching the Tyrol finds himself in a new world of freshness and genial simplicity. He is surrounded by a people among whom education is not only general but universal, for none can marry unless they can read and write ; but who, nevertheless, are all Catholics, and, as a race, as universally devout as perhaps any nation has ever been since Christianity has existed. Manly, frank, and vigorous, the Tyrolese unites in a remarkable degree a devotion to a royal house with a personal independence of mind and capacity for practical action. His wealth is little, but his desires are few ; he has the art of mingling pleasure with labour ; the vices of civilisation are known to him more by report than by experience ; he loves the liberties of his country like a rational man, who knows that there can be no liberty without law, and no law without obedience ; and in the possession of rare and present advantages, he is content to live on without schemes of change, and to love that which is, all the more dearly because his country has flourished for centuries under institutions and with habits almost identical with those which he sees around him still.

If the stranger question him as to the past history of his country, he perceives, nevertheless, that in his open and peaceful mind there yet linger memories of a bloody struggle, when all this fair state of tranquillity and labour was for a time crushed beneath the heel of cruelty and a godless lust of dominion. Even among his favourite sculptured images, the works of the hereditary handicraft of his people, and for the most part religious in its aspect, singular figures appear, little known, or altogether unheard of, out of his own country. In innumerable houses appears a warlike innkeeper ; and, stranger still, in modern times, a Capuchin friar sword in hand, the remembrance of whose deeds is cherished by every rank with a fervour of gratitude, in comparison of which the recollections of the heroes of other countries are faint and dim. If there is such a thing as lasting national thankfulness, Hofer, the landlord of an inn at Passeyr, and Haspinger, the Capuchin, nicknamed Redbeard, have unquestionably lived in the affections of their fellow-countrymen with a posthumous glory seldom equalled in countries of more artificial cultivation, where the hero of yesterday is usually forgotten in the hero of to-day.

The history of that struggle which was long maintained by Hofer, with the aid of the Capuchin and other subordinates, against the overwhelming power of France and Bavaria, is indeed one of the most extraordinary records of courageous and skilful resistance against irresistible force which modern annals have preserved. Like so many of the miseries of Europe dur-

Catholics as more vulgar, more frivolous, or more hideous. Would we, then, *encourage* the British and Irish poor, as yet little accustomed to the devotional decoration of altars, images, and pictures, to adopt notions which we ourselves regard as opposed to all good taste and refined cultivation? Far from it; we claim equal liberty for the few and for the many; for the fastidious lady or gentleman, and for the rude peasant or mechanic. Where it is in our power to refine and purify the poor man's taste, we would do so by all means. We would *encourage* good taste, but we would *force* it on no one. As for ourselves, we abominate, and that most cordially, the whole range of what is called pious trumpery and millinery. But God has not made all men like writers in the *Rambler*. We cannot inspire an Irish hodman or a Yorkshire clown with the same aversion to paint and petticoats which we feel ourselves. Nor, in fact, can we induce all our own equals, friends, and acquaintances, to see these things with our eyes. It is a sad fact, but yet a fact, that highly-cultivated minds in every class of society differ radically from one another in such matters. Often have we been amazed at perceiving how wide-spread is the fondness for what *we* think trash, and how natural it is to many accomplished minds to express their devout feelings towards the images of our Blessed Lord and the Saints by means which, to our tastes, are positively offensive. But so it is. All the lecturing, writing, talking, and building in the world will never produce uniformity of taste among mankind. We apprehend, therefore, that if ever our Catholic population is so thoroughly imbued with a Catholic spirit as heartily to cultivate Christian art in its churches, we must be prepared for a fearful inroad of æsthetic unpleasantnesses, and must be content to sacrifice the physically for the morally beautiful. The loss will be a gain, nevertheless: for this life is short; and we may console ourselves with the certain conviction, that our enjoyment of the ineffable beauties of the celestial paradise will not be the less keen or elevated for the sacrifices we may here make for the sake of our brothers in Christ.

One word more in reference to the supposed incompatibility of Gothic architecture with such plans and decorations as have been introduced into the Church since the Reformation. To assert that such an incompatibility exists, is either a libel on Gothic art, or a device to hinder its employment for Catholic purposes. No architect who understands his business, and who really *wishes* to design a home for Catholic faith and devotion in the true spirit of the living Church, ever ventures on such a statement. The history of art does

not record a more transparent fiction. If we once knew our own minds, and had formed a distinct conception of what a church ought to be, and what we intend to do with it and in it, we should soon find architects in abundance who would not rank themselves either among the unwilling or the incapables. Italian architecture has its peculiar merits, so has Roman, so has Greek, so has Byzantine; but in point of adaptability to every purpose, Gothic stands pre-eminent. Those who think otherwise have taken their ideas from *manufacturers* of Gothic, and not from Gothic *artists*.

Reviews.

HOFER AND THE TYROLESE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. *Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer. Taken from the German.* By C. H. Hall, Esq. Murray.
2. *The History of Germany.* By Wolfgang Menzel. Bohn.

THE records of war are ordinarily the records of little else besides misery and crime. Even when the amount of abstract injustice is not equal on both sides engaged, there is little to honour or admire in the animating principles of the belligerents; while in the actual conduct of their deadly rivalry there is rarely any thing to be discerned but a contest of passion, blood-thirstiness, and selfishness. For the most part, nations quarrel like children, and fight like devils.

What are popularly termed "religious wars" are no exception to the rule. However holy the professed object of one party involved, the conduct of such wars has been almost always, to a considerable extent, unchristian and detestable. Purity of motive and uprightness and mercy in action have been usually confined to a small handful of individuals. The dominant spirit has been entirely that of this world, even while its watchwords have been most distinctively the language of the Gospel and the Cross.

Here and there, however, the eye of the historian detects a brighter spot in these long dismal annals of darkness and horror. It is possible to point to episodes in the wide history of bloodshedding, when men have fought like Christians, and not like beasts or devils; wielding the sword not only in word, but in reality, "in the name of God;" penetrated with a sense of the awful responsibility they had undertaken, and with

to inaugurate his rule over the Tyrol, dated January 14, 1806, promised "not only strongly to uphold the constitution of the country and the well-earned rights and privileges of the people, but also to promote their welfare." This pledge, moreover, was repeated again and again with an obtrusive reiteration, which, to those who knew what Bavaria meant by promoting a nation's welfare, was sufficient to awaken the gravest apprehensions.

In a certain sense amiable and benevolent, Maximilian of Bavaria was a true disciple of the Austrian Joseph II. Nominally Catholic, nominally liberal, and nominally philosophical, the political system adopted and carried out by the "reforming" emperor was in reality and result as anti-Catholic, despotic, and shallow, as any one of those many theories which have been devised for the sudden regeneration of mankind in the cabinets of self-conceited sophists. The Bavarian king lost no time in proving himself an adept in this pernicious school. Every thing the Tyrolese held dear, every thing that constituted their happiness in this life and their hopes for eternity, was attacked under the pretence that it was for their good that national honour, personal liberty, venerated customs, and religious objects of veneration, should be torn from them and trampled under foot by insolent strangers. "Jesuit obscurantism" was, of course, the cant cry with which the new measures were heralded. Vulgar Bavarian official insolence entered into a league with the infidel frivolity of the French philosophism of Voltaire and the Revolution, and hand in hand proceeded to "reform" the Tyrol.

The first blows were naturally aimed at what they called "superstition." The Tyrol abounded with small mountain chapels, whose artistic simplicity was a symbol of the pure, honest, and fervent piety which loved thus to remind itself of the nothingness of time and the goodness of God, wherever the labourer's toils were carried on, or the traveller's steps might take him. Even now, the few that remain of these monuments of humble devotion touch the heart of the non-Catholic visitor, and how much more that of the Catholic, more sweetly than the most magnificent achievements of Christian art in the rich centres of a luxurious population. But to the Bavarian and French illuminati these were hateful objects; and the Tyrolese saw them levelled to the ground with every mark of ridicule and contempt; while images, crucifixes, relics, long held in veneration and associated with the reminiscences of generations of faith, were destroyed, or, what was worse, sold to the Jews.

When religion was thus treated, liberty of course fared no

better. In former times, no recruits for the Austrian service were levied by the emperor in the Tyrol, with the exception of those for the rifle-corps; and these enjoyed peculiar privileges of their own, electing their own commanders and wearing their national dress. The Bavarians laughed at these rights; and an attempted military conscription served only to kindle the ardour of the mountaineers to a more strenuous determination to seize the first moment for throwing off the usurping yoke. The ancient Tyrolean diet was unceremoniously dissolved, the Bavarians not even thinking it worth while to preserve the semblance of independence; while they showed their contempt for Tyrolean nationality by abolishing the very name of the Tyrol, and calling the country "Southern Bavaria." By way of crowning these injuries with reckless insult, they actually sold by auction the ancient national edifice, or castle, which by a popular legend was held to confer on its possessor the lawful right to the sovereignty of the nation. New and exorbitant taxes were levied, and collected with every display of coarse and insolent brutality, among a people who hitherto had taxed themselves, and that with a gentle hand. Altogether, short of universal pillage, massacre, and confiscation, it would have been difficult for an unpopular government to have done more to exasperate the feelings of a conquered people to the highest pitch of indignation.

Such was the condition of affairs in the Tyrol, when Austria roused herself to an attempt to throw off the dominion of Napoleon. The French emperor was engaged in the Spanish Peninsula: the galling bitterness of the new dominion was felt to be more trying than all the abuses of the old German empire; while Napoleon's conduct towards the Pope, whom he had imprisoned in Rome itself, had roused the indignation of all good Catholics. In the beginning of the year 1809, Austria raised an army of four hundred thousand men, and issued proclamations, calling upon every true-hearted German to strike for the liberties of his country. We need not follow the course of the brief struggle that ensued, when Napoleon, dividing the eastern nations of Germany from the western, led his troops, with but one severe reverse at Aspern, from victory to victory; till the battle of Wagram annihilated the hopes of Austria, and the peace of Vienna saw her stripped of fresh portions of her territory, for the advantage of France, Bavaria, and Russia. It was in the Tyrol alone that for a time the cause of justice and religion seemed about to triumph. Had all Germans been like the brave and Catholic Tyrolese, there would have been no need of Waterloo. The record of their fruitless devotion, and the mournful end of their most

distinguished leader, is among the saddest and most truly glorious episodes which adorn the history of Christian patriotism.

Andrew Hofer was at that time forty-two years of age. He was the landlord of an inn at Passeyr, in the Passeyrthal, a valley among the mountains about half-way between Innspruck and Trent, on the right hand of the road as the traveller journeys from the former to the latter town. Some years before the Bavarian usurpation, he had represented his native valley at the national diet, and had strenuously opposed the anti-Catholic measures which Joseph II. had been endeavouring to introduce among the Tyrolese. Later, he had served as captain of a rifle-corps against the French in 1795; and when, in 1805, the transference of the Tyrol to Bavaria took place, the Austrian Archduke John had parted from the patriotic innkeeper with a shake of the hand, and an expression of hope that they would meet again in better times.

Among his countrymen he possessed remarkable popularity. Tolerably well educated, and of that open, cordial, genial disposition which his countrymen dearly loved, he was as powerful in frame as he was pious in heart and upright in life. His make is described as Herculean in breadth; though he stooped in the shoulders, from his early carrying of heavy weights over the mountains. His voice was gentle and agreeable, his countenance handsome, and rendered striking by an immense dark beard, which hung almost to his waist, in accordance with a custom prevailing among the innkeepers of the valleys. Hofer, moreover, is reported to have cherished his beard with peculiar attention, in consequence of a wager of a pair of oxen which he had made with some of his friends. His portrait shows him in the ordinary dress of his class, with a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, decorated with a black curling feather; a red waistcoat, across which were broad green braces of a peculiar make, supporting black chamois-leather breeches; and over all a loose green coat. His knees were bare, and his mighty legs encased in high boots. On his ample chest reposed his crucifix, a silver medal of St. George, and the gold medal and chain sent him by the emperor. To a stout black belt was attached his sword, literally his broadsword. His spirit was best seen when he was at his prayers; and his broad, honest, manly face shone with that deep and unaffected devotion which was the life-spring of his patriotism, and at once animated and chastened his undaunted courage. He dealt in wine, corn, and horses; his business-intercourse was extensive, and he was known and respected to the extreme Italian frontier of his country.

The moment that Austria believed that the hour was come for a general effort at bursting the intolerable bondage imposed by Napoleon, Hofer was summoned to Vienna, and the plans were laid for a rising among the mountaineers. The town-population was either too much under the control of Bavarian officials, or too lukewarm in its attachment to its religion and its old loyalty, to be taken into the arrangements. How well the peasantry were to be trusted is shown by the fact, that while, on a moderate estimate, not less than 60,000 men were cognisant of what was going on, and participators in the intended revolt, not one betrayed the secret. At Innspruck, the Bavarian commander Kinkel remained quietly with his army, directing his attention solely to the expected advance of an army from Austria, and utterly unconscious of the mine about to be sprung at his feet.

Suddenly the whole country burst into a flame. Unsuspected by their military rulers, many thousand Tyrolese were in arms, organised, commanded by duly-appointed leaders, and waiting only for the signal agreed on, to meet and attack the Bavarians and the French troops then quartered in the Tyrol. On the 9th of April the signal was given. Sawdust and little pieces of wood, with red flags fastened to them, were seen by the anxious eyes of the people to be floating down the stream of the Inn. The sky had been dark and gloomy, and favoured the midnight gathering of the peasant-soldiery. By three o'clock the van advanced up the Pusterthal; and in a few hours fires were lighted all over the mountain-heights, and the valleys re-echoed with the clanging of alarm-bells and the booming of distant guns.

Every where the insurgents were greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstration on the part of the peasantry. The village-bells rang as they passed; men, women, and children flocked out to cheer them. The aged and blind were brought out of their cottages to bless them, and pray for their victory: in crowds they gathered around them, shaking their hands, touching their clothes, and even kissing their horses.

The first blow fell upon a body of Bavarian sappers, who had been detached to blow up the bridge of St. Lorenzo, in the Pusterthal, in anticipation of an advance of the Austrian army. The Tyrolese riflemen, from their hiding-places, picked off the Bavarians as they approached to their work, and the entire detachment, amazed and terrified, took to flight. Wredef, their commander, however, speedily came up at the head of two battalions, and the fight began. The Bavarian artillery was quickly captured, and thrown into the river; but being joined by a strong detachment of French, the issue of the

day for a time seemed doubtful. A small accession of Austrian horse turned the scale in favour of the mountaineers, and the French and Bavarians fled, suffering immense loss. The unerring rifles of the peasantry shot them down from every side; rocks and timber dashed down the cliffs upon their heads; and the day ended in a decisive victory.

Hofer was not present in person, being engaged with the peasantry of Passeyr, Meran, and Algund, in occupying a road near Sterzing, with the intention of dislodging another body of Bavarians there stationed. On the morning of the 11th the fight began, and the Bavarians for a time defied all Hofer's attempts; though they suffered frightfully from the Tyrolese rifles, the very artillerymen being shot down by the side of their guns. At last a waggon loaded with hay, and driven by a girl, the daughter of a tailor named Camper, advanced towards the Bavarians; behind which the Tyrolese advanced upon the open plain on which the Bavarians were stationed, protected by their artillery against a peasant host armed with pitchforks, spears, and every rude implement they could lay their hands on. The bullets whistled past the heroic girl, as she guided the characteristic screen, and shouted to her countrymen, "On with you! who cares for Bavarian dumplings?" A desperate struggle ensued, and the best officers of the Bavarians were killed, and the whole body either slain or made prisoners.

Meanwhile, a third party of peasantry had been rising in the lower valley of the Inn, whose aim was to seize upon Innspruck, and destroy the Bavarian power at its centre. A wealthy peasant, or farmer, was the leader of his countrymen, by name Joseph Speckbacher,—a man who showed extraordinary energies and heroism during the war now commencing. He was a tall and powerfully-built man, about forty years of age, stooping in his gait, with a serious and even sad countenance; though on the mention of the war, or of the interests of his country, his face gleamed with brightness, and he stood erect with sudden ardour. His father, who was superintendent of the salt-works at Halle, and had fought with distinction against the Bavarians, died when Joseph was but six years old. A few years afterwards his mother also died, and he was sent to school; but could not be taught either to read or write: he was of a wild, roving disposition, and the discipline of a school was intolerable to his untamed spirit. When he was twelve years old, he formed a connection with some others as wild as himself, and roamed about the Bavarian forest country, living a kind of poaching, rascally life, a source of annoyance to all whom he came across, and a disgrace to his name and country. In one of his expeditions, one of his companions

was killed before his eyes by a Bavarian soldier; and from that day Speckbacher was struck with a deep sense of the degraded character of the life he had been leading. He instantly reformed, and the whole energies of his character were devoted to the duties of a respectable life. At twenty-seven years old he married a woman of some little property, who persuaded him to learn reading and writing. Thus making up for the deficiencies of his boyhood, he became a person of considerable importance in his native country; and in the war of independence exercised an authority over his fellow-countrymen of the same kind, though inferior in degree, to that possessed by Hofer himself. From every church-tower in the valley the alarm-bells pealed. Throughout the day women and children were employed in distributing in all quarters scraps of paper, on which was written "It is time!" As soon as night arrived, Speckbacher seized upon the city of Hall. Lighting numerous watch-fires on one side of the walls, as if he were about to attack it on that quarter, he himself, in the darkness, went round to the opposite gates, and presented himself as a common passenger for admittance. The *ruse* succeeded; the gates were opened; Speckbacher with his followers rushed in and made prisoners of the garrison, amounting to 400 men.

On the morning of the 11th, the attack on Innsbruck began. Each party had made what preparations were possible; the Bavarians placing artillery on the bridges, and taking up the best positions for defence; the Tyrolese blocking up every outlet for escape for the enemy, whom they already regarded as vanquished; blockading the roads leading from the city with barricades of trees, and destroying the bridges over the streams. Early on the morning of the 12th, a body of the peasantry advanced, armed with muskets, and poles with bayonets fastened to the ends, and seized one of the bridges leading to the city. The impetuosity of their charge overwhelmed the Bavarians, many of whom were killed at their guns before they had time to discharge them. Shouting "Vivat Franz! Down with the Bavarians!" they drove the troops before them, striking them down with the butt-ends of their muskets, forcing them headlong into the river, and closely following the remainder to the city-gates, and entering with them.

It was now 9 o'clock in the morning, and the battle became general. Such of the Bavarians as were stationed on the roofs and at the windows of the houses, were attacked with so fierce a fire, that they threw down their arms in the streets and begged for mercy. In other houses the citizens fought for the peasants, and murderous discharges from the houses and towers were poured upon the soldiery. Dittfurt, the

second in command under Kinkel, fought desperately in the streets, encouraging, entreating, and commanding his men; and at length, almost alone, threw himself upon a body of the Tyrolese who were in possession of the house of the commander-in-chief, and pressing him to surrender. He had already received two wounds in his body; a third ball now struck him in the breast; he fell on his knees, while the blood gushed from his mouth. Some peasants came near to make him prisoner, when he raised himself, and called feebly to his men to advance, and not fly like cowards. A fourth ball smote his head, and he dropped insensible. Four days afterwards he died, cursing and blaspheming in wild delirium. He was deservedly abhorred by the peasants, having made himself peculiarly obnoxious by the cruelties he had practised upon them in the discharge of functions sufficiently odious in themselves. He had boasted, that "with his regiment and a couple of squadrons he could disperse the ragged mob." As he lay dying in the guard-house, in the midst of the peasants he had scorned and persecuted, he asked who had been their leader. "No one," they said; "we fought for God, for the emperor, and for our country." "That is strange," said he; "for I saw a leader repeatedly pass me on a white horse." This saying produced a conviction in the minds of the Tyrolese that St. James, the patron of the city of Innspruck, had fought among them.

By 11 o'clock Innspruck was in the hands of the patriots. The Bavarian cavalry, at the beginning of the day, had done much execution among them; but the Tyrolese, adopting the only feasible plan of fighting with horsemen, had dispersed whenever they charged, keeping up at the same time an irregular but slaughtering fire, which mowed down the soldiers, unable to reach their adversaries. When the infantry surrendered, a panic struck them, and they fled in all directions, heedless of their officers. The Tyrolese, however, stopped their flight; and rushing on them with pitchforks, forced them to dismount, and seized the horses for their own service. A small party at first escaped, and fled from the city; but Speckbacher pursued and made them prisoners. He captured also a picket which had been stationed on one of the bridges, and had taken refuge in a convent. Seizing an immense fir-tree, fifty of the peasants swung it in their arms as a battering-ram, with which they burst open the convent-gates, and carried off the discomfited soldiers.

Thus ended the second day of the war. It was closed amidst rejoicings characteristic of the loyalty of the Tyrolese peasantry. Innspruck resounded with shouts and acclama-

tions. The imperial eagle was taken down from the tomb of Maximilian, decorated with ribbons, and carried in procession through the streets; it was then fixed in a house, and crowds flocked in to look at it, and kiss it. On a triumphal arch, hastily raised, were placed the portraits of the Emperor and the Archduke John, with lighted candles all around; while every passer-by knelt in respect, and cried "Long live the Emperor!"

Wearied at length with the watching of the previous night, the conflict of the morning, and the rejoicings of the day, the victors fell asleep, many in the city, many in the neighbouring orchards, and sought a brief repose. It was indeed to be brief; for at 3 o'clock on the following morning (the 13th) the alarm-bells again clanged forth from the city-towers and the neighbouring villages. The French were upon them in strength, in company with fresh Bavarian troops. The night was scarcely over, when they had forced their way through the pass where Hofer was stationed, though with severe losses from the peasants' rifles. A lieutenant, with an advanced guard, approached the city-gates, and had scarcely passed the triumphal arch, where the pictures of the emperor and archduke were fixed, when a ball struck him dead from his horse. The gates were instantly barricaded with every available instrument. Casks and waggons blocked up the road-way; the house-doors were closed, and every preparation made for a bloody street-fight. In an incredibly short time the conflict was ended in the city. Two hundred of the assailants lay dead, and the remainder retreated to the main army, which lay on a rising ground in the neighbourhood. The Tyrolese offered the commander terms of capitulation, which were instantly rejected, and the attack began. The impetuosity and fire of the peasantry overwhelmed both French and Bavarians. The slaughter was immense; and by half-past eight o'clock in the forenoon, terms of surrender were actually signed, and the whole body capitulated. The victors returned into Innspruck in triumph, the band of the captives leading the way, and compelled to play in honour of their conquerors. The prisoners amounted to the immense number of 8000 infantry, 1000 cavalry, with two generals, ten staff-officers, and above 100 officers of lower grades.

The greatness of the Tyrolese showed itself most conspicuously in this moment of triumph. Irritated as they had been by usurpation, insult, cruelty, and tyranny, they stayed their hands from every species of retaliation, treating their prisoners with the utmost humanity. One man alone suffered any thing from them, and that rather as a joke than as a serious inflic-

tion: a tax-gatherer, who had boasted that he would grind down the people till they would gladly eat hay to support their wretched lives, was forced to swallow a quantity of hay for his dinner. Their heroic nobleness met the usual return with which the mercy of Christians is repaid by the savage, unscrupulous, and ungrateful world. A report was industriously spread that the Tyrolese had murdered the prisoners in cold blood; and Napoleon, with his usual lying effrontery, was guilty of the infamy of issuing a proclamation of outlawry against Chastelan, who soon joined the Tyrolese as their military leader, condemning him, if taken prisoner, to be shot within four-and-twenty hours. A year afterwards, when Berthier, one of Napoleon's marshals, was at Vienna, as envoy to the court of Austria, he met Chastelan, and had the hardihood to turn the whole of this piece of villany into a jest.

The peasantry were now masters in their own country, and the Bavarian authority was for the time destroyed. A few skirmishes and struggles took place, but with no decisive result upon the actual condition of either party. By the beginning of May, however, Napoleon was in a position to attack the Tyrolese with forces against which resistance must be in the end hopeless. He sent a considerable body of troops, under Lefebvre, a brutal German of the merciless old military school, who made the people feel in full force the frightful horrors of war. Every leader who fell into his hands he shot like a traitor, and his troops committed every species of outrage upon the unresisting people of the villages. At the pass of Staub, on Ascension-day, many of the Tyrolese had left their post for the purpose of hearing Mass in the church, and those who remained were surprised by Lefebvre's soldiers, and, after a noble struggle, overpowered, and ferociously butchered on the spot. At the town of Schwartz, the most horrible cruelties were perpetrated. The Bavarians, in superior numbers, and after a prolonged conflict with the Tyrolese under Speckbacher, finally possessed themselves of the town, burnt it to the ground, and murdered every one of the inhabitants, hanging hundreds of them to the trees, and nailing their hands to their heads. At the village of Vomp, the Bavarians set fire to the houses to the sound of drums and hautboys, and shot the inhabitants as they attempted to escape from the flames.

Yet not once did these noble mountaineers retaliate. Their honest, hearty souls knew no law but that of the Gospel, and their only mode of venting their feelings lay in a rustic jest. The Bavarians then, as now, were notorious for their fondness for beer and the coarse lumpiness of their persons, and the Tyrolese accordingly nicknamed them "Bavarian

hogs;" and when they came within hearing, were in the habit of saluting them with the usual country noises with which pigs were driven along, crying to them "Tschu, tschu, tschu!—Natsch, natsch!" On one occasion, indeed, some one proposed to requite the Bavarian atrocities by sending back the prisoners maimed in one ear, so that they might be recognised if found again fighting against the Tyrolese; but Hofer would not hear of the cruelty for a moment.

Disasters now followed close upon one another: the Austrian officers began to despair, or yielded to cowardice; and Hofer's energies were taxed to the utmost to prevent an entire disorganisation of their forces and the ruin of the revolt. Napoleon's defeat at Aspern, on the 21st and 22d of May, gave new hopes to the Tyrolese patriots. Two days before that date, Innsbruck had fallen into the hands of the French and Bavarians; but now the sudden recal of Lefebvre to Germany inspired the undaunted peasantry, and they gathered together with extraordinary rapidity and resolution. Hofer was ably seconded by a courageous, though somewhat headlong German, Eisenstecken, who had been appointed as his adjutant by the Austrian commander-in-chief. Speckbacher, a giant in strength, with the eye of a mountain-eagle, and unsurpassed in readiness and daring, was also at his side. Above all, the "fighting Capuchin," Father Joachim Haspinger, with a brother-friar, Peter Thalguter, now appeared on the scene, exercising an astonishing influence upon the minds of a race like the Tyrolese, who valued above all things the two qualities of pure devotion and personal courage. The Capuchins entered into the thickest of the fight, and struck down their adversaries with blows from heavy wooden crosses; and being young and athletic men, they did great execution. Hofer addressed the following characteristic proclamation to his fellow-countrymen:

"Dear Brothers of the Upper Innthal!—For God, the Emperor, and our dear native country!

"To-morrow, early in the morning, is fixed for the attack. With the help of our holy Mother, we will seize and destroy the Bavarians; and we confide ourselves to the beloved Jesus. Come to our assistance; but if you fancy yourselves wiser than Divine Providence, we will do without you.

"ANDREW HOFER."

On the 29th of May a struggle took place which once more made the Tyrolese masters in their native country. Speckbacher, with six hundred men, attacked the Bavarians on the

bridge of Hall, drove them back, and destroyed the bridge. The Tyrolese were in possession of the farm of Rainerhof; and thrice the Bavarians renewed the attack upon it, and were thrice repulsed. During this fight at the farm another of those incidents took place which showed the intensity of the feeling which animated the patriotic peasantry. A young woman who lived in the house brought out a small cask of wine to refresh the Tyrolese, and walked up with it on her head to the scene of battle, heedless of the fire of the Bavarians. A ball struck the cask, and she was forced to let it go; but instantly recovering herself, she clapped her thumb on the hole made by the bullet, and called to her fellow-countrymen to come instantly and drink the wine.

The battle lasted through the day; the Capuchin especially distinguishing himself, and showing great military talent. At one moment he was on the point of being run through the body by a Bavarian soldier, when a Tyrolese rifleman saved him by shooting the Bavarian dead on the spot. At night a kind of truce was agreed to, of which the Bavarians took advantage to retire during the night, wrapping their cannon wheels and horses' hoofs in hay, to avoid all noise, and enjoining silence among the troops under pain of death. At Hall Speckbacher attempted, but in vain, to stop their retreat; his own son, a child of ten years old, actually picking up the enemies' balls as they fell around him, and putting them in his hat, till his father had him carried off by force and placed in a spot of safety. A similar feat of hardihood was displayed shortly afterwards by Speckbacher himself. In disguise he entered the fortress of Cuffstein, still in the possession of the Bavarians; paid a visit undetected to the governor, extinguished a lighted grenade with his hat, spoilt the working of the fire-engines, and cut the cables of some vessels that were moored beneath the fortress-walls.

The triumph of the Tyrolese was, however, short. The battle of Wagram once more laid Austria prostrate at Napoleon's feet; and the conqueror compelled the emperor to withdraw all his troops from the Tyrol. The peasantry now began to feel how vast was the difference between their own heroic devotion to the house of Austria and the mercenary services of German commanders. The moment that Napoleon turned his arms in large force against the Tyrol, the Austrian leaders, Buol and Hormayr, hurried their retreat from the devoted land, issuing a proclamation as they fled recommending the Tyrolese to the care of Lefebvre, the brutal general whom Napoleon had placed at the head of the invading forces. These forces amounted to the large number of between thirty

and forty thousand, and were composed of French, Bavarians, and Saxons.

At such a juncture it was impossible but that the courage of the peasantry should falter. Hofer himself never quailed. When Hormayr, the selfish German, who all along had begrudged to the native leaders their natural influence over their countrymen, now hastened away, Hofer said to him, "Well, I will undertake the government; and as long as it is the will of God, I name myself, Andrew Hofer, host of the Sand at Passeyr, Count of the Tyrol." Hormayr, who was of the infidel school of modern Germany, and ridiculed alike the faith and the loyalty of the Tyrolese, laughed at language so little known in courts and camps, and went his timorous way. Returning then to his own house, Hofer met Speckbacher, himself infected with a general dismay, flying from the country in a carriage with some Austrian officers. As he passed him, he cried, "Wilt thou also desert thy country?" and sought a brief hiding-place in a cave among the cliffs overhanging his own valleys. There he poured out his soul in prayer; and issuing forth, betook himself to the monastery of the brave Capuchin Haspinger. Haspinger yielded to his ardent entreaties, and a conference of a few patriots was summoned to concert measures for attacking the advancing French. Suddenly they were joined by Speckbacher, whose heart had been smitten by the passing words of Hofer, as he sat by the side of his Austrian companions, and who had left them at the first resting-place, and was now returned to fight once more for the good cause.

The struggle soon began, and again the heroism and military genius of the peasants and their humble leaders triumphed over invading power; and but for the personal triumphs of Napoleon elsewhere, would have been permanently victorious. The history of this last phase in the Tyrolese war is one of the most melancholy of the many mournful episodes which every where attended the terrible career of Napoleon. In the whole course of the French revolutionary wars, and the subsequent conflicts in which Napoleon Bonaparte shook Europe to its foundations, two spots stand out pre-eminent for their loyalty, their piety, their unexpected skill, and the extraordinary success which crowned their arms until subdued by powers utterly overwhelming. And nowhere was the reckless wickedness of the conquerors more signally displayed than in their treatment of the noble leaders who long led their fellow-countrymen to victory. These spots were La Vendée and the Tyrol; both of them places where Catholicism still ruled in the hearts of a united and simple people, and pro-

duced fruits of innocence in peace, as conspicuous as were the fruits of heroism and mercy which it produced in time of war.

At first the advancing French were unopposed. Lefebvre entered Innsbruck, and with his usual brutality plundered and burnt the villages in his course. The agreement which had been made between the Austrian Emperor and the French had stipulated for an amnesty to all engaged in the former war; but in place of an amnesty, Lefebvre published a list of proscribed names, of which of course Hofer's was the chief. It included also such of the noble and upper classes as had fought with the peasantry. These savage acts set the whole country in flames. The whole of the Tyrol, says the historian Menezl, flew to arms. The young men placed in their hats the bunch of rosemary gathered by the girls of their heart, the more aged a peacock's plume, the symbol of the house of Hapsburg; all carried the rifle, so murderous in their hands. They made cannons of larch-wood, bound with iron rings, which did good service; they raised *abattis*, blew up rocks, piled immense masses of stone on the extreme edges of the precipitous rocks commanding the narrow vales, in order to hurl them on the advancing foe; and so directed the timber-slide in the forest-covered mountains, or those formed of logs, by means of which the timber was run into the valleys, that they might command the most important passes and bridges, and so enable the people to shoot immense trees on the advancing troops with tremendous velocity.

Lefebvre divided his army into four divisions, with which he attacked the heart of the Tyrol simultaneously from as many different points. On the 4th of August a desperate battle took place between one of these *corps d'armée*, consisting chiefly of Saxons, and the Tyrolese, who were under the command of the Capuchin, on the heights above the town of Oberau. ¶The conflict was frightful and bloody. The Tyrolese adopted their usual tactics, and harassed the Saxons with incessant firing, and that never-ending repetition of assault which was so paralysing to regular soldiery of the old German school. The Saxons had got possession of the town of Oberau, and when the fortune of the day turned in the patriots' favour, they stormed the town, and took prisoners the whole of the Saxons, who had not succeeded in cutting their way through the Tyrolese and joining the main division. Nearly a thousand Saxons were left dead on the ground. An immense number were captured; seven hundred of whom contrived to escape from their guards, and were recaptured by the armed women and girls. The courage of the women was indeed

one of the most striking proofs, at once of the indomitable spirit of the people and of the universality of the horror of Bavarian rule. And these martial feats were not confined to the female peasantry alone. The Baroness of Sternbach, mounted on horseback and armed with pistols, accompanied the patriots, and shared in the command. In the end, she was seized in her own castle, imprisoned in a house of correction at Munich, and then carried to Strasburg, deprived of her estates, insulted, and threatened with death. Her courage never failed her.

A similar fate to that which the Saxons encountered befel the invading division which marched up the valley of the Inn. In the darkness of the night of the 8th of August, after being repulsed by the Tyrolese, this body of troops, under Burscheidt, retreated as silently as possible over the bridge of Poutlaz. The infantry passed unheard, with stealthy steps; but when the cavalry followed, the noise of the horses' feet betrayed them to the watchful mountaineers, who were posted on the heights above. Instantly the crash came. Rocks and trees were rolled headlong upon the bridge, overwhelming men and horses together: the darkness adding fresh terrors to the attack, and the fallen bodies blocking up the road to those who were behind. The commander, with a few of his troops, escaped to Innspruck; the rest were all either killed or captured.

The third division met a similar reception in the Pusterthal. Twelve hundred of the invaders lay dead on the field, and their companions retreated in hopelessness. As for the fourth division, it made no attempt to penetrate into the heart of the country.

Other conflicts took place between the mountaineers and the Germans under their principal leaders. The troops commanded by Lefebvre were almost cut to pieces by the peasantry headed by the Capuchin and Speckbacher. The Tyrolese performed prodigies of strength and valour. They dragged the cavalry from their horses, and killed them with their staves; Lefebvre himself scarcely escaped their hands, although he had taken the precaution to dress like a common soldier, to avoid being made the especial mark of the riflemen. One peasant is reported to have actually carried a three-pounder, which he had captured, on his shoulders across the mountains. An old man, above eighty years of age, grappling in deadly struggle with a Saxon soldier, shouted, "In the name of God!" and threw himself with his foe headlong down the precipice on which he had been posted. As elsewhere, the peasantry were not without the help of the nobles;

and Count Mohr was especially conspicuous among the people of Vintschgau. In the midst of all this slaughter and triumph, the Christian spirit of the Tyrolese never failed to soften the horrors of warfare; and they carried their wounded enemies carefully to the neighbouring villages, to be tended and healed.

The 13th of August drove the Bavarians out of the country once more. The Capuchin said Mass for the Tyrolese in the open air, and then led them on to the assault at Isel. Four hundred Bavarians speedily lay dead in heaps, crushed beneath the clubs and stalwart arms of the impetuous mountaineers. At night the enemy fled, and the whole valley of the Inn blazed with the watch-fires of the victors; while Lefebvre kept his own fires burning to deceive the Tyrolese into a belief that he was still encamped close by.

On the 15th, the Festival of the Assumption, Hofer made a kind of triumphal entry into the capital of his native country, now a third time delivered by him from its invaders. It was now that the purity of his patriotism and his religious honesty appeared in their brightest light. Forced by the prostration of the Austrians to assume the position of a military dictator, he used his power solely with a view to the preservation of the constitution of his country, and to the enforcement of the laws of religion and of public order. The disturbances which in the agitation of the times had begun in Innsbruck, ceased the moment his authority was felt in exercise. His first work was to order a general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the success of the Tyrolese; and the festival was celebrated throughout the country with the deepest devotion and utmost solemnity. He instituted a search for stolen goods—including those taken from the Bavarians themselves—in every house in Innsbruck; and imposed a heavy fine on every one who had secreted property not his own, however inconsiderable in value.

The title he assumed was that of Imperial Commandant of the Tyrol; and the proclamations and edicts which he issued were obeyed with the most scrupulous readiness by the people. He did not set himself, says the historian before quoted, above his equals, and followed his former simple mode of life. The Emperor of Austria sent him a golden chain and three thousand ducats,—the first money received by the Tyrol from Austria; but Hofer's pride was not raised by this mark of favour, and the *naïveté* of his reply to those who brought the gifts was a subject of ridicule to those who valued court-ceremoniousness above hearty simplicity. "Sirs," said he, "I thank you. I have no news for you to-day. I have, it is

true, three couriers on the road, and the Schwantz ought long to have been here; I expect the rascal every hour." He permitted no pillage, and no disorderly conduct; and guarded public morals with such strictness, as to publish an order against the indelicate mode of female dressing which had been imported by the French, of which, he said, "many of his good fellow-soldiers and defenders of their country have complained." The conclusion of this proclamation is too characteristic of the homely honesty of the man to be omitted. "It is hoped," it wound up, "that these women will, by better behaviour, preserve themselves from the punishment of God; and in case of the contrary, must solely blame themselves should they find themselves disagreeably covered with dirt.—Andrew Hofer, chief in command in the Tyrol." It may safely be said that this document stands unique among the proclamations of victorious soldiers.

Another of his proclamations may be given at full length, as showing what sort of man he was; and as standing in striking contrast with the "general orders" and "despatches" which we are accustomed to see from the pens of the generals and statesmen who are strangers to the principles which animated the noble-hearted Tyrolese. Some degree of discontent and ill-feeling had arisen in the southern part of the Tyrol, during the absence of the commandant of that part of the country, and the people had treated the troops with incivility and harshness. This unpatriotic conduct called forth the singular phenomenon of an order from the commander-in-chief; not as is the case in ordinary warfare, enjoining the soldiery to spare the people, but bidding the people treat the soldiery with consideration. Hastening to Botzen, Hofer quieted the irritation by the following:

"BEST-BELOVED SOUTH TYROLEANS,

"It is with great displeasure that I have learnt your ill-treatment of my troops. I publish now, my dear brave countrymen and brothers in arms, this proclamation, that the well-thinking may know how to behave to those who are conducting themselves so ill. From my heart, which beats for you all, I detest robbery and depredations of every sort; I hate contributions and extortions; and be assured that I will not pardon these mean actions.

"It is the duty of every brave defender of his country to watch over the honour, and cultivate the affection of his neighbour, that he may not incur the displeasure of the Almighty, who defends us so miraculously. Dear brothers in arms, recollect yourselves. Against whom do we fight?

Against friends or against foes? Against our enemies we have fought and conquered, and will still fight against them; but not against our brothers, who have been already so much oppressed. Consider that we ought to protect and assist our fellow-creatures, who are unable to carry arms. What would the world, the witness of our conduct,—what would our posterity say, were we not to fulfil these duties? The glory of the Tyrolese would be lost for ever.

“Dear countrymen, the whole world is astonished at our deeds. The name of the Tyrolese is already immortalised; and it is only necessary that we should fulfil our duty towards God and our neighbour, to complete a work so gloriously begun.

“Brave countrymen and brothers in arms, supplicate the Creator of all things, who is alike able to defend or destroy kingdoms at His pleasure, and He will guide you. Who at this moment would wish to disturb our tranquillity? I summon all the clergy, and those who are unable to bear arms, to assist and protect my troops; and such as are not able to render them any service, to implore God on their knees to bless our endeavours.

“I further acquaint all public bodies, towns, villages, and my troops in general, that as so many irregularities have happened in consequence of the conduct of commandants of their own choosing, during the absence of Joseph Morandell, whom I had appointed commandant of the Southern Tyrol, no proclamations, orders, or arrangements are to be attended to, unless issued and signed by him.

“ANDREW HOFER,

Commander-in-Chief of the Tyrol.

“*Boitzen, 4th Sept. 1809.*”

Such was the internal government of the Tyrol, when all was lost through the faithlessness of that court which Hofer and his devoted followers had served so well. History affords few more striking illustrations of the words of king David, “Put not your trust in princes,” than the desertion of these heroic peasantry by the “noble” house of Hapsburg, when Napoleon’s renewed victories brought about the treaty of Vienna, concluded on the 10th of October. In this compact *the Tyrol was not even mentioned*. The self-sacrificing people were handed over to the tender mercies of bloody and despotic France and revengeful Bavaria, without a word of stipulation in their favour. A heartless manifesto was despatched to them by the Archduke John,—the very man who had been foremost in inciting them to support him and his house, when Austria

rose against Napoleon, in which he simply bade them disperse, and offer no longer a useless resistance. He added not a hint of security against the savage vindictiveness of their enemies, not a word of apology for Austria in having thrown overboard her solemn pledges *never* to forsake the Tyrolese.

Vast bodies of French and Germans now entered the Tyrol; but the people, as a nation, could rise no more against them, for their heart was broken. In some parts they fought with the energy of desperation against the invaders, accounting nothing so miserable as submission to such rulers, in whose eyes nothing was held sacred. The inhabitants of the Passeyr and Algrund flocked to Hofer, and compelled him to lead them to the last dying struggle. For a brief space the patriots seemed about to conquer. At Meran, they cast from the heights such numbers of the invading soldiery, that it was said that the French fell like autumn-leaves into the town. A division of cavalry which attempted to surround them was actually annihilated. Rusca, who led bands of Italian brigands in the interest of the French, lost 500 dead and 1700 prisoners.

They still retained, however, their love of humour and their Christian mercifulness. A French major who had formerly fired a village in cold blood fell into their hands; but at the interference of the Capuchin his life was spared. At one place, while the French artillery was bombarding their position, the peasants set up a huge barn-door as a mark for the gunners to aim at, and at every shot they thrust up a ludicrous stuffed figure by way of joke. All, however, was vain; resistance gradually died away, and the French hanged and shot the most distinguished of the patriot leaders to their hearts' content.* These courageous men died as they had lived, quailing neither on the field of battle nor at the place of judicial murder.

Hofer, with his wife and child, took refuge among the heights of the Tyrolese Alps. He was implored by his countrymen to fly; but he would never leave the soil where he had been born, and of whose people he had deserved so well. A traitorous priest, one Donay, in the pay of France, discovered and betrayed his hiding-place; and on the night of the 27th of January a body of *three thousand six hundred* French and Italian troops went to seize him in his mountain refuge. The calm dignity with which Hofer surrendered himself could not save him from the brutal insults of the Italians. They tore his beard, pinioned him, and dragged him half-naked and barefoot over the ice and snow down the cliffs into the valley.

* During the pillage of the monastery of Seoben by the French, a nun threw herself down a precipice to escape from their hands.

He was instantly put into a carriage and despatched to Mantua. His death was predetermined by Napoleon; and orders were sent from Milan to shoot him within four-and-twenty hours. Four hours before his death he wrote the following letter to his brother-in-law:

“ My beloved wife is to have Mass said for my soul at St. Marie’s. She is to have prayers offered in both parishes, and is to let the under-landlord give my friends soup, meat, and half-a-bottle of wine each. The money I had with me I have distributed to the poor; as for the rest, settle my accounts with the people as justly as you can. All in this world, fare-well, till we meet in heaven to praise God eternally. Death appears to me so easy, that my eyes have not once been wet on account of it.

“ Written at 5 o’clock in the morning; and at 9 o’clock I set off, with the aid of all the saints, on my journey to God.”

On his way to the place of execution he passed the barracks where other Tyrolese prisoners were confined. They crowded round him, fell on their knees, and begged his blessing. He blessed them, and entreated their pardon for any wrong he might have done them; and declared his conviction that in the end the Tyrol would return to the rule of the Emperor Francis. To Manifesti, the priest who attended him to the last, and to whom he made his confession, he gave his money to be distributed among his countrymen, his snuff-box, and his rosaries. Twelve soldiers were drawn up to execute the bloody decree. The drummer in attendance presented a handkerchief to Hofer to bind his eyes, and he was bid to kneel down in the usual way. He declined the handkerchief, and exclaimed with a strong voice, “ I have been used to stand upright before my God, and I will stand to deliver up to Him the soul He gave.” He then gave the signal to fire; but, whether from the agitation of the soldiers or not, they were obliged to fire thrice before he lay dead. The first volley brought him on his knees, the second stretched him on the ground, a third shot released his soul. It was the 29th of February, 1810, when this horrible murder was perpetrated.

Afterwards, when the Austrian dominion was re-established in the Tyrol and the north of Italy, the Tyrolese brought their hero’s body back to his native mountains. A marble monument to his memory stands in a church at Innspruck, and his family were ennobled.

Of his two most distinguished companions, Haspinger the

Capuchin soon escaped to Vienna; where also, after extraordinary sufferings and dangers, Speckbacher arrived to taste the proverbial ingratitude of princes. The Bavarians hunted him among the mountains in troops, swearing to cut his skin into boot-straps. At Dux his flight was stopped by snow, and the Bavarians attacked a house where he took refuge. He leapt through the roof and got away, though hurt in so doing. For twenty-seven days he wandered, starving and frozen, amongst the forests, now buried in snow. For four days together not a morsel passed his lips. At length he came by chance upon a mountain-hut where his wife and children had hidden themselves. The Bavarians tracked him, and advanced to the capture; he seized a sledge lying by, placed it upon his shoulders, and walked out to meet them as if he were a domestic employed in his ordinary labour, and passed undetected. Then he hid himself in a cave on the Gemshaken, from which the thawing snows of spring, which slide down in masses to the valleys, carried him down one day for a mile and a half; he disengaged himself at last from the snow, but one of his legs was dislocated, and he could not regain his cave. In dreadful agony he crept to a neighbouring hut, where he found two men, who took him to his own home at Rinn, where his wife and children were returned. To his dismay he found the Bavarians in possession, and his only chance of escape lay in being buried in a hole beneath the bed of the cows, where his servant Zoppel daily brought him food. So imminent was the peril of discovery, that even his wife was left uninformed of his presence. For seven weeks he lay hid in this living tomb, till he was sufficiently recruited to cross the mountains, now free from snow. He reached Vienna; but the royal house he had so faithfully served had no smiles for him in his adversity. He bought a little property with the remnant of his possessions; but he was unable to pay the whole of the purchase-money, and he lost all he had. At length he would have been reduced to beggary, had not he actually entered as steward into the service of Hofer's son, who had been better treated by the emperor, and had received an estate at his hands.

When Napoleon finally fell, the Tyrol passed again to Austria, and now remains under its dominion. It is still one of the brightest spots of Christendom; the home of diligence, labour, simplicity, piety, and happiness. The seeds of decay and the elements of revolution are scattered far and wide in almost every other country in Europe; but if there is one people who gives promise of a long-lasting vigorous vitality, to be destroyed only by the overwhelming pressure of exter-

nal force, it is the race which still cherishes the memory of Andrew Hofer.

MAGIC.

The History of Magic. By Joseph Ennemoser. Translated from the German by W. Howitt. London, Bohn (Scientific Library).

(Second Article.)

IN laying before our readers the further remarks we promised on the operations of the human mind in its relation to external objects, it may be as well to state, that in our previous article we were contemplating the subject of magic solely from the philosophical point of view. So far as magic was really, or in pretence, supernatural in its character, it did not come under the scope of our observations. It was, indeed, by an oversight that we omitted to specify the limits we thus proposed to ourselves. We overlooked the fact that the conclusion of our second paper could not possibly be known to the reader, and that therefore he might imagine that we had ignored the existence of the pretences to demoniacal aid which were frequently made by the votaries of the "black art." In these cases the subject of course enters the region of the supernatural, and the practice of magic becomes not only a philosophical absurdity, but a sin. Our own object was simply to trace the nature of those popular theories of metaphysics which readily lent themselves to be interwoven with the positively unchristian notions of the "magician;" a species of investigation at all times of the utmost importance to those who would learn, not only *why*, but *how*, certain doctrines and practices contrary to the faith become peculiarly prevalent at any one time or in any one country. We now proceed to lay our promised speculations before our readers, with a full sense of the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, and with all that hesitation which so profound a subject demands.

We have already shown that the possibility of magic reduces itself to a question of metaphysics. If the intellect of man is "a spark of the light by which the world was created," it has a spark of creative power, the exercise of which is precisely magic. Is it true, then, that man's intellect "partakes of the nature of the Supreme Intellect?" and if not, how can he come to know external things? Unless he possesses in some way the essences of things, how can he

understand them? and if he does possess their essences, how can he stop at understanding them? Why has he not power to control them? Or is it true that man knows nothing in its own essence, only in some symbol or similitude drawn from his own self-consciousness?

Students of metaphysics will see that in this inquiry we have come to the fundamental question of their science; the great problem to which all philosophers have directed their investigation being this,—how is it that man, from his mere personal experience and intuition, can arrive at general and universal science? How can the subjective become objective? How is external knowledge possible?

The answers to this question may be reduced to three:

1. Because our mind is of the same nature as the Divine Intelligence, which created, and therefore understands; which contains all substances in an immaterial manner, and therefore can dispose of all by immaterial means.

2. Because our mind is of the same nature as the world we contemplate; capable of understanding it, because composed of the same elements.

3. Because our mind, though it only knows itself, is forced to attribute its own characteristics to external things, which it therefore knows only interpretatively and by symbol, not essentially *in propria naturâ*.

The first and second answers imply the possibility of magic, as we showed in our former article, and as we can now further illustrate by quotations from persons who have defended them.

With regard to the first, Frederick Schlegel, who supposes that the Divine image in man has become almost extinct, but who expects its restoration, says, "The soul, purified and made complete, becomes once more *spiritually fruitful*; and in this *internal productiveness* . . . is rendered *similar*, though at an infinite distance and in a very secondary sense, to the *Creator in His productive energy*" (*Phil. of Life*, lect. 15). He says, Adam exercised this productive energy by means of magical words. "That name by which each living creature is called by God . . . must embrace the sum of its inmost essence—the key of its existence—the reason and explanation of its being . . . through the communication to Adam by God of the names of all living things, the former was set up as lord and king of nature, and even as God's vicegerent over the terrestrial creation" (*Phil. of Language*, lect. 3).

With this account we do not quarrel, if it is confined to the *supernatural* gift of God to man. But to be in the image of God is man's nature; and if this image implies participation

in creative power, then magic is man's natural prerogative. If it is *natural* to the soul to see things "in God," it sees as God sees, and understands as He understands; perfectly, essentially. But as this is not the case, it does not naturally know through being "a partaker of the nature of the Divine intellect."

As to the second answer, one would have thought it quite too absurd for modern reproduction. Not so, however; for Mr. Emerson tells us, "The possibility of interpretation lies in the identity of the observer with the observed . . . like can only be known by like. The reason that he knows about them is, that he is of them; he has just come out of nature, or from being a part of that thing. *Animated chlorine knows of chlorine, and incarnate zinc of zinc*" (*Representative Men*, lect. 1). From this he deduces man's power over nature in words which he puts into the mouth of Plato (lect. 2). "I announce the good of being interpenetrated by the mind that made nature; this benefit, namely, that it can understand nature, *which it made and maketh*." For if "the soul by the fire of which it is made understands fire,"—as Heraclitus said before Emerson,—fire must be in itself intelligent, and outside the soul also must understand fire; there must be a mutual understanding between the element in the mind and the element in the world. By compelling the earth in the mind to entertain such a thought, the whole mass of earth throughout the world is compelled to entertain the same; and as thought is the law of action, by fixing our thoughts with perfect determination on a given line of action, we ought to be able to compel external nature to fulfil it; and this was really the pretence of magic, the falsehood of which we do not think it necessary to enlarge upon.

Hence we must conclude for the truth of the third answer, which is, that we only know so much of external things as we are forced by the law of our nature to attribute to them. Let us enter into some detail with regard to this system of metaphysics.

The fundamental question, then, of this science is, how can we determine that the things which we perceive have a real existence, external to, and independent of, ourselves? How can we attribute the idea of substance to mere sensations? How can we attribute objectivity to that whose only evidence must be subjective? Rosmini, in his *Nuovo Saggio*, contends that the essential characteristic of the human mind is the innate idea of existence, from which simple notion all conviction of reality is derived. We cannot agree with him, because we cannot see that what is first *in idea* need be there-

fore first *in nature*. We cannot see why, in tracing the origin of ideas, we must analyse a given notion, find its simplest and most general element, and conclude that this is naturally the first in origin. Because it is last in analysis, it need not be first in synthesis. We should rather seek what *is* historically the first than what *ought to be* the first logically. Experience shows us that the first ideas are the most complicated; and that it is only by the refinement of education that we arrive at the power of analytical simplification. Our faculty of judgment is a unity, and the judgment that it pronounces is also a unity, integral and individual. Analysis may afterwards portion out the predicate into fifty different ideas; but this operation will never prove that the idea was originally formed by the synthesis of fifty parts. Hence to assume that the most universal of these component parts was first in origin, and that the less general ones were deduced from this in gradual order and succession, and to explain the origin of the idea by putting a part of the original whole before the rest, is to re-introduce the old error of those who put reason before experiment in natural science. We cannot, then, agree with Rosmini that the idea of "possible existence in general" is the first that the human creature has, though we know that it is the last and simplest that we can get at, after the most refined analysis.

We would rather state the case in this way. The nature of our soul is such that we are obliged to attribute a like soul to external objects. Our soul has, as it were, two poles; one is the reason, of which the senses are the organs, and the intuitive perception of space and time the form. The other is the understanding, of which the various passions are the organs, and the spiritual faculties of power, knowledge, and will, the forms. The former side of the soul is conversant only with things in space and time; with things that can be extended and measured. The latter has only to do with things which have a possible existence independently of space and time. Reason is the faculty of mind which uses the information conveyed by the senses, and supplies their deficiency as instruments, not by transcending the subject-matter of the senses, and considering super-sensible things, but by giving us information about sensible things that lie out of the region of *our* sensation. The reason can use nothing, can entertain no idea, till it is reduced to terms of space and time, till it is symbolised by some sensible formula. But the understanding and its organs have reference to spiritual things; we do not love, are not angry with, do not hate things as extended, or coloured, long or short, but as morally good or bad, beautiful or ugly; to whatever object our passions are directed, we must think of

it as something more than mere phenomenon in space or time, visible, audible, tangible, or the object of taste and smell. As the reasoning side of our nature cannot attend to objects before it has invested them with its own forms of space and time, so the understanding side, before it can appreciate any object, must attribute to it the forms of spirit, power, knowledge, or will.

Thus we trace the first action of the understanding to the fact that we are born with feelings and affections which make us perforce attribute such qualities as we can sympathise with to beings external to us. The infant, like the man, has no notion of being alone in the world; if real human objects of its affections are wanting, it can make any thing, such as a doll or a rattle, supply their place. At first this attributive power acts indiscriminately; among young children, and people in an early stage of civilisation, every thing is supposed to be alive, and to be invested with human qualities. The child will chastise the naughty stone which has caused it to stumble; the Brahmin will deprecate the vengeance of rivers, rocks, and trees; and the Negro will worship a black-beetle, and trust in the mercies of a tiger's tooth. It is not long before the minor objects of nature, such as are found quite passive under human control, are gradually stripped of the various powers which have been attributed to them: the moral qualities disappear; it is suspected that the object is not conscious, and knows nothing; it is discovered to be not alive but dead: this analysis or abstraction goes on till we come to the last possible term, till their remains nothing but the fundamental idea of "existence in general" to be attributed to the object of our sensations. This process, soon ended with regard to stones and fetishes, is greatly prolonged in the case of the more sublime powers of nature, which are above human control: the rushing torrent, the sea, now rough now calm, the air, the winds, the planets, are all instinct with a mysterious life and divinity even to nations as far advanced in civilisation as the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is only when reason has gradually supplied the deficiencies of the senses by the construction of instruments which enable us to observe these great objects with the same ease that we observe the stone or the leaf, that they are stripped of their mysterious attributes, and the understanding is compelled to abstract all that was superfluous in its first estimate of them. So that now, after the spread of science, there is not an object in all nature, not even the almost unimaginable system which astronomical science proposes, which is invested with a tithe of that supernatural significance and awfulness with which our forefathers invested

the stump of an old tree, the cry of an owl, or the flight of a magpie.

Such is the opposition between science and sentiment, between the steam-engine and poetry. Thus, as we gradually unlearn the marvellous and mysterious powers with which we at first had invested all nature, we learn, *pari passu*, to analyse the powers of our own souls. When we come to attribute to animals animal and not human life, we arrive at the knowledge that our own life may be represented as animal life *plus* that character of reason and intellect which constitutes humanity: so in the next step we come to understand that animal life may be supposed to consist of vegetative life *plus* consciousness and spontaneity; and next that vegetable life may consist of existence *plus* powers of growth. But all these it is clear are but notions derived from our self-consciousness; they are but the results of the analysis of our projected selves. Therefore, with regard to the substance, essence, or existence of things, we know no more of them than what we put into them ourselves, not by individual caprice, but by a law of our nature.

It is generally objected to these psychological metaphysics, that they do not in any way account for the possibility of general, much less of universal and necessary propositions. Let us see whether this objection holds good.

We have assumed what we have termed, for the sake of convenience, two poles of the soul: one the rational, which has to do with space and time, and all that can be perceived only in relations of space and time; the other, the intellectual, or understanding, the subject-matter of which is spirit, life, substance, existence, and all such qualities as cannot be defined by straight lines and curves, by colours, sounds, or savours. Their operations may be exemplified in the two possible meanings of the copula in the propositions "A is A" and "A is." The former affirms the identity of one idea with another, or with itself, without any implication of the reality of its existence; the other affirms this reality of existence. The one is logical, the other intellectual; one is a function of the reason, the other of the understanding; the one is true or false simply according to its *form*, the other according to its *contents*.

When the proposition is not general, most philosophers will allow that it may be given by intuition or consciousness. By consciousness I know that I am a thinking being; but when we generalise a proposition, *e. g.* "that which thinks exists," they generally give another term to the function of thought which asserts it; Balmez, for instance, calls it *evi-*

dence. Consciousness, he says, cannot give necessary results, cannot pronounce an apodictical judgment. It is not *necessary* that *I*, the particular individual, should exist; but evidence *does* result in *universal and necessary* propositions. It is necessary that that which thinks should exist. The sole criterion of evidence, he says in another place, is the necessity and universality of its conclusions; and this can only result from the identity of the subject with the predicate, either as whole or as part: therefore we conclude that evidence may result from the intuition of this identity, and therefore there is no real distinction in kind between evidence and intuition.

The function of the understanding is not logical thought; this belongs to the reason, and it is only in the reason that propositions can be generalised, or perceived as universally and necessarily true. Behind this sensitive and rational pole of the mind there is the formal idea of space, hung up like a great white sheet, to receive the colours projected upon it by the magic-lantern of the sensitive or intuitive faculties. These are the senses, the memory, and the intuition; the senses present us with a mass of individual phenomena, and the consciousness of the similarity or dissimilarity of these particular sensations gives rise to particular judgments. The memory is a faculty by which we can reproduce a sensation more or less perfectly, and multiply it at will: if I have once seen an orange, I can remember and fancy as many as I please; if I have tasted it, I have a general consciousness that oranges are good. The intuition is a faculty by which we can build up shapes and produce lines and divisions in the formal idea of space, and this faculty alone gives us universal and necessary conclusions. The representations in my memory and fancy are only reproductions and multiplications of sensations, and therefore can never be necessary and universal; for a contrary sensation may turn up any day. But the representations in our intuition come only from ourselves; what we create we know perfectly; and when we have once produced the equilateral triangle, we know that it is perfectly impossible that an other equilateral triangle should be produced with different properties: we may not know all its properties, our intuition of it may not yet be perfect; but so far as we know it, we know that it cannot be different. This is the doctrine of Vico: "The intellect knows what it creates, and only what it creates, and because it creates it." To this Balmez objects, that "in the intellectual order, before you can create, you must understand; hence it is not the creative act, but the intuition of the object, which should be placed as the origin of all knowledge." Balmez says that we cannot form any

thing till we have conceived it; we say that, in fact, we cannot conceive a triangle, or any other figure, till we have formed it. But in order that we may know it as a universal truth, we must form it on a rule or definition; and this we suppose is the meaning of Aristotle, Dugald Stewart, and others, who make mathematical necessity depend on definitions. The opponents of this theory answer, that it is derived from the leading property expressed in the definition; for if the definition did not express a real property, nothing would follow; we might impose a name on an impossible figure, but we could draw no inference from it. Quite true; but such a mere verbal definition would not be a true mathematical one: the true mathematical definition is genetic, teaching how to make the figure, and being the law of its production. Thus we produce a straight line by tracing the most uniform direction between two points, and a circle by tracing a series of points in two directions from a given one, all equidistant from another point called the centre. The definition is a mere problem, too simple to need more proof than the mere statement. The problem, on the other hand, is a definition which cannot be intuitively perceived without a very careful production of it in the intuition. Such is mathematical truth. gical truth is of the same kind. The rules of logic supply empty forms or measures, which are compared in the intuition, and which must be filled up with matter by the reasoner.

Thus reasoning, so far as relates to the form, is a mere arithmetic: it is, as Hobbes says, the addition and subtraction of parcels. "In whatever matter there is room for addition and subtraction, there is room for reason; and where these have no place, there reason has nothing to do." This proposition is illustrated by Hallam as follows: "When we assert that all A is B, we mean, that $B = A + x$, or that $B - x = A$; now since we do not compare A with x , we only mean that $A = A$, or that a certain part of B is the same as itself;" and so on, carrying the same idea through all judgments. All necessary and universal judgments are thus reduced either to the analysis of that which we produce in the intuition or to identical propositions. Thus Kant's "universal problem of pure reason," viz. "how are synthetical judgments *à priori* possible?" is all moonshine; it does not appear that there are such. There is a synthesis in the intuition (by drawing figures) and a synthesis in the conception (the idea of these figures) which take place *à priori*, but no distinct *à priori* synthetical judgment. As empirical judgments come after sensation, so do *à priori* judgments come after intuition.

The quality of the judgment follows the quality of the sensation, or intuition, on which it rests. A particular sensation gives a particular judgment: reproduce and multiply this sensation in the memory or fancy, and you have a general judgment; produce mere empty divisions in the white tablet of the idea of space, and the intuition of these will give you necessary and universal judgments. Thus all generalisation comes from a certain productive and quasi-creative power in the mind; the power, namely, of reproducing and recombining in the memory what it has perceived, and of dividing and partitioning out its own intuitive idea of space. In fact, we may say that all human perception is judgment: we attribute to beasts, for convenience sake, sensation, like our own, without judgment; but because the act is thus divisible in idea, it does not follow that it should be so in nature. The human perception *is* judgment; the perception of the individual in the sensation is particular judgment; that of the general quality in the memory is a general judgment; that of the necessary in the intuition is a universal and necessary judgment.

But up to this time we have only dealt with phenomena, and with the bare empty spaces in which they are contained. With these alone can the reason deal; a man would not be rational who denied that A is A, that phenomena are appearances, that $2+2=4$. But when we come to the understanding faculty, there is no such absolute necessity. A man may refuse to attribute essential reality to phenomena, or he may insist on attributing even life and soul to earth and sea, yet not lose his claim to rationality. In these cases it is, as Schlegel says, "the will that decides;" a man becomes spiritualist or materialist, infidel or believer, by no mere logical process, but by a voluntary act of the understanding faculty, projecting more or less of the spiritual nature of which he is conscious into the conceptions and judgments which the rational faculty supplies. He may be immoral, infidel, heretical, absurd, in affirming or denying that A is, or has a real existence, but no such proposition can make him *irrational*.

The use of the attributive faculty cannot therefore be strictly defined by any logical necessity; and yet it is this faculty which must determine all the really interesting questions of humanity; by this alone can we come to comprehend, or even form, any theory of the existence of things. What is matter. Determine the question only by the rational part of the mind, and you can only say that it is phenomenon extended in space. Phenomenon is only subjective, so this term must be withdrawn. Extension in space is infinitely subdivisible, and the last term of the division is a point, which is

nothing ; therefore extended phenomenon, or matter, consists of an infinity of nothings, that is, it is nothing. Determine the question by the understanding, and we answer with Faraday, it is a system of forces : but what is force ? It is something akin to the spiritual power we are conscious of in the soul, which we feel to consist of knowledge, power, and will. Or again, in the conception of the old magical mythologists, matter was the pronounciation, the expression of the Creator ; but expression and pronounciation are simply projected knowledge ; thus we can only *understand* matter, not as it is in itself, but as it can be represented by one or other of the powers or forms of our understanding faculty, power, knowledge, or will.

Further, those things to which we cannot attribute any of the forms of the understanding are for that reason unintelligible to us as essences. We have shown that simple existence is the last step in the analysis of our spiritual consciousness, the feeblest idea of actuality that we can attribute to objects of perception. There are objects to which we cannot attribute this idea, and whose objective existence is unintelligible to us ; they lie further back, nearer to nothing than our intelligence can reach. But we must beware, how we decide that they are therefore nothing ; they may be non-existent in any sense in which our understanding can comprehend existence ; but our soul need not be the measure of possible existence, any more than our senses are of possible phenomena ; there are numberless vibrations of æther and air on both sides of those which are to us visible and audible ; these may be seen and heard by other beings with organs of the same kind as ours ;—so it may be with the understanding. There may be possible existences which lie beyond the limits of its forms, power, knowledge, will, and substance. If we ever come to an idea to which we cannot attribute *substance*, we have no other understanding-conception to attribute to it ; substance is the last idea in our analysis of actual being, and we cannot halve it, nor attribute to conceptions an actuality that is not yet substance. Thus we are tempted to deny to such conceptions any actuality whatever, and to reduce them to nonentities, though we have no reason for refusing them a certain unintelligible kind of existence. Time and space are examples of this kind of conception ; we cannot pronounce true space and time to be objectively real, without, as Kant says, laying down the existence of two infinite and eternal nonentities. Not that we should allow as much as this ; we affirm that our intelligence of entity need not reach so far back as possible existence ; there may be an almost infinite distance between the simplest mode of existence that we can under-

stand and nothing, as there probably is between the slowest *visible* and the slowest *possible* vibration of the æther.

This inability to attribute substance to space and time shows that the action of the understanding is not arbitrary; otherwise we could attribute what we choose to any idea; and so, indeed, we can at first, as the ancients attributed substance, power, even personality, to these very conceptions of space and time. But in process of time we come to abstract, and at last to know exactly how much of the spiritual forms of the understanding we are to attribute to each idea. We can by an act of will, poetically, superstitiously, or magically, attribute power, knowledge, and will, even to a stone; but no act of the will can make us deny power, knowledge, and will, to the human soul, or to endow it with a merely passive existence. The quantity of the original attribution is a blind and arbitrary act, but the succeeding abstraction proceeds on rules, and the residuum of the attributed quantity is in a certain sense necessarily true; it is absurd (not logically irrational) to deny existence to stones, vegetative life to trees, force to things in motion, sensations and passions to animals, intellect and will to men.

Now we do not see how, unless man has passive existence in some respect similar to that of the stone, he could attribute it to the stone; nor unless he had vegetative life as a tree has, he could attribute it to the tree; if he had not force, a power of origination, like a moving mass, he could not attribute force to it, nor sensation to beasts, except he possessed it, nor intellect and will to his fellow-men, unless he had them to attribute. He has, then, a certain community or analogy of nature with all those things to which he can attribute the forms of his own understanding; and in this sense we may admit the old axiom, "That which knows is the thing known," which thus harmonises with Kant's axiom, "We can know nothing of things but what we place in them ourselves." Hence, we may observe in passing, our inability to attribute force or substance to pure space or time shows not their non-existence, but their want of community of relationship with our spiritual nature; our soul is neither extended in space nor successive in time; extension and succession, though necessary for the manifestation of its acts, are quite foreign from its substance.

In this, matter differs from souls: matter is conceived to exist in space; spirit, or soul, independently of space. Hence we are forced to attribute a double nature to matter, as phenomenon and as substance: as substance, we reduce it to a spiritual force; as phenomenon, to nothing.

Take matter as phenomenon: it is extended, therefore divisible; and divisible even to points, which have no magnitude, and are consequently nothing: but no multiplication of nothing can make something; we cannot by adding point to point generate matter; not even a line is composed of points, it is generated by the motion of a point. This motion is a force which resides in the moving point; matter, therefore, is a congeries of nothings, which are the centres of forces; the nothings vanish, the forces remain as the substance. The forces are not pure space or extension; the extension belongs to the mathematical lines and surfaces, and points, which are nothing. Matter, then, as we conceive it, consists of phenomenon in space, to which we cannot attribute substance; and of an unextended substance or force, which we are obliged to take as the fundamental reality of things.

Here, then, is the point on which magic takes its stand. We are obliged to assume for matter a substance without extension; to suppose that it is not essential to reality that there should be a proportion between volume and mass; that mass, volume, and all other phenomena, may be changed while the substance still remains; further, that this substance is a power identical with the power which we are conscious of possessing; a purely spiritual idea, furnished by the understanding, and quite independent of all the determinations of the logical part of the mind. Man, while he affirms for the objects of the senses and for space and time a certain unintelligible reality of their own in space and time, is obliged also to assume as the ultimate *substratum* and support of this unknown existence an actuality or substance similar to that of his own soul, and independent of space and time.

Have we, then, come back to the affirmation of Heraclitus, that man and the elements are similar in nature? Not at all. We cannot say that the community of our nature with the substance of matter is a community of identity, but only of analogy; matter has a substance not identical with, nor of the same nature as the substance of our souls, but only analogous to it. The substance of matter is not, as far as it goes, the same as the substance of the soul; the soul is not merely matter and something more, but a substance quite different from matter, only possessing a more or less remote similarity. Therefore the soul knows nothing of the real substance of matter. All that we can conclude is, that between the two substances there is some analogy, which enables the former to understand the latter in some degree, not as it is in itself, but in reflection and enigma. This is the nature of man; naturally he can understand no more than the analogies of his

own powers are capable of representing to him; he possesses no essence but his own, and is capable by nature of controlling no substance but his own. Therefore the pretence of magical power being a natural prerogative of the mind is quite false.

All real magical effects that have ever taken place are therefore supernatural. We deny only to the *human* mind control over external matter. There may be other spirits which can control any given matter by mere volition, as we control our bodies; all that we know is, that *we* cannot,—that human spirits in their natural state cannot do so. Whatever power of this kind any man ever possessed was not natural but supernatural; not his own, but impetrative; he must have been aided by God or His angels; or else, by the permission of God, he must have made use of the assistance of evil spirits. This is the old Christian estimation of magic, and in our opinion it is the only philosophical one. Of course, a great many acts, supposed to be magical, have been simply natural; and no doubt magnetism, so far as it is a reality, has been made use of in magic. We deny, however, that magnetism is any real representation of the ancient magic as a whole; its pretensions are not the same, nor is it founded on the same metaphysical misapprehension. We have attempted in these two papers (in which we fear, through an attempt to be brief, we have incurred the risk of obscurity) to show the ground of the misapprehension; how the ancient systems of metaphysics went even so far as to affirm magic, while the third system which we have adopted explains the origin of the error, but at the same time refutes it. The true answer to magical pretence is this: man's knowledge of the essences of things is symbolical, not real; he interprets nature, without having any intuition of its substance. His knowledge is secondhand, in symbol and sign; and his power is secondhand also, through his bodily organs, not directly by mere act of volition. To claim more than this is a blasphemous assumption of a share in the Divine prerogatives of the Creator.

STORIES FOR THE POOR.

1. *The Clifton Tales*. Vols. I. and II. Burns and Lambert.
2. *Stumpingford; a Tale of the Protestant Alliance*. Richardson.

SOME little time ago* we welcomed the first number of this interesting series of *Clifton Tales*, as full of promise for what was to follow. We have now to discharge the agreeable duty of assuring our readers that our augury has been fully justified, and that the first two volumes of the series, which are now complete, are well worth purchasing and adding to their lending-libraries. These tales are chiefly designed for the humbler classes of society; their scenes are laid principally in the poor man's home; the company you meet consists of small tradesmen and domestic servants. Some of these are living under the influence of the Catholic faith; some are groping their way towards it amidst a maze of ignorance and prejudice. An opportunity is thus afforded of exhibiting (1) the practical bearing of Catholic principles on the daily necessities and trials of humble life; and (2) some of the plain and easily-comprehended reasoning that conducts an honest inquirer from doubt and uncertainty regarding religion to the happy certainty of faith. Thus a humble Catholic, into whose hands this series may fall, may derive help and encouragement from the simple portraits he will there find of persons in his own way of life, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," trusting to the strength of the Sacraments, hoping for better things to come; and a sincere inquirer of the same class may find answers to many of his doubts, a solution of many of his difficulties, in the plain, honest controversy which now and then springs up in the course of these narrations.

Where there is so much excellence in all of them, it seems invidious to assign the palm of merit to any one in particular; yet they are by no means equal in the same kind of excellence. Of *Rich and Poor*, for instance, we should say, that though a pretty-enough story, it lies too much in the drawing-room and in "good society;" there is too much about "the mysterious galaxy of jewels," and *lapis-lazuli* beads, &c., for the class of persons aimed at in its composition. And of *Lucy Ward* we are bound to say that it is full of sweetness and beauty, but far beyond the reach of most Catholics of any class; its mystic experiences will not wear well, we fear, in

* *Rambler*, June 1853.

the cottage or the servants' hall, and will not attract the inquiring Protestant. On one point we beg leave to enter our protest very decidedly. Any one who undertakes to explain the ceremonies of the Mass, or any other part of Catholic worship, ought first to be very sure that he fully understands them himself. Now (at p. 51) the author of this story, by way of explaining the carefulness of the priest in putting only a drop or two of water into the chalice at the offertory, says that he puts it in with a little spoon. It happens that this practice is expressly forbidden by the Congregation of Rites.* It is a relic of French rigidity and scrupulosity, more honoured in the breach than the observance.

In our opinion, *Winifride Jones* stands very high indeed in the order of merit among these little tales. It has the advantage of possessing more story in it; it gives a fuller portraiture of its characters than most of the others; its picture of "the very ignorant girl," who knew more of duty than most people about her, is admirable, and full of practical usefulness. We think we can detect in its analysis of character and motives, in its pure, limpid style, the hand of an accomplished authoress, already high in estimation among us. Of *Joe Baker* we have already recorded our favourable opinion; and we must say, with perfect impartiality, that taking into account the object and intention of these tales, there are none of them which fulfil these so well as the three, *Bad Words*, *Well known to the Police*, and *James Chapman*, which we happen to know are due to the same pen as our old favourite, *Joe Baker*. Their style, indeed, is not so polished as that of *Winifride Jones*; but there is a strong, rough-hewn, English middle-class sense and vigour about them, and especially in their dialogue, of which we want more examples, and which high finish is almost sure to deteriorate a little. They bear the stamp of portraits from life, made by one who has studied our peasantry and its character in its cottage-homes, who recognises common interests and sympathies in the humblest, who has found a way to the fountains of tenderness and feeling in the hearts of poor children. Amidst the stony places of controversial dialogue in these three tales, the reader comes suddenly upon a touch of simplicity or of childish grace, which makes the involuntary tear start to his eye. Altogether, we are disposed to place *Well known to the Police* at the head of the whole; though, indeed, *James Chapman* merits that distinction almost as well.

The nature of these little tales is such, that an extract from them here or there would give as imperfect an idea of their

* Sept. 7, 1850. See Dale's *Ceremonial according to the Roman Rite*, p. 296.

general structure as the brick, in the old classical joke, gave of the house from which it was taken. Yet our readers will thank us for one or two short passages, which may be taken as pretty good specimens of the peculiar genius of these tales.

Poor Winifride Jones, the "very ignorant girl," and kitchen-maid in the family of her Protestant master and Catholic mistress, is one evening intrusted with their invalid daughter's infant child, while the nurse is obliged to leave him for a little:

"Well, that will do for to-night, Winifride," said Mrs. Leslie, despondingly, taking the brush from the uncouth handmaid; 'I am very tired, and must get into bed, instead of sitting with baby while nurse is at her supper. Can I trust you to take my place, and not to fall asleep? He is rather restless to-night; and if he cries, I should like you to take him up and soothe him again quietly. If he is very fractious, carry him about the room gently; only don't drop my baby, as you did the comb.'

"Winifride replied that she would be very careful of him; and Mrs. Leslie, going into the adjoining apartment, dismissed the nurse to her supper, gazed fondly on her little Arthur, not venturing to kiss him lest she might awake him; and leaving Winifride installed by the cradle, retired into her own bed-room, to seek the repose she so much needed, but seldom enjoyed.

"How shall I manage to teach that poor ignorant creature any thing?" she said to herself as she lay down; 'she is so insuperably dull, as well as disgracefully ignorant. Where little is given, however, it is a comfort to reflect that God requires little.' . . .

"... Nurse has not yet come up. How long she is at her supper! People always seem long when we are impatient. There is baby crying again. Is Winifride awake, and has she followed her directions?

"Winifride is awake; since the moment that Mrs. Leslie left her by the child's cradle she had never stirred, never once leant back in her chair, never taken her eyes off her infant charge. Was it stupidity and dulness, or was it anxiety to perform her duties properly that kept her so immovable; her calm grey eyes, with their thick double fringe of dark lashes, the only good feature in her face, fixed upon the sleeping babe, and her clasped hands resting on her knees? Who might tell but He who is the eternal witness of our thoughts and our angel guardian, to whose spiritual eyes our every attitude and gesture are as a transparent language revealing the hidden soul? But now Arthur is stirring; he stretches his little hands, and convulses his little face, and puckers his little mouth, till the whole results in a complaining whimper, ready to develop into an unmitigated roar. Winifride raised him gently from his crib, and laid him on her knees, while without rising, she pushed back the candle which stood on a high chest of drawers close to her, that its light might not offend the half-opened eyes of the baby. The whimper had been suspended by the change of position, and

when it threatened to return, she lifted the infant and rocked it soothingly in her arms. It was quiet again; and Winifride laid it down once more on her knees, and gazed at it with the same calm and passively earnest face. The baby smiled, and the smile was faintly reflected on the face of its young nurse, as with a fond and almost reverential countenance she raised to her lips its tiny hand, which she stooped to kiss, muttering as she did so, 'He was once a child.'

"Mrs. Leslie had at this moment glided into the room unperceived. What was it riveted her to the spot, with her eyes gazing at Winifride with an interest so new and unexpected? The light shaded from the infant fell full on the girl's wide, calm brow, which wore an almost thoughtful aspect; while a smile, so faint that it almost eluded you, and vanished while you marked it, played round her lips. Did she look sad? Did she look glad? What did she look like, as she raised its hand to her lips? Was it distance, was it a peculiar light, which so transformed those ordinary features, and made the curious and astonished eyes which watched her see but one resemblance?

"'Strange, strange,' muttered Mrs. Leslie to herself, as she crept back to her bed, 'that plain little Winifride should look so like a Madonna.'"

From the group of tales contributed by the author of *Joe Baker* we feel it still more difficult to select a suitable and characteristic extract; for their merits are so uniformly diffused throughout their whole narrative and dialogue as to make a brief selection almost impossible. The following, however, taken from *Well known to the Police*, strikes us as possessing more beauty than common. Hannah May has come to see her dying sister, who is a Catholic, and whose fatherless child waits on her sick mother and supports her by the scanty produce of her daily labour. Aunt and niece are conversing on the state of the poor invalid:

"'I wonder you can bear it!' exclaimed Hannah, who could now only speak between bursts of distress. 'It's enough to break the spirit of one so young.'

"'But it doesn't do so,' said Mary; 'it gives me spirit, and such strength and happiness as no girl can know who does not see what I see, and live as I live.'

"'I can't see sickness and want in the light in which you see it,' said Hannah.

"'But it isn't want,' replied Mary; 'God's blessing is fresh every day. I have never been without a day's work; and as to sickness, why, can you look on mother and not feel that to have to do with one like her is a pleasure and a blessing?'

"'Well, I know what you mean; but it shakes one from head to foot; and things look so mean.' Hannah gave a glance round on the whitewashed walls and bare floors.

“O aunt!” cried Mary, ‘no place is mean that has a dying saint in it. The wood of the manger was not mean after that our Blessed Lord had blessed it by lying there. Gold and jewels are too mean to hold it now, if we had any thing more precious to put it in. And, next to Himself, what is there so sanctifying as a soul redeemed by His blood, burning with love to Him, to whom He so often gives Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, and who will so soon see His face? O, this room has never been mean since mother came to it!’

“Let me keep you a minute more,” said Hannah. ‘Mary, you don’t seem at all bowed down with grief. You are sorry for her?’

“I can’t say that I am sorry for mother. I am sorry for myself. When I think of how many years may pass before I see her again, I am sorry, very sorry; I cry, and I can’t help it; and I need not help,” said Mary, wiping her eyes for the first time. ‘But no one can be sorry over mother. It is an hourly blessing to watch her. God’s will is being done in mother. She would lie there a hundred years, or go to-night, whichever Jesus likes. No pain or trial touches her, except to make her better than she was before it came; she can’t be a grief to me. The priest says that such sights are the joy of his life, and it must be so; it is the triumph of grace.’”

Blessings on the heart that traced lines of sweet and beautiful simplicity like these,—lines carefully copied from the daily triumphs of grace, by one who is no novice in the study of its operations among Christ’s beloved poor. A thousand blessings on this band of authors, who have dedicated their envied mental accomplishments to the service of a class for whom little has yet been done by the Catholic press. We trust that they will take courage from the past success of their labours, and that their example will entice others to co-operate with them in the same field. Ground has hardly yet been broken in it; and yet it is scarcely possible to overrate its importance. The work of writing for children and for the poor is one which the most highly-cultivated intellect need not disdain to engage in. It is one which, if well performed, will give full employment to the most vigorous mental powers. It is a mistake to imagine that any thing is good enough for so “inferior” a class of composition. Nothing, on the contrary, can be too good, provided it is expressed in such language as the poor use and understand; and here lies one great difficulty peculiar to such writing. Technical language of every kind must as much as possible be avoided, and yet clear ideas on technical subjects must be conveyed; a task in itself sufficient to demand great familiarity with the subject, clearness and variety of language, and facility of illustration.

Then, again, stories of any kind, if they are to be readable

at all, and to engage the attention of simple minds, must more or less task the imagination of the writer. Provided they are natural in their incidents, and practical in their tendency, let them be as beautiful, as full of fair and attractive images, as possible. This is one point on which all of the *Clifton Tales* are, in our opinion, somewhat deficient. They are all more or less prosy in their story: occasionally something good and interesting occurs in their dialogue; but the story itself hardly carries the reader on in any of them with sufficient interest. We are convinced that the thirst for what is poetic and beautiful as well as good is not confined to persons of external refinement and highly-educated taste; it exists in every mind, we believe, till it is vulgarised by familiarity with deformity, or brutalised by open sin. It is one of the many false positions of Protestantism, to have first dried up all the channels of softening and refining influence from the poor, and then to deny the capability of its victims to receive such influence. It was in a very different way that the builders and decorators of our old churches worked in their day for the poor. Pictures and glorious windows were then the only books within the poor man's reach; it is unnecessary to describe how lavish those old artists were of beauty and imagination in their noble works. Were it only a simple window in a parish church, on which no eye might rest more cultivated than that of its rustic worshippers,—form, expression, colour, were all made as beautiful, and in their measure as perfect, as a skilful hand and a loving heart and a glowing imagination could make them. In like manner with printed books: if we could command the services of a Scott or a Fouqué, we should not think their genius thrown away in dedicating it to the poor. Let books written for them show forth the beauty of religion, in its worship, its missionary achievements, its influence on character, its triumphs over misfortune, evil habits, mean and low ideas; in its victory over death. We are much mistaken if such themes as these will not give employment, to their full extent, to the most mature intellect and the brightest imagination. Let them have full scope in such a work, without stint or grudging, fully, freely lavished on so worthy an object.

The poor are, by their very necessities, shut out from much that is refining and consoling in external nature, in the world of art: green fields, sublime mountains, the silent eloquence of the great masters of painting and sculpture, are things unknown to the million workers in our factories and mines. But something of their refinement and solace may be reflected into the poor little chamber where the child of toil takes his meal or

his rest by the friendly hand of a genial writer. What though a rampart of dingy brick rises high and dark within twenty feet of his little window; or a sable curtain of smoke and fog excludes, for weeks at a time, the companionship of the blue sky and the glittering stars? What though he is surrounded with a moral atmosphere of coarseness and vice; with oaths instead of music; gin and tobacco for perfumes; the sight of the deformed victims of sin offending his sense day after day? The sacraments of grace defend him from the corrupting taint; and his story-book transports him away from this squalid den to a scene more congenial to his pure mind. He becomes familiar, through its medium, with the virtues of patience, hope, and courage, in daily operation; the bond that unites him to the good and the faithful every where is strengthened; the glories of the Church in history, and at the present time, grow familiar to him; he forgets his cross for a little, while his friendly author conducts him into Catholic lands, where men are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; where Christ's vicar lives like a prince, as he is, with the earthly as well as the heavenly power of his Master abiding in him. The heart of the poor workman expands as he reads; he closes the book thanking God from his very heart that He has called him to be a Catholic.

Other qualifications also must concur to equip the popular writer for his mission. He must have a strong and deep sympathy for the persons for whom he is to work. He must study them as they are; must find out what interests them most,—where the key to their affections and motives lies. Their very habits and modes of speech must be, to a certain extent, familiar to him; he must be no stranger to their simple virtues; nor ignorant of their weak side, or their prevailing and commonest temptations. Otherwise he will work in the dark; he will write either above their understanding, or so immensely below it as to repel them quite as much. In a word, the successful writer for the poor must also be their frequent visitor; his study must not be the only place where they meet him; he must quit it often, to pursue his studies from the life among the living members of Christ's mystical body. This of itself involves some labour, and trouble, and patience, and charity. No one who grudges these will ever excel in this good work.

What is done for the poor, however, does not end with the poor. It is good work done for the rich also, if they but knew it. Their artificial mode of life separates them too much from their humble brother; but a portrait of his virtues will win them to take some little interest in him perhaps;

the picture of his peculiar trials and temptations will induce them to do something to relieve him. Add to this, that it is always good for men artificially reared to be carried back now and then to simple principles,—such principles as ought to be found in popular books for the poor. A simple diet is a cure for the diseases incident to a pampered appetite; abstract disquisitions on virtue and morality are hardly worth our simple illustration of either in the lives of the poor. To quote the language of a dear friend of ours, an enthusiast in the study of the poor, when lately writing to us on this subject, “People want to be told that it is no condescension to lay their hearts side by side with the hearts of the poor; it does a rich man good for a time to read a story which causes him to lose sight of his purple and fine linen, and stand with the poor man before the heart-judging God.”

There is one branch of this particular style of writing which we think, in its own proper limits, well calculated to be of service to the cause of truth; we mean, the use of comic humour in exposing absurdities which are arrayed against truth. The tale of *Stumpingford* is the best illustration of this kind of writing that has ever come in our way, surpassing, as we think, even the keen satires which used to issue from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Paget, so well known to Puseyite readers. We should be sorry for the health or spirits of the man who could hear the first twenty pages of *Stumpingford* well read without laughing as heartily as he ever did over *Hudibras* or *Don Quixote*. It is a faculty, however, this of humorous writing, which must be employed sparingly, and with due regard to the objects against which its shafts are directed. In this instance the eccentricities of the Protestant Alliance are a legitimate field for any amount of ridicule. The end of the tale, however, changes from comedy to tragedy.

One word to the buyers as well as to the writers of books seems not out of place here. Unless people will buy, authors cannot write, booksellers cannot publish what is written, except at a ruinous sacrifice of time and capital. We would urge it as a duty on all who have the means of doing so to assist in this good work, at least by buying and distributing as many copies of these Tales as they can afford. If they cannot write stories for the poor, they can assist those who are able and willing in this effectual way, and may thus lay claim to a share in their merit.

God speed the work, then, we say, so auspiciously begun, by putting it into the hearts of our ablest writers to do something for His glory in this important field. Their work will

last beyond their own short day; it will stand and fructify long after the brain that thought and the hand that wrote have mouldered into dust.

NOLTE'S REMINISCENCES OF A MERCHANT'S LIFE.

Fifty Years in both Hemispheres; or, Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life. By Vincent Nolte, late of New Orleans. Translated from the German. Trübner and Co.

WHERE have we been living all our lives, that we have never heard of Mr. Vincent Nolte, late of New Orleans? Pottering over five-pound notes, and thinking a few hundreds a year a respectable income, we have been all the while imagining that with newspapers and penny-a-liners and "own correspondents" innumerable, we must surely have heard something of every moneyed potentate, or hero of romance, in these days when every body knows every thing about every body else. If any person has remained utterly unknown to the rest of the world, surely, we think to ourselves, he must belong to the simply respectable and unadventurous multitude. And least of all have we looked for romance, vicissitude, and the other materials for a surprising history, in the dingy chambers of the Rothschilds and the Barings. Nothing less than the unhesitating pen of a Disraeli could invest the inhabitants of those unknown recesses with the interest of a novel, or presume to pass a *Sidonia* upon the world as a living, tangible, and visible reality.

Nevertheless, though he has nothing of the "*Sidonia*," here has this Mr. Vincent Nolte—of whom we will wager any reasonable sum, that not one man in ten thousand in this newsmongering country has ever heard—been tumbling to and fro for the last half-century between the new and old worlds; consorting with ministers, millionaires, monks, soldiers, naturalists, cotton-dealers, Indians, royalists, and revolutionists; throwing about his millions as unconcernedly as we treat our "coppers;" and experiencing every vicissitude of human life: duelling, starving, scandal-carrying, intriguing, money-lending,—even to the Pope,—and carrying out commercial and monetary transactions of a gigantic magnitude, appearing to us ordinary beings almost as impossible as the transmutations of a fairy tale.

Born at Leghorn, in 1779, of German parents of the com-

mercial class, Mr. Nolte was kicking about the world all his long life. At twenty-four years old, he was questioned by Napoleon. He fought under General Jackson against the English at New Orleans, and became a naturalised American citizen. In Florida he was wrecked; in London he had private audiences of Queen Victoria, and was clapped into the Queen's Bench prison; at New Orleans he had the yellow fever; at Malta he was suspected of having the plague; at Venice he translated some English title-deeds for the monks of San Lorenzo, and starved on bread and cheese with the payment thus earned; in Sicily he peeped into the crater of Mount Etna; in Austria he was the confidential adviser of the prime-minister Von K  bec. At least he says all this, and much more; and whether or not he tells his story truly, at least we must acknowledge of it, speaking politely in Italian, that *se non vero, e ben trovato*; or, in the more homely vernacular, that if he tells lies, he tells them uncommonly well.

Not that Mr. Nolte's book, like most others, does not contain a great deal that is uninteresting; not in the way of word-spinning, but because much that he relates is dull to those who are not specially interested in financial speculations. The very names of Hope, Baring, Labouchere, and Ouvrard, are, it is true, enough to fill the ears of the imagination with the jingle of sovereigns or the rustle of bank-notes; but after all, the rises and falls in the cotton and money-markets are not very exciting reading to those who have neither speculated in the one, nor can possibly turn a penny by the other.

As for the autobiographer himself, his character is not difficult to gather. He must have been an active, shrewd, ready, clever, good-humoured, and unprincipled fellow, so far as Christian morals are concerned; though we dare say he passed muster most respectably upon 'Change, and was accounted rather a jolly dog at a dinner-table. He seems to have taken the ups and downs of life with the philosophic coolness of a man with an easy temperament, a good digestion, and an india-rubber conscience. Altogether, he may fairly rank among the singularities of the human species.

He began mercantile life at Leghorn; but from the first enlivened its drudgery with gaiety and foppery. In those days the English *mode* was all the rage with the young Italian beaux of that part of Italy. He thus describes his tailoring tastes, and the paternal example which made his propensities almost hereditary:

"Neglect of my office-duties was a natural consequence. I went after all sorts of amusements, drew caricatures on my letter-stand in the counting-room, frolicked for hours together with my

friend, the young and universally-beloved painter Terreni, who was a great fop, and had the mania of aping the dress and manners of the Englishmen who from time to time made their appearance in Leghorn. This disease, thanks to his illustrious example, took root in my breast too; and whenever, during the course of the week, I could see a newly-arrived visitor among the English, who at that time were so constantly noticed at Leghorn, but more especially at Florence, and could on the ensuing Sunday exhibit myself on the Corso attired in a similar costume, I was supremely happy. The tailor had received no order forbidding him to let me have clothes, and his account at the end of the year presented the not inconsiderable sum total of twelve coats, of all colours, and twenty-two pair of hose and pantaloons, which were just then coming into fashion. By the way, this was a hereditary propensity. So long as he lived in Italy, my father had paid great attention to his toilet; and when he left Leghorn he took with him to Hamburgh a whole wardrobe of embroidered and laced coats of all colours, from his bottle-green gold-laced wedding-coat, lined with poppy-coloured satin, and worn with hose to match, to a simple coffee-coloured frock—all of French cut and make. After a time he sold the collection to Schröder, then theatrical manager at Hamburgh. The wardrobe in question had become very familiar to us all, from the regular quarterly brushings and dustings it got; and I have a very lively recollection of what occurred some time subsequent to the sale, in the theatre, whither we had gone to see Schröder himself in the part of Count Klingsberg, in his comedy *Die unglückliche Ehe aus Delicatessen* ('Too much refinement makes unhappy matches'). When Schröder appeared, my eldest sister, since Madame Berkemeyer, recognised the familiar garment he wore, and shouted out, 'That's papa's coat! that's papa's coat!' or, to use the Hamburgh phraseology, 'That's papa, his coat!'"

At Leghorn Mr. Nolte obtained his first sight of Napoleon, then at the height of his anti-English frenzy. The story he tells of his outbursts of hatred is in character with what every one else relates. Nor is Mr. Nolte's description of the future emperor's personal appearance in any way inconsistent either with his portraits or with the accounts furnished by other observers:

"About eleven o'clock on the ensuing day all the foreign consuls waited upon Bonaparte, who was dismissing them very abruptly, when his glance happened to fall suddenly upon my uncle in his red consular uniform. He instantly accosted my worthy relative thus: 'What's that, an English uniform?' My uncle, overwhelmed with confusion, had just presence of mind enough left to stammer out, 'No, padrone' (this word was probably borrowed from the street-corners). 'No, questa é l'uniforma di Amburgo!'—'No, master (or boss), this is the uniform of Hamburgh!' Having thus delivered

himself, he tried to get away; but Bonaparte went on with a fierce diatribe against every thing that even looked English, thought English ideas, or could have any intercourse whatever with England. 'These Englishmen,' said he, according to the recital of my uncle when returned to the house,—'these Englishmen shall get such a lesson as they never heard of before! I march now on Vienna, and then farther northwards, where I will destroy their hiding-places at Hamburgh and other places of resort, and then ferret them out in their own piratical nest!' My uncle told me that upon this outbreak he could not keep himself from exclaiming aloud, '*Birbante!*' (villain) before the whole company present; but that the sound of it was lost in the general buzz of the throng. . . .

"I stood by, waiting until he should come out. At length he appeared, surrounded by a number of officers. I saw before me a diminutive, youthful-looking man, in simple uniform; his complexion was pallid and of almost yellowish hue, and long, sleek, jet-black hair, like that of the Talapouche Indians of Florida, hung down over both ears. This was the victor of Arcola! While he was taking his place on the right-hand seat in the carriage, and waiting for his adjutant, I had a moment's opportunity to examine him with attention. Around his mouth played a constant smile, with which the rest of mankind had evidently nothing to do; for the cold, unsympathising glance that looked out of his eyes showed that the mind was busied elsewhere. Never did I see such a look. It was the dull gaze of a mummy, only that a certain ray of intelligence revealed the inner soul, yet gave but a feeble reflection of its light. Macbeth's words to the ghost of Banquo would almost have applied here, 'there is no speculation in those eyes,' had not what was already recorded, and what afterwards transpired, unmistakably shown the soul that burned behind that dull gaze."

The most novel feature in Mr. Nolte's book is the revelation it makes to the uninitiated of the mysteries of banking and millionaire life, and the sketches it gives of the personal characters of some of the kings of the monied world. Now and then we are let a little into the secrets of public establishments as well as private. Such a story is one regarding the managers of the Bank of England, at the time of the panic caused by the rebellion of 1745, when the Pretender had marched as far as Derby, and the battle of Culloden was yet unfought. Every body was rushing to the bank to get their notes changed into coin, and the directors hit upon a plan similar to that which theatrical "managers" adopt in order to convey to the spectator the idea of the continued march of a long procession. They employed a host of people to come with prepared cheques for various sums, which they paid off in sixpences, thus spending an immense time in the exchange. These people then entered the bank by a

back door, and brought back the sixpences; and the game was played over and over again, while the *bonâ fide* demands came up so slowly, that before the stock of bullion was exhausted the panic was over and the bank safe.

A singular illustration of the way in which quick-witted mercantile men take advantage of crises in the political world, and suddenly realise (or lose) vast fortunes, occurred in France at the first outbreak of the revolution in 1789. Ouvrard, afterwards so celebrated among European capitalists, was then but nineteen years old; and when the Bastille was destroyed, and liberty of speech and print insured, or apparently so, he conceived the idea that there would result an immense increase in writing and publishing, and that paper would become scarce. Supported by the credit of his personal connections, he immediately made a contract with all the paper-manufactories in a large district for every sheet of paper they should deliver for the next two years. The expectation proved correct, and the young speculator actually sold his bargain to certain large publishers at a profit to himself of 300,000 francs.

This same Ouvrard is one of the most conspicuous personages in Mr. Nolte's pages; and very curious is the history of his gigantic dealings with Napoleon, and of the utter unscrupulousness of the victorious soldier. It was not likely that the man who could shoot Hofer and D'Enghien, when they stood in his way, would be particularly tender either of the feelings or the pockets of shop-keepers, as he counted every man who bought and sold. One of these occasions shows of what elastic stuff the capitalist himself was made, and how he contrived, at such a time and with such a master, to keep his head above water at all. In 1809, Napoleon, in a fit of ill-humour, shut up Ouvrard in the castle of Vincennes, and, with characteristic brutality, forbade him the use of pen, ink, and paper, and even of books:

"At the dinner-table, upon the occasion I am now alluding to, Mr. Labouchere asked him how, with such a restless disposition as his, he had managed to pass the time under such circumstances. Without stopping to think long about his reply, he answered, that what had really puzzled him was to find something to occupy his mind, and, at the same time, some exercise for his body, between four bare walls. 'At length I hit upon the right plan,' said he; 'happening to thrust my hand into one of my coat-pockets, I there found a packet of pins. I at once took them out, and counting them carefully, discovered, like Leporello in *Don Juan*, the number to be 1003. I thereupon took the whole quantity in my hand, and flinging them around, scattered them into all quarters of the

room. I then began the task of picking them up again, until I could produce exactly the same number I held at first. Each time three, four, five, or even more were missing. These I searched for untiringly until they were found; and many a time have I spent a whole hour in conjecturing where they could have fallen: and then I would pry into every cranny, chink, and hole in the walls, or on the paved floor; and in this way I procured a healthful and uninterrupted course of bodily and mental exercise.' ”

Another anecdote gives us the financier meddling with the emperor's sensitiveness with a perilous hardihood. After the battle of Austerlitz, Mademoiselle Georges, the celebrated actress, was performing at Paris; and among her ardent admirers Ouvrard was one of the foremost. In former days, when Napoleon was only a general, this same actress had treated him with considerable *nonchalance*; so that it may well be imagined that the imperial temper was by no means peculiarly well-disposed for the following incident, in which the sovereign clearly discerned the banker's hand:

“ I had seen,” says Mr. Nolte, “ and admired Mademoiselle Georges the preceding year, during the short period I spent in Paris on my journey to Amsterdam; and limited as my sojourn in that capital had been, I still had found an opportunity to get a peep at life behind the scenes of the new imperial *régime*. The literary circles of the capital were just at that moment taken up with a new tragedy, which the celebrated play-writer and poet Renouard was then preparing to bring out in the Théâtre Français, under the title of *Les Templiers* (the Templars). The part of Ignaz de Molay, the grand-master of the Templars, was in the hands of Talma; the parts of the king and the queen were given to Lafond and Mademoiselle Georges. The rehearsals had been finished; the time for the first performance fixed upon; and the intended presence of the emperor and empress every where announced.

“ Paris at that time was in a buzz with all kinds of anecdotes about the remarkably splendid set of diamonds which had been presented to the empress by the court-jeweller Fossin, and which consisted of a diadem, necklace, and pendants for the ears. The price which had been asked for this superb ornament was half-a-million of francs; and, unless my memory fails me, I recollect to have heard at that time of another smaller sum, that is to say, about three hundred thousand francs. Josephine, whose purse was always empty, in consequence of her propensity for extravagance, had expressed a desire to obtain possession of these diamonds; but the emperor would not hear of either of these sums. Paris had a great deal to say concerning the scenes that passed between Josephine and Napoleon in consequence of this affair; they were the ever-recurring topic of conversation among the ladies generally, to whose curiosity the jeweller was indebted for very frequent visits. People

wanted to see what it was that an emperor could deny to his empress.

"On the appointed day, placards announcing the first representation of *The Templars* were visible at all the street-corners.

"I had been so fortunate as to procure a parquet-ticket for a seat on the second row of benches, from which I could get a good view of the imperial pair. I saw them enter their box, on the left of the house, and take their seats, Napoleon foremost, and Josephine close beside him. In the beginning of the second act, their majesties the king and queen appeared upon the stage. Mademoiselle Georges, in the full splendour of her incomparable charms and her splendid figure, heightened the imposing scene by a dazzling diadem, earrings, and necklace, all glittering with the most superb diamonds. As she approached the imperial box, Josephine, who was leaning forward on the front rail, betrayed a hasty movement of surprise, and then suddenly, as if struck by lightning, sank back into her seat,—for in the magnificent adornment of the actress she had recognised the jewels she was so anxious to possess. During this little episode in the imperial box, Napoleon remained, as might have been expected, entirely unmoved. For the Parisian world such an incident as this was a regular mine of fresh anecdotes concerning the scenes which they opined must have taken place in the private chambers of the Tuileries after their majesties returned from the theatre."

So much for the amusements of Paris, and the idol of the Parisian people. By way of *pendant* and contrast, here is a story from the other side of the Atlantic,—the occasion being the rejoicings in New Orleans after the defeat of the British in 1814 and 1815, and the popular hero the victorious General Jackson:

"The most prominent citizens united to give the general a grand ball in the French Exchange, which would have to remain closed for three days, in order to give opportunity for the necessary preparations. Already were men intriguing for the honour of a place in the ball-committee—the treasurer Saul, for instance. Some held that none but natives should be chosen; finally, however, the two first chosen, Major D. Carmick and Commodore Patterson, both great friends of mine, declared that they could not get along without me; and to this circumstance, in connection with the fact that I had seen more great festivities than any other man in New Orleans, was I indebted for my nomination on the ball-committee. The upper part of the Exchange was arranged for dancing, and the under part for supper, with flowers, coloured lamps, and transparencies with inscriptions. Before supper, Jackson desired to look at the arrangements unaccompanied, and I was appointed to conduct him. One of the transparencies between the arcades bore the inscription, 'Jackson and Victory: they are but one.' The general looked at it, and turned about to me in a hail-fellow sort of way,

saying, 'Why did you not write 'Hickory and Victory: they are but one?' After supper we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse, an emigrant of the lower classes, whom he had from a Georgian planter, and who explained by her enormous corpulence that French saying, 'She shows how far the skin can be stretched.' To see these two figures, the general, a long, haggard man, with limbs like a skeleton, and Madame la Générale, a short fat dumpling, bobbing opposite each other like half-drunken Indians to the wild melody of *Possum up de gum-tree*, and endeavouring to make a spring into the air, was very remarkable, and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished."

In another page we have another French victor, Moreau, in contrast with the mercantile spirit pure and undefiled. Moreau was in New York, and the American sympathisers honoured him with a concert and shaking of hands unparalleled elsewhere:

"Just as I got there," says our author, "a quaker had himself introduced to the latter; and shaking him heartily by the hand, uttered the following words: 'Glad to see you safe in America. Pray, general—say, do you remember what was the price of cochineal when you left Cadiz?' The victor of Hohenlinden shrugged his shoulders, and was unable to reply."

New Orleans furnishes an actual application of the old logical puzzle about Epimenides and the Cretans too curious for omission:

"I recollect particularly a remarkable criminal suit against a certain Beleurgey, the editor of one of the first American papers, *Le Télégraphe* by name, which was published at New Orleans, in the French and English languages, during 1806-7. The accused had forged the signature of a wealthy planter for the purpose of raising money; and when he was detected, had confessed his guilt to the planter in writing, and urgently besought him not to appear as prosecutor. The planter felt disposed to accede to this request; but the letter was already in the hands of justice. How, then, did Livingston manage, as the attorney and advocate of Beleurgey, to secure the discharge of the accused, notwithstanding this confession, this damning evidence of his guilt? Davezac got together witnesses, who swore before the court that they had long known Beleurgey to be the greatest of liars, from whose lips there never fell a word of truth. 'Look at this!' said Livingston to his French jury, 'the man could not tell the truth; the very acknowledgment of his guilt is a lie, for only a fool would be his own accuser. So then Beleurgey has either lied, or he has not the control of his own understanding; and in either case has not been conscious of what he was doing, and cannot be found guilty!' So the jury brought in a verdict by which he was discharged!"

Just now some of the most attractive parts of Mr. Nolte's *Reminiscences* will be those which touch upon Russia; all the more so because they were written without reference to the present excitement. The story about the quarantine at Jassy one would think possible no where but under Russian dominion; and certainly the following, with which we must end, *could* take place only in a country which so singularly unites modern organisation with old-world despotism and semi-savage caprice:

"The Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, lately deceased in Paris, and wife of the Grand Duke Michael, was in Odessa, on her way to some baths in the Crimea. The princess wanted to get a wholesale idea of the commerce of Odessa, and ordered all the wheat-laden waggons to be drawn up side by side in the main street. Thus several thousand had collected, waiting for the arrival of the lady. All the water-carts also, which supplied drinking-water to the city, were ordered to occupy themselves in laying the dust. It was of no importance that the market was in want of wheat, and the citizens in want of water; they had to wait five days, and then the princess arrived. On the next day she went on board the fleet, and the waggons were then ordered to come in and unload, and the water-carts to return to their usual business. When the owners asked for compensation for their six days' loss, they were sent to the devil, and told to hold their tongues; and this is Russian justice.

"The vessel that carried the princess brought back on its return a young American named Codman, in charge of the police. He was from Marblehead, Mass., and had come out as supercargo. He had excited the attention of the police by his habit of asking questions, and popping the answers down in a note-book, &c.; and they were ordered to bring him before the emperor. He was a right inquisitive Yankee. The Czar asked the object of his visit, and his intentions when his business was ended. He replied that he wanted to see Russia for himself, that he might tell his countrymen the truth about it. The *naïveté* of the young man pleased the Czar, who, the Marquis de Custine has shown, is very anxious to hide Russian tyranny and slavery from foreigners, and to cause a belief in advanced civilisation. Here was an opportunity to get the Americans. 'So,' said the Czar, 'you want to see and learn all about Russia? Well, you shall; and at my expense. I will give you letters, and see that you are every where well received. Where do you want to go first?' 'To Moscow.' 'When?' 'The day after to-morrow, at 6 o'clock.' 'Good! the day after to-morrow, at 6 o'clock, I will send for you; be ready.'

"This narrative I got from Codman himself. The next morning appeared at the Yankee's door a very handsome drosky and horses, with an imperial coachman and two adjutants. Servants in imperial livery loaded another drosky with his baggage; the adju-

tants got into a third, and he was whirled off to Moscow and put into a second-rate hotel. He had scarcely arrived when the governor and all his staff appeared, and offered to do the honours of the city. When he had seen all the lions, he asked to go to the Crimea, and visit the camp of the army of the Caucasus. He was sent there by the governor, and so brought to Sevastopol by the flag-ship of the Russian admiral. Here he wanted to go to head-quarters, to 'see the fun.' The admiral, named, I think, Etschernicheff, who had been a midshipman of Nelson at Trafalgar, and who saw nothing in his passenger but an uneducated curious individual, got rid of him at Sevastopol. But he had nothing to do there, and asked to see the camps. He was told that the commandant, Goloffkin, had refused entrance to strangers, &c.; but he did not care. The Czar had promised him admission every where, and he would complain to him if the field-marshal refused. He grew more and more insolent every day, and was so overbearing, that there came a sudden order from imperial head-quarters to send him to Odessa, and thence over the frontiers, with some money for his expenses, and the wish for a pleasant journey to him. How he got to Trieste I did not learn; but he told me his story there, and proved that favours do not always come to intelligent men, since this crazy pate had met with such attention. He did not feel a bit grateful, nor did he make any attempt at procuring useful information. All that he talked about was his personal intercourse with Nicholas, and the fact that his majesty had been kinder to him than to any other traveller."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Branch-Church Theory, a Dialogue (Burns and Lambert). When the leaves of the woods begin to fall, the publishing world begins to bestir itself, in anticipation of the coming "season," which, in books, is considerably ahead of that of the vegetable world. Save the second volume of Mr. Turnbull's well-executed translation of Audin's *Life of Luther*, the only Catholic publication before us is a clever little pamphlet on the standing Puseyite crotchet about "Branch Churches." The writer makes short work of its logic, but in a very temperate strain. The pamphlet is well fitted for putting into the hands of those who really imagine that half-a-dozen boughs lying separate upon the ground actually constitute one living and growing tree.

Audin's *Luther* brings with it an announcement which we much regret, to the effect that Mr. Dolman cannot make his "Library of Translations" pay, and, in fact, cannot carry it on unless better supported. This unfortunate result is, however, partly to be attributed to the somewhat unattractive character of the first book issued. Gosselin's *Power of the Popes*, however valuable to the historian and theologian, is by its nature not a popular book, and therefore has little chance with a small

body of readers like English Catholics. We trust that as the more biographical and lively volumes of the series come out, the sale will be largely increased; for it is not often that an undertaking so well deserves our general support.

The Nemesis of Power, by J. A. St. John (London, Chapman and Hall). To give an idea of this book, which is a furious and therefore blind and irrational tirade against what Brownson calls Cesarism, we will transcribe a few sentences:—"At the head of all Churches considered simply as instruments of mental subjugation stands the Church of Rome. Wherever intellect has exhibited a disposition to be refractory, whether against kings or priests, the Papal system, sympathising profoundly with tyranny, has invariably placed its racks and gibbets, its wheels and pulleys, its chains, dungeons, &c. &c. at the service of oppression. By a steady adherence to this policy, framed with consummate craft, and developed with intrepid villany, it has succeeded in defrauding a majority of Christian nations of their inalienable birth-right—liberty.

"Spain has sunk gradually through the chilling influence of priests and monks. In Austria and throughout Germany, except where Protestantism is established, a formidable ecclesiastical militia suppresses all tendencies towards liberalism."

Next about the Jesuits. "Scarcely any fireside is free from the intrusion of this black fraternity. The numerous revolutions in France have been rendered nugatory by them. Their mission is to inculcate immorality, servility, meanness, ignorance. They distinguish themselves by their solicitude to accomplish the apotheosis of imperial guilt. The blood of the people sends up a sweet savour to their nostrils," &c.

The mad dog who foams out this rabid nonsense announces that he is "preparing for publication" a volume, to be entitled "Philosophy at the foot of the Cross," with the motto, "I will arise and go to my Father."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The Women of the Revolution, by J. Michelet (*Les Femmes de la Révolution*, par J. Michelet). Paris, Adolphe Delabays, 1854. The *canaille* who were employed to poison the springs of education in France under the jobbery (we will not call it a government) of Louis Philippe, and whom the dawn of a better system of things chased away like evil spirits from the university which they disgraced, are determined to justify their punishment by ever-renewed proofs of their rascality. It has never been our lot to look into a more disgraceful book than this of M. Michelet. Its purpose is to provide instruments for a new reign of terror. The author foresees its commencement in the present war, which is that of the "barbarous Christianity of the East against the youthful socialist faith of the civilised West;" and he dedicates his book to the meditation of the wives and daughters of the absent warriors, in order to raise their ambition to rival the deeds of their grandmothers. The "rich juices" which produced the heroes born about 1760, "the Gironde and the Mountain, the Rolands and Robespierres, the Dantons and Camille Desmoulins, that pure, heroic, and self-sacrificing generation, were developed and evolved in their mothers' bosoms by the reading of Rousseau's *Emile*:" M. Michelet hopes that his book may have a similar effect. Moreover, it was by the women of "ambiguous character, devoted to the liberties of nature," that some of the most atrocious and

therefore most-to-be-imitated catastrophes of that black period were accomplished ; hence libertinism is exalted into an heroic virtue. But, on the other hand, such difficulties as the Vendean war were caused by the fanaticism of women inflamed by the priest ; hence this relationship between woman and priest must be branded in some way, the easiest being to call it concubinage ; and the filthy author develops his thought in the grossest terms : this, be it observed, being the only libertinage to which he seems to have the slightest objection. We were going to say, that we never yet saw a book so insanelly diabolical as the present : but perhaps the devil is right ; as the fathers think that Antichrist is to be born of a witch, it might really be possible that the "rich juices" developed in a woman by the double inspiration of Michelet's book and an illicit passion should produce some monster which might put even Robespierre and Danton to the blush. If it is to be so, we venture to hope that poetical justice may be accomplished, and that M. Michelet may be its first victim.

Historical and Literary Lectures, by E. Souvestre (*Causeries historiques et littéraires*, par E. Souvestre). 2 vols. Genève, Joel Cherbuliez. A course of lectures on literature, delivered in the principal towns of French Switzerland in 1853, and on the whole a sensible book, though the author is too much addicted to rhapsody. The following is his account and refutation of the theory of the "Economist" on the origin of literature : "Man was first implanted on the soil which he tilled,—hence arose agriculture, *i.e.* home and family ; next the productions of the earth were exchanged,—hence trade, collections of men, towns ; then the need of exchange created commerce, roads, navigation. Then only, after being sure of what was necessary, men were able to turn to the superfluous. Firmly fixed on the foundation of political economy, well clothed, well fed, they began to look for amusement, and invented literature and the arts." On this M. Souvestre remarks : "Unfortunately, the human race with which we are acquainted has always preferred the superfluous to the necessary. The savage of the Orinoco is quite content to go without shoes, but he must have ear-rings. The negro of the coast of Guinea can give up prosperity and liberty, but he will never renounce his dances and his songs. The world is full of tribes without agriculture, commerce, or manufactures ; but there is not one without minstrels and poets.

"What must we conclude ? that man has wants of two distinct kinds ; co-ordinate with each other, because they answer to inseparable faculties of his nature. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' is the expression of an absolute truth, which reaches beyond the domain of religion. Man lives on all that corresponds to his original wants. . . . Take from him these immaterial appetites, and you have no longer the being that God created, but a fiction of your reason, a supposition, an impossibility.

"We believe firmly that art and literature are brother and sister of the first man, born in the same cradle, the same day !"

This is a specimen of his sense ; it remains to give a specimen of the rhodomontade. M. Souvestre is speaking of the Jews : 'When God gave them kings 'in His anger' (they are the words of Scripture), these kings even could not commit injustice with impunity. The priests defended the right ; and if they were silent, the prophets lifted up their voice ! They came down from their mountains in their cloaks of goat's hair, their feet naked, and the pilgrim's staff in their hands ; they appealed to the eternal laws, they pronounced their anathema against the iniquity of the mighty ! It was the liberty of the

press of that age, with the twelve (!) commandments for its charter, and for its responsible editor, God ! (!!)”

On the whole, however, the sense outweighs the bombast; and M. Souvestre is a man who takes the side of order, right, and religion, against the socialism of the day. He appears to be a man who writes for his bread, and therefore often writes about things concerning which it would be more prudent for him to read; and we cannot quite excuse him from sometimes concealing (to use a mild term) his Catholicity, out of respect to the Protestant and Republican Swiss who listened to him and paid him. The second extract is a case in point.

Journal of a Voyage to the Polar Seas, by J. R. Bellot (*Journal d'un Voyage aux Mers polaires*, par J. R. Bellot). Paris, Perrotin, 1854. The interest of this journal, of which but a small portion was prepared for the press by M. Bellot's own hand, but which justifies the high expectations that were entertained of him, is much increased to Englishmen by the circumstances of his death, which he met in the service of our countrymen. Every one will be glad to read the private journal of the intrepid and generous young Frenchman. The editor, M. Lemer, has allowed to pass, if he did not himself commit, some most egregious blunders in the scraps of English which occur at intervals throughout the book. We thought that our English editors went as far as the path of error was practicable. We have read, for instance, of the pleasures of smoking in the valleys of Algeria under the shade of the grenadiers (meaning pomegranate-trees); but such faults occur in long translations, at intervals of several pages: here, not a scrap of English can occur without mistakes almost as ridiculous. Thus the *epigraph* of the memoir is a sentence from a letter of Colonel Sabine: “In promise I have rarely seen his equal, an (*sic*) never his superior;” which is translated, “En vérité, j'ai rarement trouvé son égal, jamais son supérieur !” Well may the translator put the note of admiration to the end of this most ingenious perversion of Colonel Sabine's opinion; though we have no doubt it was done in good faith, and after an infinite turning over of dictionaries to find a more literal translation of the word *promise*; but after all, it shows rather a liberal than a correct view of human nature, to make promise synonymous with performance. Throughout the book the English words are nearly always as ludicrously disfigured; thus, at p. 35, we read of the fable: *plenty powder, plenty killed*. At p. 69, “*cros* to Melville bay;” p. 65, “*mow* blindness” (snow blindness), &c. &c. At p. 104, we have the celebrated motto of Nelson, “*England expects every one to make his duty*.” At p. 405, Captain Kennedy is called “a matter-of-fast man.” How the gallant captain likes the imputation we cannot say; but really we think we are entitled to call an editor incompetent, when he allows such mistakes to pass. Such blunders in French words would not be tolerated for a moment in an English editor of an English book.

Religious Philosophy; Earth and Heaven: by J. Reynaud (*Philosophie religieuse; Terre et Ciel*: par M. Jean Reynaud). Paris, Furne, 1854. This pretence at a religious book, with its motto *Transitorius quare æterna*, is a mere egotistical attempt to shuffle the author's private inventions into the place of the dogmas of religion. France, he says, requires theological study, especially considering the sad, fatal, and offensive tendencies to return to mediæval systems. Such a reaction could only be momentary; to be stable, religious philosophy must clothe itself in a dress similar to that which M. Jean Reynaud is pleased to provide for her. Two items of this gentleman's system will suffice to show its

character. As a man of science, he prefers the cosmogony of the Zenda-vesta to that of Moses (p. 108); and as a theologian, he tells us that there is no definite doctrine on the time of the creation of souls; and therefore he proposes that of their simultaneous creation with the soul of the first man, involving the pre-existence of all Adam's posterity. We have read several pages of the book without finding a single thought clearly and simply expressed; every thing is involved in a mist of conceited bombast.

Correspondence.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid I did not make my meaning quite clear in the article on "Magic," with which your correspondent W. finds fault. I never intended to attack St. Thomas as a theologian, nor to hint for a moment that he really *held* the views which I maintained might be deduced from his philosophical principles. I objected to these principles, not as leading to such results in St. Thomas, whose philosophy was always corrected by his theology, but as liable to lead to such results in others, where the safeguards of faith were wanting. In philosophy St. Thomas is a follower of Aristotle; and if I have a right to criticise the heathen philosopher, I have the same right to "try my hand" on the metaphysics of his Christian follower, because "*in philosophicis, quæ ad fidem non spectant, dicta SS. Patrum non sunt majoris autoritatis quam dicta Philosophorum quos sequuntur*" (St. Thos. in 2. Sent. dis. 14. art. 2. o. et ad 1). It is not correct to suppose that in attacking his philosophy I cast a slur on the "holy doctor," or defile "the pure fountain of Catholic theology." No philosopher has ever yet steered clear of all rocks and shoals; and St. Thomas, I am convinced, would be the last to assume such a prerogative for himself.

Nor is W. correct in alleging that I have misquoted St. Thomas. In one sentence I (or the printer—for you know that I had not the opportunity of correcting the proofs) inadvertently omitted the word *virtute*, and said that the *cause contains the effects*, instead of *in virtue* (which means more than *in posse*) *contains* them; but this is of no importance, for the question was not whether the cause contains the effects, but whether the knowing faculty contains the thing known. I have asserted that the principles of St. Thomas's philosophy are these; that unless the knowing faculty in some *real* and *actual* though immaterial way contains the thing known, all knowledge is impossible,—that knowledge is a *function* of the mode in which the thing is contained in the intellect: "*Quanto perfectius est cognitum in cognoscente, tanto perfectior est modus cognitionis.*" It was my own conclusion, that whatever the intellect contains and possesses, it also has power over; and I quoted the words "as the cause contains the effect," to show that St. Thomas also seems to recognise the analogy between the possession of a thing in the intellectual faculty, and the possession of a thing in the causative faculty, *i. e.* the power to effect it. The word *virtute* has nothing to do with this analogy; for whatever the intellect com-

prehends, it must comprehend *actu*, not simply in *posse*. If it comprehends *things*, they are *actual things*; if *ideas*, *actual ideas*.

My second "misquotation," which is word for word in accordance with the reading of the best edition, that of Venice, as reprinted by the Abbé Migne,—"*intellectus cognoscit esse lapidis in propriâ naturâ*," decides this question, and shows that the intellect possesses the object, not in symbol or representation, but *in essence* and *in propriâ naturâ*; not materially, but immaterially; still in a real essential way, not merely representatively and by interpretation.

My third step was to show how this principle might be perverted to the worst results if applied to the knowledge of God. In 1 *Sum.* 9, 14, art. 6, St. Thomas inquires how God knows things different from Himself. Taking for granted the old principle that all knowledge requires some sort of real presence of the thing known in the intellect, he is forced to attribute to God's essence a participation of somewhat belonging to created things,—not their matter, nor their substance, nor their qualities, nor their nature, but their *perfections*: "*Quidquid perfectionis est in quâcumque creaturâ, totum præexistit et continetur in Deo secundum modum excellentem*." Now what is this perfection, that can be separate from a thing and yet belong to it? It is (partly at least) the *form* which constitutes the thing in its individual reality—" *Omnis forma per quam quælibet res in propriâ specie constituitur, perfectio quædam est: et sic omnia in Deo præexistunt*," &c. Now we all know what the *form* is in the Peripatetic philosophy. All things consist of matter and form, one being as necessary for the individual existence as the other; matter cannot really exist without form, and therefore the form is in fact the essential and real constitutive element of the thing. Now if we say that this *form*, that the forms of all things, pre-exist in the essence of God, the result must be ultimately a confusion between God and creatures, unless the conclusion is fenced-off by such distinctions as "*modo eminentiori*," "*secundum modum excellentem*," and the like, which save the theology at the expense of the precision of the philosophy.

W. falls head over ears into this very pond; he tells us that "the nature of God embraces all that is contained in the natures below Him." Now I am as far as possible from accusing W. of confusing God with creatures; but I say that his language leads logically to such confusion.

It is not my duty to prove St. Thomas consistent, but simply that he has said what I have quoted from him. The quotations may or may not prove my point; but a person will be rather bold who denies the *realism* of St. Thomas, to such an extent as to separate entirely the thing from the idea of the thing. It is the obscure but ever-present notion of the essential reality of the idea, and the necessary connection it has with the substance of the thing known, which rendered the philosophy of the schools impotent against the pretences of magic.

I do not pretend that St. Thomas was always consistent in this realism; indeed I can quote one place where he appears to reduce the knowledge of God to a mere knowledge of the image, like ours (i. q. 14. art. 5. o.): *Deus "alia a se videt non in ipsis, sed in ipso, in quantum essentia sua continet similitudinem aliorum ab ipso"*. Yet here again it is only by maintaining the essential and objective reality of this *similitudo* in the intellect that the realist philosophy can make out that God really sees external things in their essence.

Like W., I find that it is very unsatisfactory to have to cram a controversy like this into two pages; and I must conclude by assuring him that I mean no disrespect to St. Thomas, as a saint or a doctor, when I repudiate parts of his philosophy; and that when I deduce absurd

conclusions from this philosophy, I do not intend to imply that St. Thomas would have received them for a moment. I need hardly add, that I intend no personal offence to any one; and as I do not pretend to offer any advice to W., I hope he will excuse me if I do not accept his.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON MAGIC.

P.S. With reference to the danger of the Thomist philosophy leading to the doctrine that "created intellect is of the same nature with the divine," allow me to quote a sentence from a late work of Father Ventura, in which he is attempting to renew scholastic philosophy in France, in opposition to the modified Cartesianism which at present reigns there (*Essai sur l'Origine des Idées*. 1854):

"It is not wonderful that the human mind should guess right, should form true ideas of things, ideas which correspond exactly to their natures. Illuminated by God, it is not astonishing that it should in a measure see things as God Himself sees them. *Partaking of the same light* whereby God from all eternity formed in Himself the ideas of things, *participatio luminis divini*, it is not astonishing that the human mind should form concerning eternal things the same ideas that God Himself has of them; and that it should do, by God's permission, by grace, that which God does by nature."

Hence, as the knowledge of God is the cause of things (*Sum.* i. q. 14. art. 8), and as we partake of this knowledge, our knowledge is also in its measure the cause of things,—even of external things. This is the doctrine of the magicians, and it is logically necessary from the premises of the Thomist philosophy.

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